THE CELEBRATED MADAME CAMPAN

VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU

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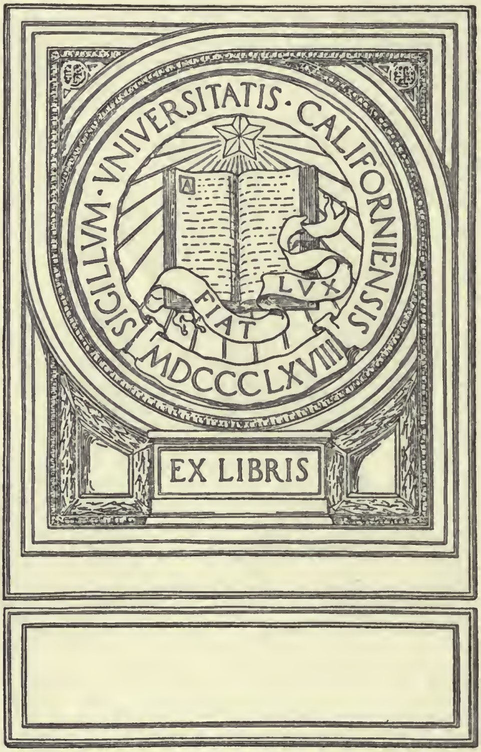

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THE CELEBRATED MADAME CAMPAN

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Madame Campan.

THE CELEBRATED MADAME CAMPAN

LADY-IN-WAITING TO MARIE ANTOINETTE AND CONFIDANTE OF NAPOLEON

BY

VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU

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"SOPHIE DAWES, QUEEN OF CHANTILLY"
"THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH AND HIS FRIENDS"
"EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, THE ADOPTED SON OF NAPOLEON"
ETC. ETC.

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TO

MY MOTHER

TO WHOM I OWE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

'Tis but a mediocre author who needs to apologize for his sins of omission or commission before the Argus-eyed critic has had time to rend the ewe-lamb to pieces; the apologies, like the tears in Heine's immortal *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, usually come after the frail bark has been launched upon the sea of Literature to be wrecked on the sharp rocks of Criticism, become becalmed in the Arctic Circle of Oblivion, or perchance sail with the chosen few into the peaceful harbour of that *ultima thule*—Popularity.

I fear it will be said that I have taken strange liberties with *Mme Campan's Memoirs*, from which the first part of my book was gleaned. Why are those interesting memoirs so little read in England nowadays? Perhaps because they fill three volumes—who, in this age of hurry, takes the trouble or has the leisure to read anything so lengthy?—perhaps because they are written in a somewhat stilted manner, lack sequence, and contain too many repetitions of the same fact, and perhaps because the authoress mentions several persons who are mere names to the general public, and concludes just at the most poignant period of the Revolution. And yet the story of her own adventures during the Reign of Terror is full of exciting situations. In Part I: *At the Court of Marie Antoinette*, I have been careful to omit none of the chief events mentioned by the queen's waiting-woman, I have furnished explanatory notes and biographies of the personages who flit across the stage, and have endeavoured to keep to the original diapason.

The second part of my book: *The Governess of the Bonapartes*, is taken from contemporary memoirs, and contains extracts from Mme Campan's correspondence with her favourite pupil, Hortense de Beauharnais, the wife of Louis Bonaparte, and the mother of Napoleon III, which letters have never been translated into English; they throw many side-lights upon the Emperor's home-life, for Mme Campan, both as waiting-woman to Marie Antoinette, and as governess to the Imperial family, enjoyed the confidence of her masters, and heard many secrets which led to the undoing of more than one of those masters.

So great was Mme Campan's fame, not only in Europe but also in America and India, as the governess of Pauline, Caroline, and Charlotte Bonaparte and Hortense, Stéphanie, and Emilie de Beauharnais, and of many of the beautiful and witty women who adorned Napoleon's Court—which Mme Campan had helped to form—that when that great Emperor organized the first Imperial Educational Establishment of the Legion of Honour at Ecouen, he gave Mme Campan the post of directress.

My intention in writing this book has been to present a faithful picture of the France of the *Œil de Bœuf* and of that greater France when no education was considered complete without a sojourn in Paris, that Parnassus whither Napoleon, the master-mind, invited the world's most gifted artists, musicians, *littérateurs*, scientists, and thinkers.

VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU.

PARIS, 1914.

CONTENTS

PART I

AT THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Birth of Henriette Genest—The origin of the Genest family—Education of the future *lectrice*—Henriette accepts her first situation—She makes the acquaintance of the *Roi Bien-Aimé*—*Mesdames de France* I

CHAPTER II

Louis XV surprises his daughters' *lectrice* in the act of making "cheeses"—Madame Louise takes the veil—Arrival in France of Marie Antoinette—Henriette loses her heart—*Mesdames* try to find a husband for their *lectrice*—The origin of the Campan family—Marie Antoinette makes Henriette Campan her waiting-woman—*Mesdames'* hatred for Marie Antoinette—*Mesdames* go to Bellevue, and Henriette leaves their service—The Court is jealous of Mme Campan's influence . . 26

CHAPTER III

The duties of the queen's waiting-woman—A day at Versailles—Marie Antoinette adopts a little peasant-boy—Birth of the queen's eldest child—Mesmer pays a visit to Paris—M. Campan tries one of the famous physician's cures—Birth of the first Dauphin — Indiscreet well-wishers — The young mother receives a deputation from the ladies of the Paris markets—The comtes d'Haga and du Nord pay a visit to Versailles—Madame Royale goes to see her great-aunt Louise . . 46

CHAPTER IV

The affair of the queen's necklace—Birth of Mme Campan's only child—Death of Madame Louise—Unpopularity of Marie Antoinette—Death of the first Dauphin . . . 66

CONTENTS

CHAPTER V

PAGE

The queen is persuaded to take an interest in politics—The first stroke of midnight—Versailles receives a visit from the populace—The queen prepares to go to the Tuileries—Her friends begin to leave her—"Balthasar's Feast"—Versailles is visited for the second time and the palace invaded—The royal family are escorted to Paris—The queen confides a delicate mission to her hairdresser 86

CHAPTER VI

The royal family at the Tuileries—The Favras affair—The comte d'Inisdal endeavours to save the king—Rumours are circulated that the queen is about to be poisoned—A demonstration of affection—Mme Campan acts as the king's secretary—The insurrection at Nancy—The queen's dislike for M. de Lafayette—Mme Campan is asked to make a sacrifice—*Mesdames* leave France 106

CHAPTER VII

The queen makes further preparations for flight—M. Campan *père* is recommended to take a cure—Mme Campan bids farewell to her mistress—She hears of the fiasco of Varennes—Marie Antoinette sends for her waiting-woman—She returns to Paris and again receives proofs of her mistress's confidence—She suffers for her brother's opinions—An echo of an old affair—Mme Campan accepts some delicate missions . . . 127

CHAPTER VIII

Marie Antoinette changes her bedroom—Mme Campan provides the king with some strange garments—Attempt upon the queen's life—The king's imprudence—A false alarm—Pétion pays a visit to the Tuileries—The palace is besieged—Mme Campan has a narrow escape—She is allowed to see the royal prisoners at the Feuillants 152

CHAPTER IX

Doubts are expressed concerning the decease of M. Campan *père*—A dangerous trust—Mme Campan goes to Versailles—The king's female armourer threatens to turn informant—Trial and execution of Louis XVI—Marie Antoinette follows her husband—An order is issued for the arrest of Mme Campan and her sister—Mme Auguié commits suicide—Mme Campan takes her motherless nieces to live with her 179

CONTENTS

PART II

THE GOVERNESS OF THE BONAPARTES

CHAPTER X

PAGE

Mme Campan realizes her vocation and opens a school—She is persecuted by the Directoire—*Maman* Campan earns her title and the affection of her pupils—The Seminary at Montagne de Bon-Air has many imitators—Hortense and Emilie de Beauharnais, Pauline and Caroline Bonaparte join the school—Pauline marries General Leclerc—Napoleon the match-maker 191

CHAPTER XI

A prize-giving at Mme Campan's establishment—The First Consul assists at a performance of *Esther*—The prince of Orange creates a sensation by his behaviour—Marriage of Caroline Bonaparte to Murat—Hortense goes to dwell at the Tuileries—Mme Campan nearly incurs the First Consul's displeasure—Charlotte Bonaparte comes to Saint-Germain . . 215

CHAPTER XII

A fashionable boarding-school in the beginning of the nineteenth century—Anglomania and the *anges gardiens*—Mme Campan gives Hortense de Beauharnais good advice concerning the choice of a husband—Two more members of the de Beauharnais family come to Saint-Germain—One of Mme Campan's former pupils incurs the First Consul's displeasure—The young ladies fête the signing of the Treaty of Lunéville—Peace is concluded with England—Hortense is betrothed to Louis Bonaparte—General Bonaparte finds a wife for General Davout—Félicité Fodoas becomes Mme Savary 236

CHAPTER XIII

Mme Campan is able to put aside "a crust of bread" for her old age—Eliza Monroe—The young ladies of Saint-Germain embroider a map of the French Republic—Hortense de Beauharnais marries Louis Bonaparte—The Peace of Amiens is signed—Mme Moreau again arouses the First Consul's wrath—Mme Bonaparte finds a husband for one of Mme Campan's nieces—Birth of Hortense's first child—The happy days of Mme Campan—Another of her nieces marries—The Emperor asks Mme Campan to help him form his Court—The Emperor and the Orphans of Austerlitz—Stéphanie de Beauharnais is married to the hereditary prince of Baden . 263

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE

Extravagance of Napoleon's *cuisinières*—The Emperor deputes Mme de Lavalette to curb Josephine's passion for spending—Hortense becomes queen of Holland—Mme Campan's plans appear likely to miscarry—She is appointed directress of the Establishment of the Legion of Honour at Ecouen—A girls' boarding-school during the Empire 288

CHAPTER XV

The queen of Holland pays a visit to Ecouen—Stéphanie Tascher de La Pagerie marries the prince d'Arenberg—The Emperor's birthday is kept by the Orphans of Austerlitz—Napoleon comes to inspect his protégées—The queen of Holland is made patroness of Ecouen—Napoleon's divorce—Lolotte Bonaparte returns to France—Mme Campan meets with a serious accident—Napoleon and Marie Louise visit Ecouen—France is invaded 311

CHAPTER XVI

Abdication of Napoleon—The Emperor Alexander pays a visit to Mme Campan and makes a strange confession—The queen of Holland as duchesse de Saint-Leu—Mme Campan bids farewell to Ecouen—She suffers for Napoleon's favours—She obtains an audience with the duchesse d'Angoulême—Generosity of "Petite Bonne"—The Hundred Days' Wonder—The Silver Lilies give place to the Golden Bees—Napoleon finds time to review his "little bees"—Farewell to France—The White Terror claims its victims 335

CHAPTER XVII

Mme Campan moves house for the last time—Her son comes to live with her—Her last pupils—Illness and death of her only child—She pays a visit to "Petite Bonne"—The finger of Death touches her—One of Napoleon's *braves*—She lays down her burden 355

INDEX 375

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MME CAMPAN . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

MARIE ANTOINETTE 32
From an Eighteenth-Century Painting, French School.

MADAME ROYALE 64
From a Painting by GREUZE.

MADAME ADÉLAÏDE 90
From a Painting by NATTIER.

MADAME VICTOIRE 124
From a Painting by GUIARD.

MADAME ELISABETH 160
From a Painting by LE BRUN.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN . . . 186
From a Painting by LE BRUN.

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS 196
From a Portrait by FRANÇOIS GÉRARD at the Musée Calvet, Avignon.

EMILIE DE BEAUHARNAIS (COMTESSE DE LAVALETTE) . 208

CAROLINE BONAPARTE, WITH HER DAUGHTER MARIE . 224
From a Painting by LE BRUN.

STÉPHANIE DE BEAUHARNAIS 246
From a Painting by GÉRARD.

PAULINE BONAPARTE 256
From a Painting by LE FÈVRE.

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS 328
From the Painting by REGRANET.

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JEAN MÉJAN	*Les Filles de la Légion d'Honneur.*
Napoléon et la reine Hortense, d'après le journal de la lectrice.	
M. MERCIER	*Madame de Lavalette.*
COMTE E. DE BARTHÉLEMY	*Mesdames de France.*
JOSEPH TURQUAN	*Stéphanie de Beauharnais.*
,,	*Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême.*
,,	*La Générale Bonaparte.*
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Comtesse de Boigne	*Mémoires.*
Mlle Cochelet .	*Mémoires.*
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Mme de Blocqueville	*Le maréchal Davout raconté par les siens.*
René Savary . .	*Mémoires.*
General Victor .	*Mémoires.*
M. J. Nollet . .	*Vie du maréchal Gérard.*
Charles Maurice Talleyrand	*Mémoires.*
Stéphanie Ory .	*Soirées d'Ecouen.*
Paul Marmottan .	*Elisa Bonaparte.*
Emmanuel de Beaufond	*Elisa Bonaparte.*
A. L. d'Eckmühl .	*Le maréchal Davout.*
Mme de Rémusat .	*Mémoires.*
Funck-Brentano .	*Le Collier de la reine.*
Henri Houssaye .	*La Journée d'une grande dame.*
” .	*1815 : Les Cent-Jours.*
Henri Welschinger	*Le maréchal Ney, 1815.*
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THE
CELEBRATED MADAME CAMPAN

FIRST PART

AT THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

CHAPTER I

Birth of Henriette Genest—The origin of the Genest family—Education of the future *lectrice*—Henriette accepts her first situation—She makes the acquaintance of the *Roi Bien-Aimé—Mesdames de France.*

"The child is father of the man," wrote William Wordsworth, the English Orpheus, who sang so sweetly of sun-kissed hills and sleepy dales, of whispering brooklets flowing through mossy channels, of Nature in all her phases. He himself was a proof of this fact, for he began to write his simple rhymes at the early age of nine years.

How differently children amuse themselves! One child will spend hours drilling tin soldiers; another will perform disastrous surgical operations upon his little sister's favourite doll; this one is content to pick out tunes on the piano by the hour; that one, with a taste for gardening, will, with a calm disregard for the rules of agriculture, plant and sow, graft and water, and occasionally pull up the plants in his own garden—and sometimes in other people's too—to see how they are "getting on." Admiring relatives exclaim, "This child will be a great soldier when he grows up; that one will be a famous surgeon; this one will rival Beethoven; that one will 'invent' a new rose." But what shall we say of a little girl who, at twelve years of age, on passing in the street what is called in schoolroom parlance "a crocodile," feels an irrestible longing to play the little mother to each and every member of that flock? Such a child was the little Henriette Genest, the future *lectrice* of *Mesdames de France*, the waiting-woman of Marie Antoinette, and the governess of the Bonapartes, the de Beauharnais, and many *maréchales* and duchesses—Bonaparte's *cuisinières*, as the Royalists termed them during the Restoration. Hers was an eventful life, less lengthy than that of Mme de Genlis, untouched by the breath of scandal, a life which began in the reign of Louis XV and ended during that of Louis XVIII; she lived amid the luxurious Court of *Louis le Bien-Aimé*, regretted the follies enacted at the Petit Trianon, wept for the horrors perpetrated during the Reign of Terror, groaned under the oppressive yoke of the Directoire, basked in the splendour of the Empire, and died after witnessing the pitiful fiasco of the return of the Bourbons. In Mme Campan, as this little girl afterwards became, the maternal instinct was very strongly marked.

Born in Paris, October 6, 1752, Henriette Genest (or Genet, as the name was sometimes pronounced in those days, and as it is now written by the American descendants of Edmond Charles Genest, Mme Campan's brother) was the eldest child of a numerous family and, as such, early commenced her career as a little mother. As she herself tells us in her memoirs, she could not boast of either rich or noble ancestry; her father, at the time of her birth, held a fairly lucrative post at the Foreign Office, which he owed to his talents and to his love of hard work. The story of the marriage of little Henriette's parents is a pretty echo of the days when young people were content to begin life in a humble way, possessed of far fewer of this world's goods than any sane person would dream of setting up house with nowadays, but endowed with an inexhaustible store of courage with which to face the ups and downs of daily existence.

> "On aimait de mon temps. La femme qu'on prenait
> Etait pauvre souvent, mais on n'y songeait guère.
> La misère venait, on lui faisait la guerre,
> On luttait vaillamment . . .
> On vivait, mon ami, mais on vivait sans faste . . .
> Le mobilier petit : le meuble le plus beau
> N'avait pas coûté cher, ce n'était qu'un berceau."[1]

M. Genest, Henriette's father, was the eldest child of Edmé Jacques Genest, who for twenty years was secretary in Spain to Cardinal Alberoni, the protégé of the duc de Vendôme. M. Edmé Genest brought back with him from Spain the sum of 200,000 *livres*, part of which he invested in landed property, while he paid 80,000 *livres* for the purchase of the office of head-crier at the Châtelet—a good investment, for it brought him in an income of something like 15,000 francs a year, not won without plenty of hard work, however; but his experience as the secretary of Cardinal Alberoni had probably accustomed him to work; and then, as we shall see later, industry must have been a family trait.

---

[1] Léopold Laluyé, *Les Ménages d'autrefois*.

Having settled his future to his complete satisfaction, M. Genest began to look about for a wife. During a visit to a relative living in a convent in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, M. Genest noticed a pretty young girl who, like himself, frequently paid visits to friends or relatives living in the same religious institution. This young lady's name was Jeanne Louise de Béarn; she belonged to an old French family, but she had had to endure many slights and much contumely during her childhood owing to the fact that her father, a Catholic, had married a Protestant at a time when such unions were considered illegal unless they had been solemnized in both churches. M. Genest having asked for Jeanne Louise's hand in marriage, the couple were married, and a very happy pair they were, notwithstanding M. Genest's rather narrow mind. They had many children; only two, however, survived infancy. The eldest of these was Henriette's father, who seems to have been a most remarkable and gifted creature; at four years of age he could write a letter unaided. As the boy showed great elocutionary gifts, his father determined that this wonder should be a lawyer. After spending some time at the Collège de Navarre in Paris, the boy was given into the charge of some Jesuit priests with whom his father was on the best of terms. At fifteen years of age, young Genest carried off all the first prizes. His proud father then sent him to the University of Paris, where he quickly became acquainted with the cleverest students, many of whom afterwards became members of the *Académie* *française*, and these friends he kept all his life. His studies finished, he found himself face to face with the problem, What profession should he choose? His own desire was to enter the diplomatic career; this wish, however, did not meet with his father's approval. And when he informed M. Genest *père* that he had followed his example and had fallen in love with a well-born but dowerless girl with many impecunious relatives, a certain Mlle Cardon, his father called him a fool and swore he would never give his consent to the marriage.

It must be allowed that young Genest's life after leaving college was not a pleasant one. His father, who only cared for two things, religious ceremonies and law, wished his son to attend Mass daily, go to confession two or three times a month, communicate every month, never miss High Mass or Vespers, and walk with him in all the religious processions which periodically took place in his parish church, Saint-Sulpice. At home the youth was expected to retire to the drawing-room and repeat the rosary after dinner; but this he did with such reluctance that painful scenes were frequently enacted between the priest-ridden lawyer and the student, whose one wish was to be allowed to go to his room and con his beloved books in peace. In vain the father tried to mould his talented son to his own pattern: severity, reproaches, coldness, had no effect. So painful was the poor youth's position at this time that he determined, if he ever had children of his own, never to err on the side of severity, but rather seek to be their friend and guide. In his mother alone young Genest found affection and sympathy.

M. Genest *père* then began to treat his son as if he were unfit to consort with his family. He was made to take his meals by himself, or else to sit through a chilly family reunion amid a mournful silence occasionally relieved by a dry disquisition concerning some point in liturgy. From time to time his father would call him into his study and repeat to him the oft-told tale that, unless he mended his ways, he would certainly come to a bad end, which fate he gave him two chances to avoid—one, by entering the legal profession ; the other, by marrying a rich wife, when the father promised to obtain for him the position of councillor at the Châtelet. But with the latter scheme the youth would have nothing to do ; he might have reminded his father with impunity that *he* had not sold himself to a rich wife, but had chosen his companion for her beauty and virtue. The first scheme, after due consideration, appeared almost equally distasteful, for it meant that, while finishing his studies, he would have to remain under the parental roof-tree. However, the young prodigal was not without sympathizers, some of whom, strange to say, were M. Genest's most devout fellow-worshippers at Saint-Sulpice. The youth, encouraged by the knowledge that he had his mother's support, held out for two or three months, during which time he was not allowed to appear in the drawing-room and had to be content with meals snatched when the irate head of the house was absent. After several weeks of this misery, M. Genest *père* gave his consent to his son going to Germany, where the youth proposed to complete his education and acquire the German language. On bidding his son farewell, the old gentleman gave him his blessing, a gold watch, 1500 *livres* in gold, and commands never again to appear in his presence. The night before the prodigal started on his journey, his mother slipped into his room, where he was packing his few belongings, and, with many tears and exhortations to work hard and earn his father's praise, pressed into his hand a little bundle of *louis*, which she, with infinite trouble, unknown to her husband, had managed to economize from household expenses. She promised to try to soften the father's heart during her son's absence. With the first rays of dawn, the prodigal left his home, and set out on the long journey which was to end in lovers meeting. After spending two or three years in Germany, young Genest went over to England, where he learnt the language and completed his studies. It is probable that the lovers corresponded during their separation; for young Genest, on attaining his majority five years after his departure from France, determined to return, claim his bride, and marry without his father's consent if he could not do so otherwise. In order to avoid detection, he entered Paris disguised as an abbé. Having ascertained that Mlle Cardon had not changed her mind during his absence, he obtained an interview with his mother in a friend's house, when he informed her of his determination, and begged her not to mention his return to his father. As Fate would have it, the pretended abbé was passing in a cab outside the parental door when the vehicle broke down just at the very moment when the unyielding father happened to be stepping into the street. On relating the accident to his wife, M. Genest remarked that the young abbé whom he had seen extracted with some difficulty from the ruins of the cab, bore such an extraordinary resemblance to his son that, if he had not received the very evening before a letter from London, he would have sworn that the prodigal had returned to his husks and swine. On learning the truth, his wrath burst forth afresh. However, after a fortnight spent in absorbing subtle doses of flattery and persuasion discreetly administered by his wife, household, and friends, he gave his consent to his son's marriage with the dowerless beauty. While matters were being arranged, young Genest busied himself correcting the proofs of his first book—a volume of essays upon England, the result of his visit to that country. After his marriage, which took place in 1751, the young husband invited his wife's parents, her brother, who had just been called to the Bar, and two younger brothers to live under his roof. His wife's parents had an annuity of 2000 *livres* (£80), and this, including what the young husband earned, had to feed and clothe seven people. Luckily, soon after his marriage, M. Genest's essays upon England having been read and appreciated at Versailles, he was summoned to appear at Court by the marshal de Belle-Isle, the grandson of the celebrated Fouquet, and himself a distinguished diplomatist, who made him interpreter to the Admiralty and the War and the Foreign Offices. He now had clerks to work under him, and had it not been for the burden of his wife's brothers, the eldest of whom he tended through a long and fatal illness caused by excesses, and the two youngest whom he educated and placed in the French army, he might have lived very comfortably notwithstanding the facts that his salary was none too large, and that the family cradle was filled every year with a new little occupant which had to be fed, clothed, and educated—that is to say, if it survived the Spartan treatment accorded to infants in those days.

In 1762 M. Genest was sent to England on a mission, which he executed so entirely to the satisfaction of the duc de Choiseul, that "poor imitation of a great man among the pigmies of the reign of Louis xv," that he was rewarded with the post of chief clerk at the Foreign Office.

Though the family purse was often nearly empty, M. Genest's pride forbade him to appeal to his father for help; he preferred to hamper himself with one of those sops to Cerberus, a mortgage for 50,000 *écus*. He was not able to free himself from this burden until his father's death in 1767, when, having paid all his debts, he found himself possessed of the sum of 100,000 francs, four daughters, and a son still in the cradle.

M. Genest, the tenderest of fathers, determined that his children should have a good education. Their first teacher was a Mlle Pâris, who had a niece about the same age as Henriette, whom M. Genest kindly allowed to spend her holidays with her aunt. This little girl was very pretty, and apparently as modest and innocent as her playmates. When she was twelve years of age, M. Genest, judging that the friendship had lasted long enough, and perhaps noticing some evil trait in his children's companion, gave Mlle Pâris to understand that her niece, who was probably destined to become a milliner or a dressmaker, had better not associate with his children any longer.

About ten years after this rupture, the future duc de la Vrillière, at that time the comte de Saint-Florentin, came to see M. Genest, when the following conversation took place :—

"Have you an elderly woman named Pâris in your employ ?" asked M. de Saint-Florentin.

"Yes," replied M. Genest, who had refused to dismiss the woman after she had brought up all his children, and had given her a home when she was past work.

"Do you know her young niece ?"

To this question M. Genest replied that he had formerly allowed the child to spend her holidays with his children, but that ten years ago he had thought fit to forbid her his house.

"You acted very wisely," observed his visitor, "for since I have been in office I have never met with a more bold-faced intriguer than this little minx. She, with her lies, has compromised our august sovereign, our pious princesses, Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire, and that estimable priest, Father Baret, the *curé* of Saint-Louis, who, in consequence of her falsehoods, has been forbidden to exercise his sacred duties until the infamous intrigue has been completely cleared up. The young woman is now in the Bastille. Just imagine : she, with her clever lies, has managed to obtain over 60,000 francs from divers credulous folk at Versailles ; to some she swore she was the king's mistress, making them accompany her to the glass door leading to his apartments, and even going so far as to enter by his private door, which she had bribed some of the footmen to open for her."

After relating other crimes, which consisted of accusing the *curé* Baret of having persuaded her to take the first step on the road to perdition, of extorting money from *Mesdames de France*, M. de Saint-Florentin informed M. Genest that the culprit had at last confessed her faults, and was about to be transferred to the prison of Sainte-Pélagie.

Henriette was probably too young to notice any peculiarities in the conduct of her first little playmate; but the memory of the tragic fate of her governess's niece served Mme Campan as a good excuse for being very careful whom she admitted to her boarding school at Saint-Germain.

Henriette, from her earliest years, displayed a remarkable memory. One of the most interesting episodes which occurred during her childhood was Damiens' attempt to murder Louis xv when she was about five years of age and living with her parents under the shadow of the palace of Versailles.

"I remember," says she, "Damiens' attempt to assassinate Louis xv. This event made such a deep impression upon me that I recollect the minutest details of the grief and confusion which reigned that day at Versailles as clearly as if it only happened yesterday. I was dining with my parents at a friend's house; the *salon* was lighted by numerous wax candles. The guests had just sat down to four card-tables when a friend of the family burst into the room and, with his face distorted by emotion, gasped out: 'I am the bearer of terrible news: the king has been assassinated!' Two of the ladies present immediately fainted. A corporal in the king's bodyguard flung his cards on the table, exclaiming: 'I am not surprised—it is all the fault of those vile Jesuits!' 'For mercy's sake, take care what you are saying, brother,' said a lady, flinging her arms round his neck; 'do you want to get yourself arrested?'—'Arrested? Why should I be arrested, just because I show up those scoundrels who want their sovereign to be as bigoted as themselves?' My father now entered the room. He recommended the company to be careful of what they said and did, told us that the wound was not fatal, and that we must all go home, because nobody could think of playing cards during such a fearful crisis. He had fetched a sedan-chair for my mother. She took me on her lap. We were then living in the Avenue de Paris. I heard sighing and weeping on all sides. I saw a man arrested: he was gentleman-usher to the king; he had gone quite crazy, and was yelling, 'I know them, the villains, the scoundrels!' The crowd prevented our chair advancing. My mother knew the unhappy man who had just been arrested; she gave his name to the mounted guard. The officer contented himself with taking the faithful servitor to the police station, which was then in the same avenue. . . . In those days the nation's love for its sovereign amounted to a religion, and this attempt to assassinate Louis XV led to a number of innocent people being arrested. M. de La Serre, at that time Governor of the Invalides, his wife, his daughter, and some of his servants were arrested because Mlle de La Serre, who had left her convent that very day in order to spend Twelfth Night at her home, had been heard to say in her father's drawing-room when the news was brought from Versailles, 'It is not to be wondered at; I heard Mother N—— say that it was bound to happen sooner or later, because the king was not sufficiently religious!' Mother N—— and several nuns were cross-examined by the police. For some time past the partisans of Port-Royal and the partisans of the new sect of philosophers had been trying to make the Jesuits unpopular with the public; and of a certainty, although no proof could be found against this order, the attempt upon the king's life did a good turn to the party which a few years later contrived to compass the downfall of the Jesuits. That scoundrel Damiens revenged himself upon many persons in whose service he had been by getting them arrested. When confronted with his former masters, he would say to them, 'I have given you this fright in order to pay you out for what you made me suffer.'"

When reading the account of the long torture and horrible death of *Robert le Diable*, as Damiens was called, the question presents itself whether the executioners of Damiens and Ravaillac, the judges of the Vehmic Court and the Inquisition, and the leaders of that modern abomination, the Russian Pogrom, did not make a mockery of Christianity and, in the latter case, place themselves on a far lower level than their victims.

At fourteen years of age Henriette Genest was in danger of becoming a blue-stocking. Her remarkable memory enabled her to learn by heart long scenes from Racine's tragedies, which she then recited to her father's friends, men of discernment such as Rochon de Chabannes and Barthe, both playwrights, Duclos, the fascinating Marmontel, and the latter's good friend Thomas. Albanesi, the fashionable singing-master of the day, taught her to warble Lully's charming melodies, while Goldoni, professor of Italian to *Mesdames de France*, the little Henriette's future mistresses, instructed her in his own musical language. It is probable that Henriette's speaking voice was more remarkable than her singing voice; she herself says that French voices, although naturally sweet in tone, are neither distinguished for compass nor for sonorousness. Rousseau was still more severe upon the French school of singing: "Let us for ever renounce," says he, "that lugubrious and tedious style of singing which is more like the crying of a person suffering from the colic than the outpourings of a tender passion."

Henriette's fame soon spread beyond the narrow walls of her father's *salon.* Some ladies at Court having mentioned to *Mesdames de France* the fact that M. Genest had a wonderfully clever daughter, now in her fifteenth year, who could speak several languages, sing and play the harpsichord like an angel, and—most valuable asset in the frivolous society of those days—had a remarkable gift for reading aloud, the king's daughters, who were looking for a *lectrice*, expressed a wish to see this little piece of perfection. One interview sufficed. A week later, Henriette, wearing a long train, her slender figure enclosed in stiff stays and voluminous panniers, with her little tear-stained face besmirched with rouge and powder, bade farewell to her peaceful home and to the little sisters and brother whom she had mothered, and entered the splendid palace which was to shelter her until the Revolution came and drove its numerous inhabitants, great and small, into the wide world. Though proud of her success, her father was loath to let the eldest fledgling spread her wings. Henriette tells us: "On the occasion of putting on Court dress for the first time, I went into my father's study to kiss him and to say good-bye. Tears fell from his eyes. He said: 'The princesses will be glad to make use of your talents; great people know how to bestow praise graciously, but their praises are often fulsome. Do not allow their compliments to elate you too much; rather be on your guard. Whenever you receive flattering attentions, you may be sure that you will gain an enemy. I warn you, my daughter, against the inevitable trials which you, in your new career, will have to face; and I swear on this day, when you are about to enjoy your good fortune, if I had been able to choose another profession for you, never would I have abandoned my beloved child to the torments and dangers of Court life.'"

Versailles, with its labyrinth of narrow passages and dark staircases, must have seemed like a horrible nightmare to the frightened little *lectrice*. Marie Leczinska, after forty years of fidelity to an unworthy husband, had lately died, and the Court had gone into deep mourning. On entering the great courtyard, Henriette beheld a group of royal coaches drawn by horses wearing huge black plumes, led by pages and footmen with heavy black shoulder-knots richly embroidered with silver spangles. She was then conducted through the state apartments, the walls of which were hung with black cloth, while canopies surmounted by more bunches of sable plumes were placed over the arm-chairs of the king and his daughters. No wonder that her spirits sank lower and lower the nearer she approached the private apartments of *Mesdames de France.* When she was at last ushered into Madame Victoire's boudoir, her legs were trembling so she could scarcely stand. If she was so terrified on merely beholding her mistresses, what did she not feel when she had to address them? Her first attempt at reading aloud nearly ended in a fiasco. She says: "I could not utter two sentences; my heart beat, my voice trembled, and I turned giddy." Luckily she gathered courage as she went along, and at last the dreadful ordeal was over.

Her first interview with her mistresses' father was calculated to make her still more nervous. It was her ill-luck to meet Louis XV just as he was starting on one of his hunting expeditions, and when he was surrounded by the usual rabble of courtiers, courtesans, time-servers, and place-seekers. On seeing a face he did not know, the king inquired of one of his courtiers who this quaint, old-fashioned little lady was, and then began to catechize his daughters' *lectrice.*

"Mademoiselle Genest," said he, "I am told that you are very learned—that you know four or five foreign languages."

"I only know two, Sire," replied the child, trembling with terror for what might come next.

"Which are they?"

"English and Italian."

"And can you speak them fluently?"

"Yes, Sire, very fluently."

"Well, that is quite enough to drive any husband quite crazy!" remarked the king as he moved on, convulsed with laughter at his own wit, leaving poor little Henriette covered with shame and confusion.

How bitterly Henriette learnt to regret her home and the noisy little sisters and brother during those first weeks at Versailles! She never left *Mesdames*' apartments except when she accompanied her mistresses on those dreary drives in state; for *Mesdames*, although fond of walking, were forbidden by etiquette to walk anywhere but in the palace gardens. Sometimes Henriette spent the whole day reading to Madame Victoire.

Of *Mesdames de France*, the daughters of Louis xv, Mme Campan said in after years that, if they had not invented occupations for themselves, they would have been much to be pitied. After the death of their mother, whom they loved, although she did not display much affection for her numerous daughters, they saw but little of their father, for whose conduct they have sometimes been blamed. It was to the boudoir of Madame Adélaïde that Louis xv was in the habit of carrying his morning cup of coffee, when Madame Adélaïde would ring her bell as a signal to announce his arrival to Madame Victoire, who in turn would ring for Madame Sophie, and the latter for Madame Louise. Now the last-named princess, the king's youngest living daughter, was deformed and rather lame. As her apartments were situated at some distance from Madame Adélaïde's boudoir she, on hearing the signal, would jump up in great haste and limp with all expedition through her sisters' huge suites of rooms; and yet, sometimes, notwithstanding all her care, it happened that she could only reach her eldest sister's room just in time to kiss her father goodbye before he hurried off to his favourite occupation, hunting.

Louis XV had had eight daughters: Elisabeth and Henriette, twins, born in 1727, the first of whom married the Infante of Spain, while the latter died unmarried in 1752; Louise, born 1728, died 1732; Adélaïde, born 1732; Victoire, born 1733; Sophie, born 1734; Marie-Thérèse-Félicité, called *Madame Sixième*, born 1736, died 1744; and a second Louise, called *Madame Dernière*, born 1737, who later became a nun.

Louis was fond of giving nicknames: his favourite, Adélaïde,—a certain resemblance to his mother, the duchesse de Bourgogne, was said to account for this preference,—was called *Loque* (Scraggy) because she was so thin; Victoire was *Coche* (Sow) on account of her embonpoint; Sophie was *Graille* (Carrion-crow), and poor deformed Louise, *Chiffe* (Rags).

At six o'clock every evening Henriette stopped her reading, when *Mesdames* folded up their interminable pieces of embroidery and prepared to attend the king's *débotter*, which ceremony sometimes only lasted fifteen minutes. Now etiquette reigned supreme at the Court of Versailles, and *Mesdames* had, before going to this ceremony, to array themselves in enormous hoops worn over gold embroidered petticoats together with a train, all of which were fastened round the waist and thus concealed the *déshabillé* underneath. Then, clad in long black taffeta mantles which covered them up to the chin and kept them from catching cold in draughty passages, the ladies would hurry down their private staircase, assist at the king's *débotter*, and then return to their own rooms, where they would sit down again to their embroidery-frames and Henriette would open her book and continue where she had left off.

Mesdames' education had been sadly neglected; and it was thanks to Cardinal Fleury that they received any education at all. It was at his advice that the little princesses were sent to the convent of Fontevrault instead of to the fashionable establishment at Saint-Cyr, where their grandmother, the duchesse de Bourgogne, had been educated. The Cardinal had furnished as his reason for choosing Fontevrault instead of Saint-Cyr that the education given at the latter establishment—where, however, the rule was so strict that the pupils never had anything but dry bread for breakfast—was not adapted to prepare such future great ladies as *Mesdames de France* for the position which they would soon be called upon to occupy. However, it is highly probable that the *dames de Saint-Cyr* were quite as competent, or incompetent, as their sisters at Fontevrault; for Madame Louise, at twelve years of age, had not contrived to master the alphabet, and she only learnt to write after her return to Versailles.

Mesdames Quatrième, Cinquième, Sixième, and Septième, as they were called, were packed off to their convent while the two youngest were still so small that they had to be held on their nurses' knees. We can picture to ourselves the arrival of the four little misses, two of whom, Marie-Thérèse-Félicité and Louise, remained several years at Fontevrault without their parents once taking the trouble to come and see them or sending for them. The

Mother Superior and some of the elder nuns dressed themselves in white garments to receive the little ones lest their sombre garb should frighten the babes. *Mesdames* made a favourable impression by blowing kisses to the crowd of nuns and pupils which had assembled to see the Court equipage drive through the massive convent-gates.

The nuns by turns spoiled the young princesses horribly or were absurdly strict. Madame Victoire was subject all her life to attacks of unreasonable terror owing to the fact that when she had been naughty she used to be shut up all alone in a dark vault used as the nuns' burying-place. On one occasion the gardener belonging to the convent was bitten by a mad dog; while he was dying of hydrophobia, the pupils were taken to the chapel to recite prayers for the dying, which prayers were frequently interrupted by the yells of the poor gardener, who was lying in a cottage near by.

Madame Adélaïde was the *enfant terrible* of the convent; one person alone had the courage to resist her imperious will, and that person was her dancing-master, and the only one of *Mesdames*' professors who had been allowed to follow them to Fontevrault. The dancing-master once wanted to teach the young princess a new and fashionable dance called the *menuet rose.* Adélaïde took it into her head to baptize the dance the *menuet bleu.* The professor refused to change its name, and told his pupil she would only be laughed at by her parents' courtiers if she persisted in misnaming the minuet, upon hearing which Adélaïde tossed her head, stamped with her foot, refused even to go through the first steps, and screamed "Blue, blue, blue" at the top of her shrill voice. However, the dancing-master kept up a bass accompaniment of "Pink, pink, pink," until the Mother Superior came to inquire what all the noise was about, and then very unwisely decided that Mademoiselle was to have her own way; whereupon that young lady, now all smiles and sweetness, daintily seized the edge of her silken skirt, pointed her toes, and went through her steps like an angel.[1] Madame Adélaïde had considerable power over her father as his favourite daughter, and was in the habit of saying "*We* will do this," or "*We* will do that."

Mesdames were still scarcely more than children when they left their convent and returned to the splendid but unhomelike palace of Versailles. Here they found a friend, however, in the person of the Dauphin, and, at his advice, they continued the education begun in their convent; indeed, they worked with such a will that they were soon able to read and write their native language quite correctly and had learnt something about French history.

Madame Adélaïde had promised to be pretty in her early youth, but, as her *lectrice* tells us, "never did any woman lose her good looks earlier than she lost hers." This loss probably embittered her temper, for Madame Adélaïde, who was the wittiest of the king's daughters, became with age harsh in manners and voice. On one occasion Madame Adélaïde's chaplain having said the *Dominus Vobiscum* in what she considered an arrogant manner, his royal mistress had him into her boudoir and told him to "recollect that he was not a bishop, and to be careful not to try to imitate the ways of bishops."

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[1] M. de Barthélemy says the heroine of this incident was "Madame Victoire, as Madame Adélaïde was not at Fontevrault at that time."

Madame Adélaïde fancied herself musical, and insisted on learning such impossible and unfeminine instruments as the horn and the Jew's harp, after which she set herself to learn English, Italian,—which language was to prove so useful during the years of exile,—mathematics, watchmaking, etc. She had a great opinion of her own importance: nothing angered her more than to be called Royal Highness by the ambassadors at her father's Court; she wished to be *Madame*. At six years of age she had gravely informed her parents that she did not approve of her sister Elisabeth's marriage. Although she had the Bourbon fault of greediness, she never touched wine, and any guest sitting by her side at dinner was expected to turn away from her when drinking out of his or her own glass.

Now Madame Adélaïde had a great friend, Mme de Narbonne, whose husband Lady Blennerhassett and other authors say acted as chamberlain and lover to his royal mistress. In order to avoid a scandal, Mme de Narbonne consented to pass the child born of this liaison off as her own. The boy, " whose noble physiognomy," says Lamartine, "reminded people of Louis xv in his youth," was much petted by the royal family and especially by *Mesdames*. Madame Adélaïde had another friend, the marquise de Durfort, made duchesse de Civrac by the will of her royal mistress. These two ladies, Mmes de Narbonne and de Durfort were accused, rightly or wrongly, of doing everything they could to make mischief between the royal sisters. Count

Louis, the son of Mme de Narbonne, became rather a spendthrift as he grew up: what was easier for him than to worry his mother for money? These ceaseless demands tried Mme de Narbonne's temper, and Mme de Boigne hints that Madame Adélaïde's friend was not above working off her fits of anger on her royal mistress until Madame Adélaïde, weary of being snapped at, consented to open her purse for the prodigal's benefit.

Madame Victoire was handsome and more gracious in her manner than Adélaïde, and therefore more beloved by her household. She also had the Bourbon appetite, of which she vainly endeavoured to cure herself. Lent to her was something more than a period of fasting and abstinence: it was a time of torture. The hour of midnight on Easter Eve was looked upon by her as the hour of liberation, and was duly celebrated by a copious meal of chicken, fish, and other sustaining food. She suffered mental anguish as to whether such and such a dish were Lenten fare or not. There was a certain water-fowl to which she was particularly partial; a bishop happening to be dining with Madame Victoire when this bird was served, he was asked whether his royal hostess might partake of it without imperilling her soul. The reverend gentleman informed the princess that it was the custom, when in doubt, to carve the fowl on an ice-cold silver dish; if the gravy became congealed within a quarter of an hour after this operation, it showed that the animal was red meat and therefore unfit to be eaten in Lent; if, on the contrary, the gravy remained liquid, the bird could be eaten without any qualms of conscience. The experiment was tried forthwith: the gravy remained liquid, to Madame Victoire's great delight.

Nobody who has seen Nattier's charming portrait of Madame Sophie at Versailles would think that she was the Ugly Duckling of the family; but such was the case, and poor Sophie knew it. Even her *lectrice* calls her *sauvage*, and adds that she never saw a more timid, nervous creature. Casimir Stryienski says: "She was insignificant from her birth, and remained so until her last day." Perhaps the education received at Fontevrault had something to do with her eccentric manners. She was never known to walk slowly, but always seemed as if she were running away from somebody or something. Whenever any of the palace attendants heard her hurried step, they drew on one side until she had passed them blinking out of the corners of her eyes like a frightened hare. A whole year would elapse without her voice being heard in her father's presence, and yet her *lectrice* says that to certain ladies she could be very civil and even join in witty repartee. She was fond of study, but preferred to read herself rather than be read to. This timid princess, however, became another person on the approach of a thunder-storm; her brusque manners disappeared completely, and she was suddenly metamorphosed into the most charming, affable creature possible. In such moments she seemed to feel the need of human companionship, and preferred to talk with the humblest servitor in her father's household rather than face the dreaded storm alone in her own boudoir. With the first rumble of distant thunder she became talkative, seized the hands of the person nearest her, and displayed the greatest interest in that person's family affairs. The storm over, the Ugly Duckling released her victim and shuffled off to her own apartments without so much as saying goodbye to the good Samaritan.

Madame Louise was the favourite of her sisters and her *lectrice.* Owing to a fall during her babyhood, this princess had one shoulder higher than the other, besides which she had a slight limp. These physical defects caused her to lead a retired life like her sister Sophie, only in her case it was not timidity but dislike for the society at her father's Court which was the reason. She was kind to the little Henriette. She had made a rule that she must be read to for at least five hours every day, but she frequently took pity on the child when her voice became husky, and would even place a glass of *eau sucrée* prepared by her own hands on the table by her side.

CHAPTER II

Louis XV surprises his daughters' *lectrice* in the act of making "cheeses"—Madame Louise takes the veil—Arrival in France of Marie Antoinette—Henriette loses her heart—*Mesdames* try to find a husband for their *lectrice*—The origin of the Campan family—Marie Antoinette makes Henriette Campan her waiting-woman—*Mesdames*' hatred for Marie Antoinette—*Mesdames* go to Bellevue, and Henriette leaves their service—The Court is jealous of Mme Campan's influence.

MESDAMES' tedious existence at Versailles was sometimes varied by visits to Compiègne. During one of these visits, the king one day came unexpectedly into Madame Victoire's boudoir while Henriette was reading to her mistress; the *lectrice* immediately arose and retired into an adjoining room. Here the child, weary of reading dry tomes, and mayhap remembering the merry games with her little sisters and brother in the old home, began to make what nursery-maids call "cheeses": that is to say, after having twirled swiftly round and round on one foot with arms extended, the little *lectrice* sank down on the floor with her silken skirts inflated round her like a balloon. So absorbed did she grow in this fascinating operation that she quite lost count of time. Just as she had accomplished her most successful "cheese," while she was still squatting on the floor gazing in ecstasy at the perfect circle made by her voluminous skirts, the door of Madame Victoire's boudoir was thrown open and she and the king appeared. The little *lectrice*, overcome with horror at being caught playing like a child in its nursery, endeavoured to rise from the ground and assume a position more in keeping with her post; but her head was probably somewhat giddy from this unusual exercise, for, instead of rising, she tumbled over her own feet and again fell to the ground, making the most beautiful "cheese" of all as she did so. Her sudden collapse caused the king to burst into a fit of loud laughter. "Daughter," said he to Madame Victoire, "I advise you to send your cheese-making *lectrice* back to her convent."

The life led by Henriette at the Court of Versailles was calculated to make her old before her time. It had had a blighting effect upon the king's daughters; theirs was a strange existence, and each princess accepted her fate according to her temperament. Madame Adélaïde found consolation in her male and female friends; Madame Victoire confessed that life was worth living as long as she could enjoy a good meal; Madame Sophie's pride enabled her to lock up in her own breast all her regrets for what Fate had withheld from her, while Madame Louise sought peace of mind on her *prie-Dieu*. This religious tendency developed as she grew older, and eventually led to her entering a convent.

Henriette says in her memoirs: "One evening, while I was reading aloud to Madame Louise, a steward came in to tell her that M. Bertin, one of the king's Ministers, asked to speak with her. She left the room in a great hurry, returned, picked up her embroidery and her silks, made me take up my book again, and when I had finished and was leaving the room, commanded me to come to her study at eleven o'clock on the morrow. On doing so, I was informed that the princess had left the palace at seven o'clock that very morning, and had gone to the Carmelite Convent at Saint-Denis, where she wished to take the veil. I went to Madame Victoire's apartments. Here I learnt that the king alone had been told of Madame Louise's plan, that he had faithfully kept it secret, and that, after having for long opposed her wishes, he had sent her his permission on the previous evening; that she had gone all alone to the convent, where she was expected; that a few minutes after her arrival she had reappeared at the grating, in order to show the princesse de Guistel and her equerry who had accompanied her, the king's permission for her to enter the convent."

Madame Adélaïde, on learning of her sister's sudden departure, coolly asked, "With whom has she gone?" and then fell into a violent passion and scolded her father for having kept the matter secret from her, his favourite daughter.

Madame Victoire shed many a tear over the loss of the one person for whom she had any real affection besides herself. Her little *lectrice* was so afraid that her mistress would be tempted to follow her sister's example that she flung herself at the princess's feet and begged her with tears in her eyes not to go away and leave her. Whereupon, Madame Victoire made her rise, kissed her, and with a smile, pointing to the comfortable arm-chair in which she was sitting, said:—

"Don't be afraid, my child; I shall never have

Louise's courage. I am too fond of being comfortable. This arm-chair will be the undoing of me."

After a little time Henriette asked to be allowed to go to visit her late mistress. To her surprise, she found the princess, although occupied by the very unfamiliar task of washing her clothes, looking much stronger and happier than she had ever looked at Versailles. Henriette was deeply touched when Madame Louise begged her to forgive her for having made her read so much aloud; she then confessed to her former *lectrice* that she had long ago determined to become a nun, and, knowing that when once she had taken the veil she would not be allowed to read anything but religious works, she had wanted to hear her favourite authors once more before she retired from the world.

But although she no longer lived in a palace, Madame Louise received many visitors, bishops, archbishops, priests, who came to beg her to obtain favours for them from her father. It is probable that Madame Louise hoped to persuade her parent to "make a good death," as the phrase goes, and that she might be instrumental in getting him into the heaven about which he never troubled himself to think.

Henriette's life at Versailles was, if possible, even duller after Madame Louise's departure than it had been before that event, and we can be sure that she for one was glad to learn in 1770 that a young princess, Marie Antoinette, was coming to enliven the Court. However, the aunts of that princess's future husband were less pleased. Madame Adélaïde, for instance, loudly expressed her disapproval of her nephew's marriage to an archduchess, and swore that if she had had any voice in the matter she should not have chosen an Austrian. There was a good deal of jealousy mingled with Madame Adélaïde's dislike of the Dauphine; she could not forget that she herself had once been young, pretty, full of life and spirit—now she was elderly, ugly, harsh in voice and manner; the young bride's high spirits grated on her nerves. *Mesdames*, during those long years of seclusion, had learnt to hide their feelings, and so they managed to receive the Dauphine with a certain show of cordiality. They gave her some magnificent wedding-presents, and Madame Adélaïde even went the length of presenting her with the key leading to her private apartments, begging her to pay her little visits whenever she felt inclined to slip away from stiff Court etiquette. This invitation the Dauphine readily accepted. However, the visits gave but little pleasure to either party. Madame Victoire really wished to be of use to the young, inexperienced princess, and to help her by her good advice to avoid those rocks and pitfalls which eventually led to the queen's ruin.

But there was one person who was determined that *Mesdames*' friendship should not prosper, and that was the Abbé de Vermond. This man, the son of a country physician and the brother of Marie Antoinette's future *accoucheur*, a doctor of theology at the Sorbonne and the librarian of the Collège Mazarin, had been chosen, thanks to his influence with Loménie de Brienne, to go to Vienna there to perfect the Dauphin's fiancée in the language of her future country. Although the Abbé failed to complete her education—for on her arrival the archduchess was unable to speak or write French correctly

—he managed to obtain the Dauphine's entire confidence and to exercise considerable influence over her.

The Abbé prided himself upon being eccentric, would receive Ministers and even bishops while in his bath—but this Marie Antoinette and Marat also did—and generally treated his superiors as if they were his subordinates. During his daily visits to the Dauphine he excited her to ridicule the advice of that excellent creature, Mme de Noailles, whom she baptized *Madame l'Étiquette*.

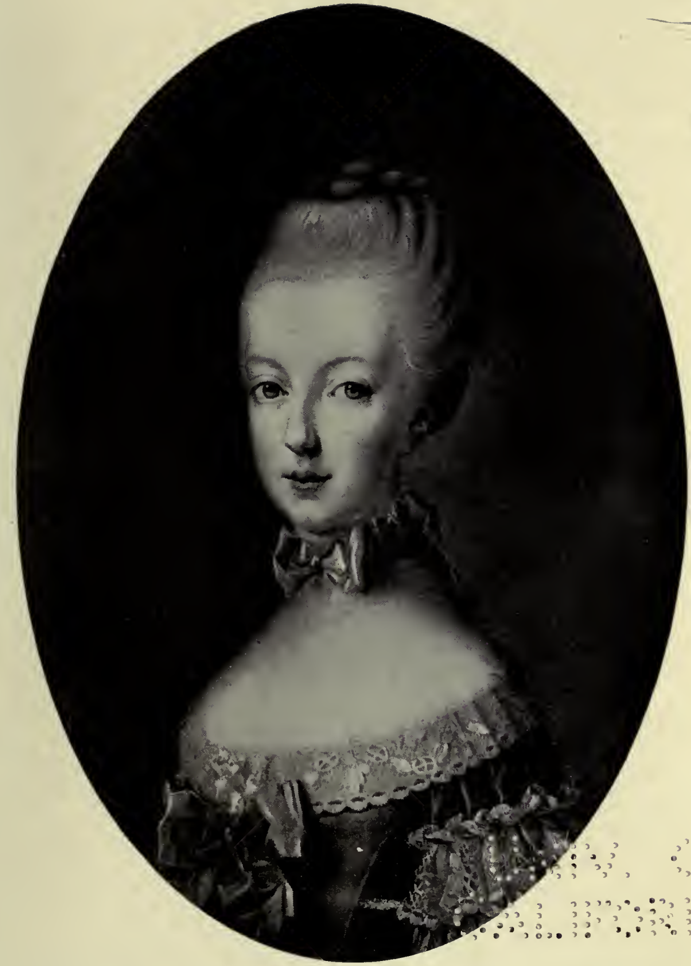
The young bride's troubles began almost as soon as she had set foot in France. During one of the fêtes given in her honour, Louis XV invited the bride and bridegroom, all the members of the royal family, and the ladies of his Court to a grand supper. To the surprise and disgust of the daughter of Maria Theresa, she found that Mme du Barry had been included among the favoured guests. However, she managed to conceal her feelings until the end of the evening. No sooner had she retired than the king began to sing her praises and to congratulate himself upon having chosen such a charming bride for his grandson. But this praise gave great offence to Mme du Barry, who was considerably older than the fair bride, and so she gave vent to her spite by criticizing the Dauphine's face, walk, and manners.

Madame Adélaïde was soon enabled to find an excuse for disliking the *Autrichienne* when, soon after the latter's arrival, the card-tables which since Marie Leczinska's death had been kept in her daughter's apartments were removed to those of the Dauphine. In order to show that she considered herself slighted, Madame Adélaïde established a rival set of card-tables in her now empty rooms, and abstained from any intercourse with her niece except when obliged to visit her or receive her visits.

Reports of the archduchess's skill in composing Latin speeches had preceded her arrival in France. However, *Mesdames' lectrice* did not take long to discover that the bride was quite unfamiliar with that language, and she subsequently learnt that whenever the young archduchess had had to deliver Latin addresses at her mother's Court, somebody had written them for her so that she could read them as a parrot talks without knowing what it is saying. Henriette also found out that, though the Dauphine could say a few sentences in Italian, she knew practically nothing about history, literature, or the fine arts.

During the Dauphine's none too frequent visits to her husband's aunts, she noticed Mlle Henriette, heard her read aloud, and sometimes asked her to accompany her on the piano or the harp. Indeed, she was so struck by Henriette's charm of manner and musical gifts that she begged the king to let her share *Mesdames' lectrice.* This favour he granted willingly.

Henriette Genest had now reached the age of eighteen. Of course she had had several proposals, for she was pretty and charming—and she had lost her heart. In a letter written to her beloved pupil Hortense de Beauharnais, when the snow of many winters had whitened her hair, she says (and we can almost see the tears fall on the page): "Do not laugh at my old love-affairs: I loved a man whom I had known for six years, who was witty, handsome, rich, and a soldier; but when I was informed that the



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MARIE ANTOINETTE.

From an eighteenth-century painting, French School.

difference of religion, which unfortunately had not been suspected until then, would cause me to lose my place as *lectrice* at Court, that people would gossip about me, that I should be blamed, that I should bring disfavour upon the person who had formed an attachment for me, I made up my mind. He was so determined to marry me or nobody, that he would not remain in Europe after this rupture, and requested permission to serve in India in order to leave France. I should be guilty of telling a falsehood if I were to say that this rupture caused me no pain. I spent more than one sleepless night hesitating between my affection and my duty. You will allow that the fact that my father had originally given his consent was calculated to strengthen my attachment; but the subsequent withdrawal of that consent caused by his respect for propriety appealed to my reason, and I felt that I ought to submit to his will."

Did the old hand tremble as it wrote those words? Did the memory of a magic hour long past cause a tear to fall on this confession? . . . A little farther on in the same letter she says: "I afterwards made a very unhappy marriage. And yet I might have been happy with M. Campan if he had not been fickle, extravagant, and entirely unfitted for married life; had my parents made a better choice, they might have been instrumental in procuring me happiness. I assure you that during those twenty years of marriage, love of duty always made me desire to live in peace with my husband and be happy with him. . . ."

It is evident that the man whom Henriette married was not a success; she herself scarcely mentions him in her memoirs, and when she does so, it is in reference to his debts. *Mesdames* were responsible for the disaster; they, probably noticing that their little *lectrice* had seemed less light-hearted since the departure of a certain friend, set about looking for a husband for her. The king having promised to allow her 5000 *livres* a year, she was soon provided. Henriette met her future husband at Court, where his father, besides being the Dauphine's secretary and librarian, was well known to the king, whom he had often accompanied to those *bals à bouts de chandelle* to which the *Bien-Aimé* was so partial during several winters. These balls were given by what Mme Campan calls "the last rung of society." The king was in the habit of inquiring in Carnival-time whether any of the hairdressers, milliners, and small shopkeepers who swarmed at Versailles were likely to be giving entertainments when, masked and accompanied by four or five members of his household also masked, he would appear uninvited at his humble subjects' balls. Of course everybody guessed the identity of the stout man who used as vulgar expressions as the poorest of the guests at these entertainments lighted by spluttering candle-ends—hence their name.

The Campans, whose real name was Bertholet, originally came from the valley of Campan, near Tarbes, in the province of Béarn. Pierre Bertholet, being of an enterprising disposition, found the peaceful native valley too narrow for his ambitions; so after completing his studies at Toulouse, he entered the army and for twenty years fought for the lilies of France, winning many wounds and the affection and esteem of his superior officers. He had one especially influential friend in the person of M. Pâris Duverney, who confided to him divers small but lucrative missions, and, at the time of Louis xv's marriage to Marie Leczinska, obtained for M. Campan, as his protégé now called himself, the post of page of the back stairs to the young queen. This post, which he shared with three other gentlemen, was worth about 9000 *livres* a year besides many perquisites, and was very much to M. Campan's taste. The functions of the four pages who took it in turn to wait upon the queen for a fortnight at a time, were various: they had to wait at table when their mistress dined in private, and to carry messages to her children and ladies, and they had always to be on the spot to hand her to her coach when she went out driving.

Soon after obtaining this post, M. Campan married Mlle Hardivilliers, the daughter of a man of good family who had once been wealthy but had squandered all his fortune. The young couple had two children, one son and one daughter; the latter died in infancy, while the former, after receiving a splendid education in Paris and devoting himself for some time to literature, was given a post in the commissariat. He in turn married and had one son, Henriette's future husband.

The Dauphine soon began to treat her secretary and librarian with such confidence that the Abbé de Vermond, one of the future queen's many bad angels, became jealous of the Frenchman, which jealousy the Dauphine explained to her secretary in the following compliment:—

"The Abbé, my dear Campan, does not love you;

he did not think that I should find on my arrival in France a man who would suit me as perfectly as you do."

As we have already seen, the young Dauphine's education, like that of her husband's aunts, left much to be desired; she found music, perhaps, less irksome than any other study, and soon after her marriage she asked M. Campan to allow his son, who sang very well, to give her singing-lessons in secret, saying as her reason: "The Dauphine must be careful of the archduchess's reputation." So hard did she work that, at the end of three months, she could read music at sight and sang so well that she astonished the professor who had first been called in to instruct her.

Marie Antoinette cared little or nothing about literature or painting; so bad a judge was she that she allowed the most incompetent artists to paint her portrait—which accounts, perhaps, for the hideous portraits of her "discovered" from time to time—and her one idea when she went to the Louvre seemed to be to get away as soon as possible, for she never took the trouble to examine any single picture in detail.

Although *Mesdames* were frequently at variance with their nephew's wife, they seem to have agreed that the son of the Dauphine's secretary and librarian would make a suitable husband for their little *lectrice;* and so Henriette Genest was given in marriage to the amateur singing-master, when the Dauphine appointed the bride to be her waiting-woman, at the same time permitting her to retain her post as *lectrice* to *Mesdames*.

Mme Campan soon found that her advancement had won her an enemy in the person of the Abbé de

Vermond; as *lecteur* to the Dauphine, he objected to the young woman reading aloud to his mistress. However, the latter's passion for being read to gave her the courage to insist that her waiting-woman should read to her whenever she wished, and so the Abbé had to give in. The Dauphine learnt to prize M. Campan's services during those first years of married life, for she found him and his son invaluable in helping her to arrange the amateur theatricals with which she endeavoured to kill time. Now the Dauphine stood in considerable awe of her husband's grandfather, and did not wish him to know how she and the comtes d'Artois and de Provence amused themselves. However, these entertainments came to an untimely end owing to the following adventure. One day the Dauphine told M. Campan to go to her boudoir and fetch something which she had forgotten; M. Campan, dressed as a *crispin*,[1] with his face highly rouged, was descending the secret staircase leading to the boudoir when he thought he heard somebody following him, so he quickly slipped behind a door—not so quickly but that somebody heard him and saw him disappear into a dark corner. Being of an inquisitive nature and probably suspecting an intrigue—they were of such frequent occurrence!—the amateur detective pushed the door open. However, he was unprepared for the grotesque sight which met his gaze, and he fell back half fainting and screaming with all his might. M. Campan picked him up and, begging him to stop yelling if he did not wish to bring trouble upon himself and others, recommended him to say nothing about his fright. On hearing of the incident, the Dauphine, fearing lest the harmless adventure should be turned into a crime, ceased to indulge her passion for amateur theatricals.

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[1] *Crispin*: a comic part played by a footman in one of Molière's plays.

Mme Campan's position was somewhat painful in that she more frequently heard her young mistress blamed than praised. The Dauphine had at first tried to live in peace with her husband's aunts, but she soon found that she was hated by nearly all her new relations : *Mesdames*, and the comtesses de Provence and d'Artois (the latter perhaps had good cause to do so) did not spare her. The Abbé Baudeau, writing in 1774, when she was enjoying her new title of queen, said : "They (*Mesdames*) let fly red-hot bullets at the queen. It is all the fault of the old aunts, who are ever on the war-path ; they are the instigators of the detestable satires directed against her person. . . ."

When their nephew protested against their conduct, they threatened to retire to Fontevrault—but it was only an idle threat.

Maria Theresa was well aware of *Mesdames*' animosity towards her daughter, and in a letter to Mercy-Argenteau, the Austrian Ambassador at the Court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, to whom he was sincerely attached, begged him to warn her daughter against the advice of *Mesdames*, "who had neither won the affection nor the respect of the French nation."

In consequence of *Mesdames*' very inimical behaviour towards his young wife, Louis XVI, notwithstanding the fact that Madame Adélaïde at one time had exercised considerable influence over him, hinted in 1775 that his aunts had better retire to Bellevue, which estate they accordingly purchased at the cost of 724,337 *livres*, with 50,000 *livres* compensation to M. de Champcenetz, the owner, for being turned out of his house. M. le comte de Fleury in his *Drames de l'histoire* says that more bishops than politicians were seen at Bellevue; the truth was that *Mesdames* kept a very good table and possessed a cook who excelled in the art of making insipid Lenten fare taste as delicious as any other; indeed, as the same author expresses it: "He was renowned even in Paris for turning fish into meat."

When *Mesdames* retired to Bellevue, M. Campan *père* was given the post of master of the wardrobe to those ladies; but his daughter-in-law, as waiting-woman to the queen, was obliged to relinquish the post of *lectrice*; she must have regretted her first mistresses, who, although often harsh and disagreeable to others, had never been otherwise than kind and indulgent to her.

Mme Campan's fellow waiting-women were Mme de Miséry and Mme la comtesse de Noailles; the former was the daughter of the comte de Chamant and was related to the de Montmorency family through her mother. Like Mme de Noailles she was a slave to etiquette, and unfortunately she had no taste in the matter of dress and fashion. When her term of service came, Marie Antoinette used laughingly to say to her ladies: "Now you must look out; here's the empress-queen coming!" Mme Campan relates an amusing scene which Mme de Noailles, *Madame l'Étiquette*, did not at all enjoy. She says: "One day I unintentionally put this poor lady to a terrible amount of suffering. The queen was receiving somebody or the other—some new presentation, I think. The maids of honour and the ladies of the palace were standing behind her; I was close to her bed with the two other waiting-women then on duty. Everything was going quite smoothly (at least I thought so) when I suddenly noticed that Mme de Noailles was staring very hard at me; she nodded her head and then worked her eyebrows up and down at a furious rate, all the while making signs with her hands. This extraordinary pantomime made me suspect that something was wrong; the countess became still more agitated when I began to look all round me in order to find out what was the matter. The queen, noticing my bewilderment, looked at me and smiled; I then managed to get near her Majesty, who whispered to me: 'Unfasten your lappets or the countess will expire!' All this fuss was because I had forgotten to remove the two pins which secured my lappets, whereas the ladies that day had been commanded to appear with their lappets unfastened."

Mme Campan, according to Léonard, the queen's hairdresser, must have been a very taking little person at that time; he speaks of her pretty face, sparkling wit, and wonderful conversational gifts which study had perfected; he gives us to understand, however, that the pretty waiting-woman encouraged her young mistress to be extravagant, for he says:—

"She was always careful to anticipate the queen's desires and never troubled herself to ask the price of anything; thanks to her felicitous and numerous innovations (which I and Mlle Bertin[1] seconded to the best of our ability) her Majesty's extravagance soon knew no bounds. . . ."

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[1] Rosa Bertin was immensely proud of the fact that the queen deigned to consult her opinion, and her pride was still more increased by the favour of the Empress Josephine, who made her *ministre des modes*.

We find Mme Campan during the Empire accused, rightly or wrongly, of allowing her pupils to be extravagant in the matter of dress.

Notwithstanding Marie Antoinette's love of pretty things, she, like her brother Joseph II, was peculiarly averse to giving presents to her household; other persons, however—the duchesse de Polignac for instance, the queen's favourite—were more favoured. Mme Campan says of this woman :—

"She was grace personified; she did not care for jewellery. I do not think I ever saw her wear her diamonds, not even when she was at the height of her good fortune."

Mme Campan was less lenient to the queen's friend when she wrote many years later to the duchesse de Saint-Leu :—

"The queen chose as her favourite the amiable, naïve duchesse de Polignac, who lived quite openly with M. de Vaudreuil; the comtesse Diane, her sister, was known to have several lovers—so little did people care for morality! The public noticed that, although the king and queen's married life was absolutely blameless, they were not overburdened with scruples, and so advantage was taken of that fact."

The Abbé de Vermond looked upon Marie Antoinette's friendship for the duchesse de Polignac with great disfavour; jealousy, or perhaps a desire to put an end to the queen's infatuation, prompted him

After Josephine's death, a lady went to Mlle Bertin's establishment and asked to be shown some mourning suitable for the occasion, whereupon Mlle Bertin called out to one of her assistants: "Show Madame some examples of my last work with her Majesty."

to leave Versailles ; whereupon Marie Antoinette, who, at that time, considered that she still had need of his services, sent the comte de Mercy-Argenteau to persuade him to return. But before consenting to do so, the astute ecclesiastic submitted to the queen a long list of conditions which she must fulfil if she wished to see his face again ; after reproaching his royal mistress for not having written to him lately, for her foolish intimacy with the duchesse de Polignac and for allowing that woman's family to exercise bad influence over her ; after complaining that she had begun to scorn his advice, he swore that he himself was devoid of all personal ambition, that he only wanted to regain her confidence, impressed upon her that in future she must write to him with her own hand, and then ended with a demand that she would increase his salary to 20,000 francs ; to this last condition, the most important of all, the queen must promise to consent or he would never again set foot in the palace of Versailles. He got his own way, and was back in his old place before another week had elapsed.

Mme Campan's memoirs do not contain many references to the queen's extravagance, which was to be the last straw on the back of the long-suffering nation. She mentions, however, a fête given by the queen at the Trianons in order to show what a different view people take of the same event according to their political opinions.

"The queen," says she, "twice caused her little garden at Trianon to be illuminated ; a few hundred miserable bundles of faggots were burnt in the ditches in order to light up the foliage of the different trees, but the Court alone was admitted to these fêtes; according to the strange rumours which were spread abroad, it would seem as if every forest in the land had been burnt down and the entire country devastated. Why? because the public was and could not be admitted to these entertainments. . . . Never were so many fireworks let off or so much money spent on illuminations as during the Revolution; those fêtes were paid for with the nation's money. Did anybody complain? No, because the public shared in them."

It was M. Campan's duty to organize the fêtes at the Trianons, and right regally does he seem to have fulfilled that duty.

Marie Antoinette's extravagance displayed itself more in a passion for jewellery and rich furniture than in fine clothes. She usually had twelve new Court-dresses made at the beginning of the winter, twelve simpler costumes, and twelve dresses with panniers which she wore in the evening when playing cards or supping in her private apartments. The same number of dresses was ordered for summer wear. At the end of each season her wardrobe was overhauled and two or three costumes given away. As waiting-woman to Marie Antoinette, it was Mme Campan's duty to see that her mistress's wardrobe was kept in order.

Marie Antoinette's extravagance pales before Josephine's mania for buying new clothes; for the latter, while still only the wife of the First Consul, owed her tradespeople the sum of 1,200,000 francs. Did she not possess six hundred costumes at one time? and were not thirty new bonnets ordered every month? She practised no economy where dress was concerned, whereas Mme Campan tells us that her mistress made her spring costumes serve again for the autumn.

M. Campan *père* had given his daughter-in-law some very excellent advice soon after she entered the young Dauphine's service; after recommending her to avoid trying to obtain her mistress's confidence, a dangerous trust, he said:—

"Serve her with zeal and intelligence, and always be quick to obey."

Mme Campan soon discovered that she possessed considerable influence over her young mistress; the queen treated her as her equal—the *Œil de Bœuf*[1], she says, knew it and hated her accordingly. What was more natural than that Mme Campan should endeavour to turn the queen's thoughts to something less frivolous than amateur theatricals, dances, and masquerades? She would plead for some unfortunate family, or beg for advancement for some deserving workman. Good M. Campan *père* tried in the following words to persuade the queen to cease reading those insipid and ofttimes harmful novels which were then the fashion in France, a fashion which like a good many others equally foolish had come from across the water:—

"What can your Majesty possibly learn from those wretched books?" said he. "Milord Lindsay's passion for the orphan Anna, their meeting at a wayside inn, the tribulations of the young miss, the picture of middle-class society, the account of a masked ball, an adventure with a rope-ladder, a conflagration, an elopement, a shipwreck, persecuted lovers? . . . Read rather, Madame, of the prosperity, of the good deeds, of the misfortunes and of the faults of sovereigns; make these a daily study. . . . History, of which men (and especially women) usually only talk in order to show off their learning, ought to be the sovereign's Bible; it should be read every day; every page, as a truth born of experience, should be engraved on the mind as a useful and most valuable possession."

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[1] *Œil de Bœuf*: an anteroom in the palace of Versailles, so called from its round window; it was a favourite meeting-place for courtiers and place-seekers.

To this long rigmarole the queen listened attentively and with docility; she then replied:—

"You are quite right, Monsieur, let us read history at once. Let us begin with Roman history; another day we will read Anacharsis or some French history."

Alas for good resolutions! on the morrow, M. Campan invariably found, on presenting himself before the queen, that she had changed her mind and was engrossed in some trashy novel in five or six volumes lately translated into French for her especial edification; she would say in an off-hand manner:—

"Do not come to-morrow, for I am reading a book which I want to enjoy all by myself."

Years afterwards Mme Campan, probably thinking of Marie Antoinette, wrote to Hortense de Beauharnais:—

"I have good reason to hate novels; they nearly ruined a woman who, with her natural good sense and her elevated mind, might have saved France and left the greatest name to posterity. I begged her on my knees, with tears in my eyes, to give up this fatal habit; but she could not break herself of it."

CHAPTER III

The duties of the queen's waiting-woman—A day at Versailles—Marie Antoinette adopts a little peasant-boy—Birth of the queen's eldest child—Mesmer pays a visit to Paris—M. Campan tries one of the famous physician's cures—Birth of the first Dauphin—Indiscreet well-wishers—The young mother receives a deputation from the ladies of the Paris markets—The comtes d'Haga and du Nord pay a visit to Versailles—Madame Royale goes to see her great-aunt Louise.

MME CAMPAN'S place as waiting-woman to the queen was no sinecure; she had to supervise the other waiting-women, to receive her royal mistress's orders, to superintend her toilet, order her carriages, and prepare for the few, short journeys taken by the Court. Not only did the queen's chief waiting-woman have charge of her Majesty's jewels and privy-purse, but she had to pay the numerous suite and to reply to the still more numerous troop of beggars of all ages and all classes and to content everybody. She had to take the place of any absent lady-in-waiting, and as such she had to usher the queen's visitors into her Majesty's presence.

It is amusing to learn from her memoirs that Mme Campan's salary of 12,000 francs a year was considerably augmented by the sale of the candles used to light Marie Antoinette's private apartments, a nice little perquisite representing the sum of 38,000 francs a year, which candles she, as chief waiting-woman, had the right to take away every evening whether they had been lighted or not. But it was not until Mme Campan had been some years in the queen's service that she and her sister, Adélaïde Auguié, also waiting-woman to Marie Antoinette, were allowed to dispose of their mistress's discarded clothing to their friends—another and a still more valuable perquisite. Adélaïde Auguié was almost as great a favourite with Marie Antoinette as her sister; the queen had given her 7000 francs and some valuable jewels at the time of her marriage to M. Auguié, a commissary-general of subsistence in the army, with a promise to the bridegroom of advancement; this promise was soon after fulfilled, for M. Auguié was given the receiver-generalship of the duchy of Bar and Lorraine, a post worth nearly 100,000 francs a year.

Mme Campan describes her duties in the following words:—

"The queen was usually called at eight o'clock in the morning and breakfasted at nine either in bed or sitting on a sofa with a little table by her side. Her Majesty frequently received visitors at this time; her doctor, her chief surgeon, her reader, her secretary, the king's four principal footmen and his physicians and surgeons, had the right to be admitted to her presence; there were often ten or twelve persons present.

"It was the duty of the lady-in-waiting to arrange the queen's breakfast on her bed or by her sofa; the princesse de Lamballe[1] very frequently fulfilled this duty when she happened to be present. The queen's abstemiousness was remarkable; she either had coffee or chocolate for breakfast; she ate nothing but white meat at dinner, only drank water and supped off a plate of soup, a chicken wing, and a glass of water in which she used to dip little biscuits. . . . The queen having got out of bed, the mistress of the wardrobe was admitted that she might take away the pillows and prepare the bed for the footmen to make. She then drew the curtains, leaving the bed to be made when the queen had gone to Mass. This same lady prepared the water for washing the queen's feet when her Majesty did not take a bath. Except when she was at Saint-Cloud, where she had a bathroom adjoining her bedroom, the queen used a *sabot*[1] which was rolled in and out of her room; after the bath the queen's waiting-women entered. The queen took her bath clad in a long chemise of English flannel buttoned down to the hem, with collar and cuffs lined with soft linen. On getting out of her bath, the chief lady-in-waiting held a sheet so as to conceal her Majesty from the waiting-women, and then flung it over the queen's shoulders. The bathing-women having rolled her up in it, she was carefully dried; she then put on a very long, loose-fitting night-dress, richly trimmed with lace, and a white silk dressing-gown. The waiting-women having warmed the bed, the queen thus clad lay down in bed again, and the bathing-women and footmen removed the *sabot*. On the days when the queen took a bath, she always ate her breakfast while in her bath. It was the maid-of-honour's duty when her Majesty did not have a bath, to pour out the water for her to wash her hands and to put her chemise over her head; this duty she relinguished whenever a princess belonging to the royal family happened to be present, in which case she handed the chemise to the chief lady-in-waiting, who then presented it to the princess. . . . The queen happened one cold winter's day to be already undressed and about to put on her chemise; I was holding it out to her when a maid-of-honour entered, tore off her gloves and took the chemise from my hands. Somebody was heard knocking at the door; it was opened and Mme la duchesse d'Orléans entered; she immediately took off her gloves and advanced in order to take the chemise; however, as it was not the maid-of-honour's place to give it into her hands, she gave it to me and I presented it to the princess. Again somebody was heard knocking at the door; this time it was Mme la comtesse de Provence, whereupon the duchess presented the chemise to her. Meanwhile the queen was standing with her arms crossed over her chest and seemed to be feeling very cold. *Madame*, seeing how uncomfortable her Majesty looked, forebore to waste more time by removing her gloves and merely dropped her handkerchief; in putting the chemise over the queen's head, she pulled the latter's hair down, whereupon her Majesty began to laugh in order to hide her annoyance, while she muttered between her teeth:—

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[1] The friend of Marie Antoinette and one of the victims of the September massacres.

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[1] *Sabot*: a bath shaped like a huge shoe; see prints of the assassination of Marat.

"'How odious! what a horrible fuss about nothing!'

"The queen's official toilet took place at midday. The dressing-table was pushed into the middle of the room; this piece of furniture was usually the handsomest and most ornamented in the royal apartment. . . .

"The queen slept in a bodice trimmed with ribbon, the sleeves were covered with lace and there was a lace fichu. The queen's dressing-gown was presented to her by her chief waiting-woman if she happened to be alone; or if the maids-of-honour were present, that duty devolved upon them. At midday those ladies who had waited upon the queen for the last twenty-four hours were relieved by two waiting-women in full dress. Anybody having the *grande entrée* was now admitted; folding-stools were brought and placed in a circle for the superintendent, the maids-of-honour, and the governess of the Children of France when she happened to be present.

"The duties of the ladies of the palace, which did not include any menial services, only commenced when the queen left her private apartments in order to go to Mass; these ladies waited in the large study and entered when her toilet was completed. The princes of the blood royal, the officers of the king's body-guard, and other officials paid their respects to the queen while her hair was being dressed. The queen either nodded her head, bowed slightly, or else bent over her toilet-table when any princes of the blood entered. The king's brothers usually came to pay their duty to her Majesty at this moment. During the first years of her reign she dressed in her bedroom, that is to say the maid-of-honour helped the queen to put on her chemise and poured out the water for her to wash her hands. But when the young queen began to pay more attention to fashion, when head-dresses became so high that ladies had to step into their chemises; when, in short, she wished Mlle Bertin to attend at her toilet (Mlle Bertin, to whom the queen's ladies had refused the honour of attending their mistress), her Majesty ceased to dress in her bedroom. So, having courtesied to all the company, the queen would retire to her dressing-room to finish her toilet. . . ."

Marie Antoinette's first years of married life were clouded by the fact that she had borne her husband no children. When, in 1775, she had to assist at the accouchement of her sister-in-law, the comtesse d'Artois, whose marriage was of more recent date than her own, she had a very unpleasant experience, for, on coming out of the young mother's room, she ran into the arms of a deputation of fishwives, who pursued her to her own apartments, making uncomplimentary remarks concerning her unwillingness or inability to supply an heir to the throne. The comtesse d'Artois became quite popular, only for a time, however, for she was generally insignificant and had no pretensions to beauty, her rather fresh complexion being spoilt by a long thin nose.

Marie Antoinette proved herself in the day of trouble far too good a mother not to have been endowed with similar feelings to those which had made the little Henriette Genest long to play the mother to all the babies she happened to know. Mme Campan tells us that Marie Antoinette, until she had children of her own, was in the habit of petting and spoiling her servants' children. Still she was not content; and while looking about for a suitable child to adopt as her own, a happy accident enabled her to find what she was looking for. Mme Campan relates the incident as follows :—

"One day, while the queen was driving through the village of Saint-Michel near Luciennes, a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired, little child of four years of age, the picture of health, ran in front of her horses. When the coachman and the postillions had stopped the carriage and dragged the child from beneath the horses' hoofs, it was discovered that he had not got so much as a scratch. His grandmother rushed to the door of her cottage in order to fetch him, but the queen, standing up in her carriage, stretched out her arms towards the old peasant woman, crying that the child must belong to her, that Fate had given him to her to comfort her, doubtless, until she had a child of her own.

"'Is his mother alive?' asked she.

"'No, Madame,' replied the peasant-woman, 'my daughter died last winter, leaving me with five little children to feed.'

"'I will take this one and see that the others do not want for anything. Do you consent?' asked the queen.

"'Oh! Madame, they will be only too happy,' was the answer; 'but Jacques is a very naughty boy: will he stay with you?'

"The queen took little Jacques on her knee, said that he would soon get accustomed to her, and ordered her coachman to drive on. The drive came to a sudden end, so frightfully did Jacques scream and so lustily did he kick the queen and her ladies. Marie Antoinette's household at Versailles was much astonished when she appeared holding the little village brat by the hand; he yelled with all his might, bawled out that he wanted his grandam, his brother Louis, his sister Marianne; nothing silenced him. He was carried to the wife of one of the queen's servants, who was to be his nurse. The other children were boarded out. Two days later little Jacques, now called Armand, was brought to see the queen: a white, lace-trimmed frock, a pink sash with a silver fringe and a hat covered with plumes had taken the place of the worsted cap, red petticoat, and wooden shoes. The child was really very beautiful. The queen was delighted; he came to see her every morning at nine o'clock, and breakfasted and dined with her when the king was often present. Though nobody ever heard her give vent to the regret with which her heart was filled, she loved to fondle him and call him 'my child. . . .'"

When in 1778 these futile attempts to appease her maternal instincts were rendered unnecessary by the knowledge that she would soon have a child of her own, poor little Jacques[1] and his brothers and sisters were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed. Royalty soon wearies of its puppets.

A few days before the birth of Marie Antoinette's first child, the Court was amazed by the discovery of a bundle of libellous songs concerning the queen's favourites which somebody had flung through the *Œil de Bœuf.* A fortnight later the writer's name was in everybody's mouth: it was M. de Champcenetz,[1] from whom *Mesdames* had purchased the estate of Bellevue. However, everything is forgiven to a wag, and his crime was soon forgotten.

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[1] Jacques showed that he, too, had a short memory when he became one of Marie Antoinette's most bitter enemies. Having volunteered during the Revolution to defend his fatherland, he was killed at the battle of Jemappes (1792).

The nation had expressed great delight at the thought that the queen was about to provide an heir to the throne of France; so when it was known that the long-expected child was a girl, the future Orphan of the Temple, many persons were genuinely disappointed. The queen was in much danger at one time, and it was feared that she would lose her life. The comte d'Esterhazy and the prince de Poix had worked themselves up into such a state of nervousness and excitement that when Mme Campan came to inform them that the queen was no longer in danger, they fell upon her neck and kissed her with tears running down their pale faces.

The France of those days was scarcely less superstitious than her neighbours, Spain and Italy. Soon after the queen had begun to resume her daily habits, M. Campan *père* received a letter from the *curé* of the Madeleine asking him to fix a secret interview. During that interview M. Campan was much astonished to see the *curé* hand him a little box containing a wedding ring, with a request that he would give it to the queen in secret and adding: "While hearing a confession I received this ring, the queen's wedding ring, which was stolen from her in 1771 by somebody who wished to bewitch her and prevent her bearing children."

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[1] When M. de Champcenetz was arrested and dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, he asked, on hearing himself sentenced to death, whether he could not find somebody to take his place.

M. Campan was still more astonished when, on returning the ring to the queen, she told him that she had lost it seven years ago while washing her hands, but that suspecting the reason for which it had been stolen, she had refrained from endeavouring to trace the thief lest she should be thought superstitious.

Among the famous persons who flocked to Paris about this time was Mesmer, who first became known to the world as the author of the work, *De planetarum influxu*, published while he was in Vienna, where he had amazed everybody by his theories concerning animal magnetism. His appearance in the French capital was hailed with delight by a crowd of idle folk keen for any new sensation. The Faculty, however, at first received his attempts to show what power the mind exercises over diseases of the body with derision, for which, as he foolishly made a mystery of his magnetic power, which he called his "secret" and refused to sell to the government for the sum of 20,000 *livres*, he was partly responsible. His "tub treatment" was undoubtedly a precursor of the electrical baths of to-day.

Mesmer, tall, handsome, with the imposing manner and the deep-set eye of the born mesmerist, became the talk of the day. On first setting up in Paris, he treated the poor gratuitously, and then began with a few paying patients whom he consented to tend in his own splendidly furnished apartment for ten *louis* a month. He soon raised his terms, however, whereupon his patients grew more and more numerous. One of the forms of treatment consisted of the famous *baquets* or tubs; the patients were seated in a circle round a covered tub from which protruded a number of ropes and wires which could be moved in any direction; the ropes having been fastened round the patients' bodies, they were instructed to seize hold of the wires and apply them to any painful spot. At a given signal the patients dropped the wires and joined hands: this was called "making a chain." The treatment was carried on in a darkened room to the accompaniment of hidden music and was interrupted by frequent fits of hysterics among the patients. A prolonged *séance* usually ended with a chorus of insane laughter and yells of agony.

The *baquets* were as numerous as the diseases which they were supposed to cure: they included not only *la femme baquet* and *l'homme baquet*, but also *le cheval baquet*, *le chien baquet*, *la poule baquet*, *le mouton baquet*, *l'âne baquet*; there were likewise "moral" and "vicious tubs," warranted to cure diseases of the soul.

Mme Campan's husband happened to be in poor health at the time of Mesmer's appearance in the French capital; she gives her own experience of Mesmer's methods of curing disease in the following amusing anecdote:—

"My husband, like many another who wanted to be in the fashion, was a partisan of Mesmer. It was quite the thing to be magnetized; it was more than a craze, it was a mania. One heard of nothing in the Paris *salons* but this brilliant discovery; people were to live for ever. The public went quite crazy and imagined all sorts of ridiculous things; everybody wanted to have his or herself mesmerized. Mesmer's peculiar phraseology had produced this strange state of affairs. The only way to put a stop to the craze was to get the Court to buy the secret, on which its owner had placed an extremely high price; 50,000 *écus* had already been offered. By a very strange chance I happened one day to find myself at one of these *séances* of somnambulism: so great was the enthusiasm of the numerous spectators that many of them rolled their eyes and made hideous faces; a stranger might have thought himself in a lunatic asylum. Astonished to see so many persons almost delirious, I retired in disgust.

"My husband was suffering at that time from inflammation of the lungs; he had himself taken to Mesmer's house. When I entered M. Campan's sick-room, I asked the thaumaturgus what treatment he proposed to prescribe. He replied with the greatest coolness that, in order to obtain a prompt and permanent cure, he must place either a dark-haired young woman, a black hen, or an empty bottle in the sick man's bed next his heart.

"'Monsieur,' said I, 'if it is all the same to you, I should prefer the empty bottle.'

"The illness made rapid strides; the patient's breathing became laboured, his chest was sore; the magnetic cures had no effect. Mesmer, perceiving that his patient was no better, seized the opportunity when I happened to be absent from the sick-room in order to put blisters on the invalid; I was not informed of this fact until the latter was well again. M. Campan was later asked to write a testimonial stating that he had been cured by magnetism alone; he did so. This act shows to what lengths an enthusiast will go; truth has no power over such a person. On returning to the palace, their Majesties asked me what

I thought of Mesmer's discovery; I told them what had happened, and expressed my indignation at such a shameless charlatan. It was immediately decided that no more was to be said about buying the secret. . . ."

When in 1781 the queen had fresh hopes of becoming a mother, her joy knew no bounds. Mme Campan, although delighted at her royal mistress's good spirits, was sometimes tempted to curb her, at least so Léonard, the queen's hairdresser, tells us.

"One morning before the birth of the queen's second child," says he, "I found her Majesty in such a good humour that I ventured to make one or two diverting remarks while I was dressing her hair. Mme Campan began making signs to me to stop my ceaseless flow of conversation, but Marie Antoinette laughed until the tears came into her eyes and said:—

"'Go on, Léonard, go on; how very amusing!'"

And, nothing loath, Léonard begins, notwithstanding Mme Campan's frowns and signs to cease, one of those so-called witty but in reality highly indecorous anecdotes with which his memoirs are filled, and this to the queen's evident satisfaction.

With what delight did Louis XVI learn on October 22, 1781, that his wife had given him the longed-for heir. Mme Campan witnessed his joy; she tells us how the tears streamed from his eyes whenever he looked at the baby, whom he was never tired of calling "my son" and "the Dauphin," and about whom he would talk whenever he could find somebody willing to listen to him, how he wanted to shake hands with everybody, and how this newly found happiness completely changed his somewhat reserved character.

One of the happiest results of the child's birth was that it not only brought the parents nearer together, but it also gave satisfaction to a certain portion of the nation. That satisfaction, however, like the little one's life, was of short duration.

Mme Campan paints an interesting picture of how the Parisians manifested their pleasure on this occasion :—

"The different corporations of Paris spent considerable sums on expeditions to Versailles ; their arrival, clad in elegant habiliments and carrying their different emblems, made a very pleasant scene ; nearly all of them had bands marching at their head. On entering the courtyard of the palace they displayed much intelligence in the way in which they arranged themselves in groups. Chimney-sweeps, as finely dressed as any stage chimney-sweep, bore a highly decorated chimney on the top of which one of their smallest members was perched ; chairmen carried a much gilded sedan-chair in which sat a beautiful *nounou* holding a little Dauphin in her lap ; the butchers appeared with their fat ox ; the pastry-cooks, the bricklayers, the locksmiths—all trades were represented ; the farriers were striking on an anvil ; the shoemakers were making a little pair of boots for the Dauphin, the tailors a little regimental uniform. . . ."

The king watched the scene from his balcony, that same balcony upon which Marie Antoinette stood eight years later and heard that horrible cry : "No children !"

But what malcontent, fatalist, or philosopher prompted the Paris grave-diggers to send a deputation bearing a tiny coffin, two spades, and a little tombstone? Madame Sophie, the Ugly Duckling, was the first to notice the spoil-sports; half choking with fury she hobbled off to her nephew's apartment and demanded that he should have the "insolent fellows" turned out of the procession.

It was Mme Campan's duty to receive fifty ladies from the Paris *halles* clad in their best clothes—in many cases, a black silk dress and diamonds. Three of these dames were then ushered into the young mother's bedroom, when one of their number, who had a fine speaking voice and was pretty into the bargain, pulled a fan from her pocket and began to read a speech written on the back of it from the pen of M. de La Harpe, whose political opinions, like the fan, had an obverse and a reverse. The queen was more gracious to the ladies from the markets than to the fishwives, whose remarks upon her sterility had caused her to shed many a tear. However, the fishwives were determined not to be behind hand, so they came to Versailles and made numerous speeches. To the happy father they said: "We are now convinced that our children will be as happy as we have been, for this child will resemble you."

When brought to the queen's bedside, they declared: "We have loved you so long without daring to tell you so, Madame, that we have need of all our respect in order not to abuse the permission to speak out."

They then proceeded to harangue *Monseigneur le Dauphin* while he lay in his lace-trimmed cradle; he probably continued to suck his thumb in sublime disdain, or perhaps he puckered up his mouth and made faces at his loyal subjects. To him they said:—

"You cannot understand the wishes which we now make around your cradle; but some day you will be told how our dearest wish is to see you resemble the authors of your being."

But it is a far cry from Paris to Versailles, and the ladies were glad of the dinner which the king provided for them. "Many of the inhabitants of Versailles came to see them at dinner," says Mme Campan. Before returning to the capital the guests sang the following song in honour of the new little Dauphin:—

> "Ne daignez pas, cher papa,
> D'voir augmenter vot' famille,
> Le bon Dieu z'y pourvoira :
> Fait 's-en-tant qu' Versaille en fourmille ;
> 'Y eut-il cent Bourbons cheu nous,
> 'Y a du pain, du laurier pour tous."

Mme Campan does not say what her mistress replied to these polite speeches; however, she describes how the king's aunts were in the habit of acting on similar occasions:—

"*Mesdames* no longer took the trouble to articulate any reply. Madame Adélaïde scolded the queen for not following their example, assuring her that she need only mumble a few words, for the speech-makers, completely taken up with their own performance, would be sure to declare that she had said the very thing she ought to say."

In her work, *De l'Éducation*, Mme Campan says: "Education begins in the cradle," and goes on to depict the trials of peasant-women uprooted from their healthy homes and transplanted to the capital; she ends by begging her readers to be very careful in their choice of a nurse for their children.

"I myself saw the first Dauphin's nurse suddenly become enormously stout owing to want of exercise. She used to be sent to walk up and down the terrace; but this exercise was quite insufficient for a country-woman, and the young prince's bad health was later attributed to his nurse's excessive stoutness."

In the following year the Court of Versailles was visited by two princes, who, like their hosts, were to perish by the hands of their faithful subjects; they were the king of Sweden,[1] who travelled as the comte d'Haga, and the comte du Nord, the future czar Paul I.[2] Many fêtes were given in their honour. Mme Campan noticed that the king and queen were much more at their ease with the future czar than with the comte d'Haga, whom the queen positively disliked notwithstanding his friendship for France. Marie Antoinette was never a good judge of character, and she made a mistake in preferring the comte du Nord to the comte d'Haga.

Mme Campan overheard a conversation between Louis XVI and the future czar; the French king having incautiously asked his guest if it was true that he could not trust a single member of his suite, the comte du Nord replied in the presence of a number of persons that the rumour was quite correct, and added that he dared not keep a favourite dog, because he was sure that his mother would order it to be thrown into the Seine with a stone round its neck.

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[1] *Gustavus III*, king of Sweden (1746–1792), was assassinated while at a ball by Ankarstroem, the leader of a conspiracy.

[2] *Paul I* (Petrowitch), czar of Russia from 1796 to 1801, succeeded his mother, Catherine II. After having joined the second coalition against France, he concluded an alliance with Napoleon. He was likewise assassinated.

The comte d'Haga's visit caused Mme Campan to spend many unpleasant quarters of an hour owing to a little habit he had of dropping in to dinner or supper uninvited ; and though no one would suspect that the arrival of an unexpected guest was calculated to cause Marie Antoinette's cook to imitate the immortal Vatel, it would seem that the queen either feigned, or really entertained doubts as to whether the royal larder could stand the strain of an extra guest. Mme Campan says :—

"He came one day without an invitation and without having given notice, and asked the queen to let him stay to dinner. She received him in her boudoir and immediately sent for me. She then commanded me to interview her *chef* without further delay, and to find out if there was enough dinner for M. le comte d'Haga, and to add something if there was not sufficient. The king of Sweden assured her that he was quite certain there would be enough for him, at which I, thinking of the huge meal which was always prepared for the king and queen, and more than half of which never appeared upon the table when their Majesties dined alone, smiled involuntarily.

"The queen signed to me to leave the room, which I did. In the evening the queen asked me why I had seemed so taken aback when she ordered me to add to the dinner if it was not sufficient, and observed that I ought to have seen that she wanted to give the king of Sweden a lesson in politeness. I confessed to her that the whole affair had reminded me so strongly of a scene often enacted in less wealthy homes, that I had immediately thought of ordering grilled cutlets and an omelet, the usual fare when an unexpected guest turns up. She laughed heartily at my reply, and repeated it to the king, who also laughed. . . ."

During the same year Marie Antoinette took her little daughter, now aged four years, to visit her husband's aunt, Louise, in the Carmelite convent at Saint-Denis.

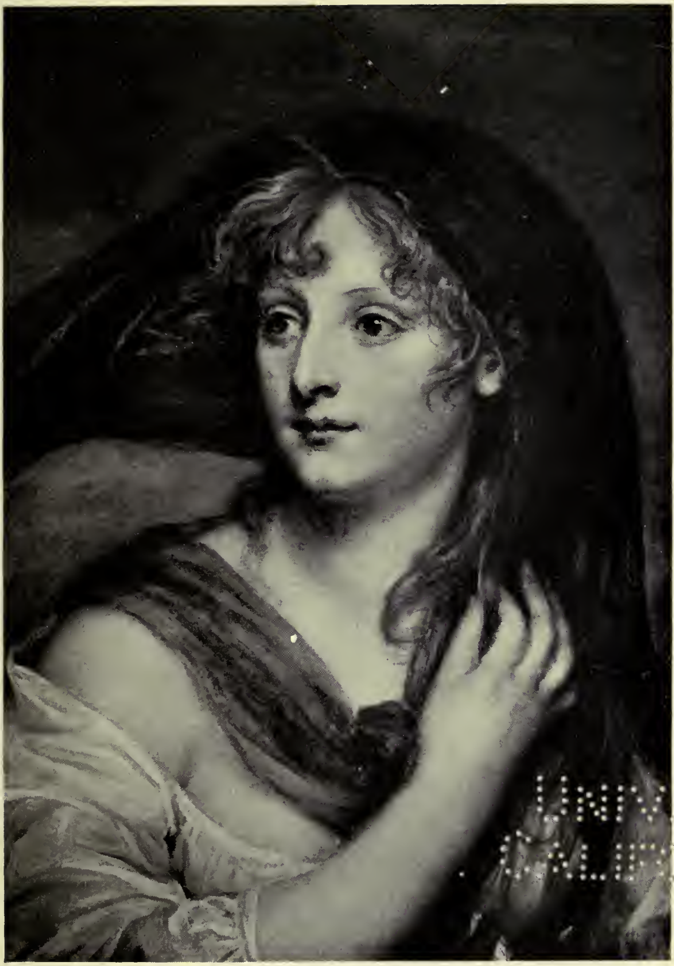
Marie Antoinette, fearful lest the nun's severe costume should frighten the little girl, commanded Mme Campan to dress one of the child's dolls as a Carmelite nun. On the occasion of this visit the child, as she was just about to be inoculated, was not allowed to partake of the toothsome dainties which her great-aunt had prepared for her. As Madame Royale did not protest, although she was probably very hungry, a nun, remarking that the child carefully picked up and ate all the crumbs of the one *brioche* she was allowed to have, immediately cried out that Madame Royale's submission and frugal habits denoted a vocation, and asked the queen whether she would permit her daughter to take the veil.

"I should be much flattered," answered Marie Antoinette.

When bidding farewell to her aunt and the other nuns, the queen called Madame Royale and asked her if she had nothing to say to the ladies.

"Mesdames," replied the little creature with a deep courtesy, "pray for me at Mass, I beg."

During the cruel winter of 1783–84, when the king distributed in charity three million francs—a mere drop in an ocean of misery—Marie Antoinette gave her little daughter her first lesson in alms-giving. Everybody knows that New Year's Day is the day of days in France. Marie Antoinette was in the habit



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Madame Royale.

From a painting by Greuze.

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of sending to Paris a day or two before that fête for new toys for her little ones. That year Mme Campan ransacked all the toyshops in the capital and returned laden with the most beautiful toys imaginable, which were then arranged in the queen's boudoir. Marie Antoinette entered leading her children by the hand; but instead of allowing the little ones to grasp the treasures, she restrained them, saying:—

"I should like to have given you these pretty things, but the winter is very severe this year and there are many, many unhappy creatures who have nothing to eat, no clothes, nor wood to warm themselves. I have given all my money away in order to help them; I have none left for presents, so you must do without this year."

Mme Campan says that when Marie Antoinette took the children out of the room they, and especially *la petite Madame* as she was often called, seemed quite awed by their mother's little sermon.

CHAPTER IV

The affair of the queen's necklace—Birth of Mme Campan's only child—Death of Madame Louise—Unpopularity of Marie Antoinette—Death of the first Dauphin.

Mme Campan, as Marie Antoinette's waiting-woman, played a somewhat important rôle in the affair of the queen's necklace. In 1774 Marie Antoinette had bought from the celebrated jeweller Bœhmer a set of diamonds for 360,000 francs, which sum she promised to pay in instalments, so much every year until the debt was paid off. Bœhmer knew, like everybody else, that the queen was passionately fond of jewels; he began collecting all the most beautiful stones he could find in the hope that when that collection was completed he would be able to tempt the queen to persuade her husband to buy it for her.

After some years of searching, Bœhmer succeeded in forming a most beautiful necklace which he showed to M. Campan *père*, begging him as a favour to place it before the king. M. Campan was an honest man; the year of famine had come, and M. Campan, on hearing that the price was 1,600,000 francs, unwilling to be instrumental in persuading the queen to indulge her passion for jewels, refused to have anything to do with the affair. Bœhmer, with the help of a little flattery, or a golden key, persuaded another member of the royal household to show the jewel to his

Majesty. Louis XVI expressed great admiration, and manifested a desire to see the queen wear the necklace. But when it was exhibited to Marie Antoinette, she wisely refused to buy any more jewels, giving as her reason: "We have greater need of a ship than of a necklace."

Bœhmer in despair took the necklace to different Courts, but nobody was willing to give the price demanded. A year later Bœhmer, now on the verge of bankruptcy, returned to France and offered to sell the jewel to the queen at a reduced price. Mme Campan was present during this interview.

"I remember," says she, "that the queen told him that if the conditions of purchase were really not extravagant, the king might buy the necklace as a wedding-present for one of his children, but that she herself would never wear it."

Whereupon Louis XVI replied that his children might not live to grow up—two of them did not do so—and that the money would therefore be thrown away. But Bœhmer would not confess himself defeated.

Some months later he begged the queen to grant him an interview—which she very imprudently did. Bœhmer began by saying that if she did not buy the necklace he should be ruined and he should then drown himself. The queen, annoyed at his importunity, ordered him to leave her presence as she had no intention of purchasing anything more from him. Bœhmer retired apparently overwhelmed with despair. The queen, thinking that she had been harsh in her manner, charged Mme Campan to find out whether Bœhmer had carried out his intention of committing suicide, but that lady soon heard that far from doing anything so foolish, M. Bœhmer had disposed of his "white elephant" to the Sultan of Turkey that it might adorn the shoulders of a favourite slave.

Relieved in her mind that her passion for jewels had not caused a tragedy, Marie Antoinette, after expressing surprise that Bœhmer should have found a customer so quickly, promptly forgot the whole affair, until the baptism in 1785 of one of the royal children caused her to order the jewelled shoulder- and sword-knots which their Majesties always presented to a royal infant. This order, notwithstanding certain disagreeable incidents, Marie Antoinette foolishly entrusted to Bœhmer. The jeweller chose the moment when the queen was coming out of her chapel in which to present the ornaments, and with them a scrap of paper in which he begged the queen "*not to forget him*, and expressed his satisfaction at the thought that her Majesty now owned the most beautiful necklace in Europe." This last sentence made the queen start and turn pale. Had the man gone quite crazy? What did he mean? She expressed her surprise to M. Campan that evening when in her library; then having read the letter to her waiting-woman, she twisted it up, and burnt it at a taper used for sealing letters, saying—

"It is not worth keeping."

Before retiring to rest the queen said to Mme Campan:—

"Does he mean that he has made another collection of jewels? I should be sorry if he had done so, for I do not intend to have any further dealings with him. If I want to have my diamonds re-set, I shall employ my plate-cleaner who has never even tried to sell me a single carat. The fellow is fated to torment me; he always has some crazy plan in his head. Be sure to remember to tell him when next you see him that I no longer care for diamonds, and that I will never buy another as long as I live; that if I had any money to spend on myself, I should prefer to add to my property at Saint-Cloud; explain all this to him and make him thoroughly understand."

Mme Campan then asked her mistress if she wished Bœhmer to come and see her, but Marie Antoinette replied "No," that the slightest attempt at arguing with such a man would be most unseemly, and that she only desired her waiting-woman to speak to him on the earliest opportunity.

We will now hear how Mme Campan executed the queen's commission, and what reply she obtained from Bœhmer:—

"I then went to stay with my father-in-law at his country-seat at Crespy, where he was in the habit of having friends to dinner on Sundays. Bœhmer usually came there two or three times in the summer. No sooner had I arrived than he appeared. I faithfully repeated to him all the queen had told me to tell him; he seemed petrified with astonishment, and asked me how it was that the queen had not understood what was written on the paper he had handed to her.

"'I myself read it,' I replied, 'and I could not understand a word of it.'

"'I am not surprised that you did not,' answered Bœhmer. He added that I was not in the secret, and begged me to grant him a private interview so that he might relate all that had passed between him and the queen. I told him that I could not see him before nightfall, when the guests would be returning to Paris. When my presence was no longer necessary in the *salon*, I went and walked with Bœhmer up and down one of the garden-paths. I believe I can remember every word of the conversation which then took place between that man and myself. I was so terrified on discovering that vilest and most dangerous intrigue, that every word remained engraved on my memory. I was so overwhelmed with grief, I foresaw so many dangers should the queen try to disculpate herself, that I took no notice of a thunderstorm which came on while I was talking to Bœhmer. I began thus:

"'What is the meaning of the paper which you handed to her Majesty last Sunday as she was leaving the chapel?'

"*Bœhmer.*—'The queen must surely know, Madame.'

"*Mme Campan.*—'Excuse me, she charged me to ask you.'

"*B.*—'I did it for fun.'

"*Mme C.*—'What can fun possibly have to do with your relations with the queen? She, as you know, seldom wears full dress nowadays: you yourself told me that the extreme simplicity of the Court of Versailles was doing harm to your business. She fears that you will make something else for her, and she charged me to tell you that she will never buy another diamond.'

"*B.*—'I believe you, Madame—she has no need to do so. But what did she say about the money?'

"*Mme C.*—'Your bill was paid long ago.'

"*B.*—'Ah! Madame, you are finely mistaken! She owes me a very large sum!'

"*Mme C.*—'What do you mean?'

"*B.*—'I see I must confess everything; the queen has purposely left you in the dark; she has bought my big necklace.'

"*Mme C.*—'The queen? But she refused to buy it, as she refused to allow the king to give it to her.'

"*B.*—'Well, she changed her mind.'

"*Mme C.*—'If she had changed her mind, she would have told the king. I have never seen the necklace among the queen's diamonds.'

"*B.*—'She was to have worn it on Whitsunday; I was much astonished to see that she did not do so.'

"*Mme C.*—'When did the queen tell you that she had made up her mind to purchase your necklace?'

"*B.*—'She herself has never mentioned the subject to me.'

"*Mme C.*—'Who then acted for her in the matter?'

"*B.*—'The cardinal de Rohan.'[1]

"*Mme C.*—'She has not spoken to him for eight years! I don't know the thief's name, my dear Bœhmer, but it is quite certain that you have been cheated.'

"*B.*—'The queen pretends to be on bad terms with his Eminence, but they are really the best of friends.'

"*Mme C.*—'What do you mean? The queen pretends to be on bad terms with such an important person at Court? Sovereigns usually keep on good terms with such personages. For four years she pretended that she did not wish to buy or accept your necklace? She buys it and pretends that she has forgotten that fact because she never wears it? You are crazy, my dear Bœhmer, and I see that you have got mixed up in an intrigue which makes me tremble for you and grieve for her Majesty. When I asked you six months ago what had become of the necklace and to whom you had sold it, you told me that you had sold it to the Sultan of Turkey.'

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[1] Louis René, prince de Rohan (1734–1803), cardinal. After the affair of the queen's necklace he was exiled to the monastery of Chaise-Dieu. He emigrated during the Revolution and joined the prince de Condé.

"*B.*—'I replied as the queen wished me to reply; it was she who told the cardinal to order me to make that reply.'

"*Mme C.*—'Well then, how were her Majesty's commands transmitted to you?'

"*B.*—'On papers bearing her signature; for some time past I have been obliged to show them to my creditors in order to appease them.'

"*Mme C.*—'Have you, then, never received anything?'

"*B.*—'Excuse me, I received a sum of 30,000 francs in notes which her Majesty told the cardinal to give me when I delivered the necklace to him. And you can be quite certain that he has private interviews with her Majesty, for he told me when he gave me the money that he saw her take it out of a pocket-book which she keeps in her escritoire with the Sèvres china plaques which stands in her small boudoir.'

"*Mme C.*—'All this is nothing but a tissue of lies; and, having sworn to be faithful to the king and queen on accepting the post which you owe to them, you were guilty of a great crime in acting for the queen in such an important matter without the king's knowledge and without having received his verbal order.' . . ."

Bœhmer seemed struck by this remark, and condescended to ask Mme Campan what he had better do to clear up the intrigue. Mme Campan recommended him to go and see the baron de Breteuil who had charge of the crown jewels, confess what had happened, ask his advice—and follow it. Before leaving Crespy, however, Bœhmer made one more effort to get Mme Campan to explain everything to her mistress and thus save him a humiliating scene with the baron de Breteuil. This Mme Campan prudently refused to do, and told him that he must confess everything if he wanted to obtain the queen's pardon. When Bœhmer had departed, Mme Campan regretted that she had not accompanied him to Versailles; however, her father-in-law persuaded her to remain quietly at Crespy until the queen sent for her. At the end of ten days the expected summons came. Marie Antoinette wrote that she was at the Petit Trianon studying the part of Rosina in the *Barbier de Séville*, and that she was anxious to have Mme Campan's advice. Mme Campan, supposing that this was only a feint to hide her natural curiosity as to the outcome of her interview with Bœhmer, hastened to the Petit Trianon. She found the queen alone, having apparently completely forgotten Bœhmer's existence, absorbed in the part of Rosina. After having repeated trills and roulades for a whole hour, the queen suddenly asked Mme Campan why she had sent Bœhmer to her, adding that she had refused to see him. Mme Campan was aghast at the fellow's impudence in pretending to go to Versailles in order to consult the baron de Breteuil, whereas his real motive was to interview the queen; her face showed her dismay. Seeing how determined Bœhmer was to have an explanation with her mistress, Mme Campan told her that, as her powerful enemy, the cardinal de Rohan, was concerned in the affair, she thought that the only way to clear up the intrigue which had evidently been concocted in order to sully the queen's character, was to grant the jeweller an interview. When she told Marie Antoinette that Bœhmer was using papers signed with her name as an inducement to his creditors to give him time to pay his debts, the queen saw that she was standing on the brink of a precipice. Hitherto Bœhmer's importunity had only annoyed her, but now she perceived a gleam of scarlet robes behind the once loved, now hated jewels. Having told Mme Campan to remain at Trianon, Marie Antoinette sent a messenger to Paris with orders to Bœhmer to come immediately.

However, the interview between the queen and her former jeweller did not have the desired effect; it only showed Marie Antoinette what she had long suspected—that she had enemies among the highest and the lowest classes of society.

Bœhmer having been ushered into her boudoir, she asked him by what fatality she was still obliged to listen to reports of his mad assertions that he had sold her a necklace which she had refused over and over again to buy. He replied that he was obliged to do so in order to appease his creditors.

"What do I care about your creditors?" retorted Marie Antoinette in her most insolent tone.

Whereupon Bœhmer repeated what he had already said to Mme Campan.

The queen perceived that her reputation would be ruined if she could not manage to extricate herself from the net which her mother's enemy had cast over her. Had not Maria Theresa years ago asked that the cardinal might be removed from her Court on account of his scandalous behaviour? In vain the queen swore that she had never had the necklace, that she had always refused to buy it on account of its price. She could get Bœhmer to say nothing but:—

"Madame, it is too late to pretend; be so kind as to confess you have my necklace and give me some money, or the mystery will soon be cleared up by my bankruptcy."

Mme Campan was not present at this interview at the conclusion of which she found her mistress trembling with indignation and anger: to think that a low-born shopkeeper should dare to doubt her word! that she should be suspected of buying jewels without her husband's consent was a cruel blow to the pride of Maria Theresa's daughter. She sent for her trusted councillor, the Abbé de Vermond. But neither he nor the baron de Breteuil were able to calm her fears. She cried to Mme Campan:—

"This hideous crime must be laid bare. The whole of France and Europe shall know that the Roman purple and the title of prince only conceal an out-of-elbow, vulgar cheat who dares to try and compromise his sovereign's spouse."

The king's indignation on learning of the affair was scarcely less than that of the queen. He chose the following Sunday, the feast of the Assumption, to demand an explanation from the cardinal de Rohan. Just as the proud cardinal was stepping along in his bejewelled and lace-trimmed vestments on his way to celebrate Mass in the royal chapel at Versailles, he received a command from the king to appear before him and his aggrieved spouse in his study at midday. The cardinal's thoughts during the Mass must often have wandered from the sacred mystery which he was celebrating.

In a tone of the deepest indignation the king began thus :—

"Have you ever bought any diamonds of Bœhmer?"

"Yes, Sire," replied the cardinal.

"What have you done with them?"

"I believe they have been given to the queen."

"Who gave you the commission?"

"A lady named the comtesse de Lamotte-Valois gave me a letter from the queen; I thought I should please her Majesty by accepting the negotiation."

Whereupon that much injured person broke in with :—

"What, Monsieur, you, to whom I have not addressed one single word for the last eight years—how was it that you thought I should choose you to carry the matter through with the help of such a woman?"

The cardinal was visibly taken aback, but he replied :—

"I see that I have been cruelly deceived; I will pay for the necklace. I was blinded by my desire to please your Majesty. . . . I did not suspect any fraud. . . . I am sorry."

As a proof of his good faith he took a letter from his pocket and showed it to the king and queen : it was an order to buy the jewel, and was not only addressed by Marie Antoinette to Mme de Lamotte, but it bore the signature "Marie Antoinette de France." However, the king immediately saw it was a forgery. "This is neither the queen's handwriting nor her signature," said he ; "how could a prince of the house of Rohan and the king's chaplain imagine that the queen signed herself 'Marie Antoinette de France'? Everybody knows that queens only sign their Christian names, that even kings' daughters have no other signature, and that, if the royal family added any other name, it would not be *de France*. . . . But tell me, monsieur, did you ever see this letter?"

So saying the king produced a copy of the missive supposed to have been written to Bœhmer by the cardinal ; however, the latter swore that he had no recollection of ever having written it.

"But, as it bears your signature, would you not say it is genuine?"

"If the letter bears my signature it must be authentic," answered the cardinal, beginning to tremble and to turn pale, which seeing the king was confirmed in his suspicions. He pressed the point :—

"Then please explain the whole enigma to me. I do not wish to make you out guilty ; I desire to hear you free yourself from blame. Explain to me the meaning of all your interviews with, and your letters and promises to Bœhmer."

The cardinal was trembling so he was obliged to lean against the table. His voice was thick as he stammered out :—

"Sire, I am too overcome to reply to your Majesty just at present. . . . I am not in a condition. . . ."

"Calm yourself, *Monsieur le cardinal*," replied the king good-naturedly. "Go into my study where you will find paper, pens, and ink, and write what you have to tell me."

The cardinal passed a very bad quarter of an hour trying to put his revelations on paper; the written result was no better than the verbal explanation. The king glanced at the crumpled, ink-stained paper and said sternly—

"Leave the room, Monsieur!"

A few minutes later the cardinal was arrested by M. d'Agoult, at the order of the baron de Breteuil. He was immediately taken to his own apartment under the charge of a young lieutenant, who was so overcome by the importance of his prisoner that he lost his head and practically allowed him to do whatever he liked. While leaving the gallery behind the royal chapel, the cardinal met his *heiduque*;[1] having called him to his side, the ecclesiastic whispered in German that he had an important commission for him. Then, coolly turning to the young lieutenant, the cardinal asked him to lend him a pencil as he wished to send a message to a friend in Paris. Delighted to be of service to the cardinal de Rohan, the youth did as he was requested; whereupon the wily prelate wrote in German to his grand-vicar, the Abbé Georgel, ordering him to burn all Mme de Lamotte's correspondence. And so

[1] *Heiduque*, a servant; a sort of courier usually dressed in Hungarian costume.

history was cheated through the inexperience of a youth unaccustomed to the wiles of a cardinal.

Some months afterwards, as no real proofs of de Rohan's culpability could be found, he was acquitted —by a majority of three votes only.

"Marie Antoinette was completely crushed by the verdict," wrote Mme Campan, "for she considered that it was an insult to her dignity." And it was indeed a cruel blow to royalty in France, and one from which it never recovered. Mme Campan hints that Mme de Lamotte was allowed to escape to England, and perhaps she was right. So much did the Pope doubt the cardinal's good faith that he, in the following year, asked that de Rohan might be tried in Rome.

One wonders how Mme Campan with all her numerous duties at Court found time to discharge those of wife and mother. She does not give the date of the birth of her only child, Henri; but she tells us that when she was in Paris expecting her confinement, four messengers stayed in her house in order to carry the news to their respective masters and mistresses: Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, *Mesdames* and *Monsieur* (later Louis XVIII). On the birth of this child, Louis XVI made the baby's grandfather a nobleman, so that the little Henri might occupy a high post at Court at some future time.

The year 1787 saw Mme Campan on the top wave of prosperity, for her salary—probably in recognition of her services to the queen in the Bœhmer affair—was now raised to 115,000 francs.

It was during this same year that one of her former mistresses, Madame Louise, passed away at her convent at Saint-Denis. Although this princess had nominally retired from the world, she, as we have already hinted, still wished to exercise influence over her relatives outside her convent walls. Not content with the three or four visits which the Court paid her every year, she continually wrote to the king begging him to interest himself in this or that deserving ecclesiastic. Marie Antoinette often complained to Mme Campan that her husband's aunt would not content herself with the daily routine of convent life, but must needs meddle with matters which did not concern her, a cloistered nun. Marie Antoinette would say:—

"Here is yet another letter from my aunt Louise. She is the most intriguing little Carmelite in the kingdom."

This is how Louis XVI announced the death of his aunt to her former *lectrice*.

"My aunt Louise, your former mistress, has died at Saint-Denis: I have just received the news. Her piety and resignation were admirable. Nevertheless my good aunt, while delirious, still remembered that she was a princess, for her last words were: 'To Paradise, quick! quick! Whip up your horses!' She probably thought she was addressing her equerry."

The endurance of the already much tried poorer classes in France was again put to the test during the winter of 1788–89. The oldest inhabitants of the capital could not remember another year when so much snow had fallen. The king and queen gave away huge sums of money. "In gratitude to their sovereigns, the Parisians," says Mme Campan, "erected in some of the chief squares of the capital pyramids and obelisks of snow adorned with laudatory inscriptions." A pyramid in the rue d'Angiviller struck Mme Campan as being the most remarkable. "It rested on a base five or six feet high by twelve feet broad, and was surmounted by a globe; the general effect was not wanting in elegance. Several inscriptions in honour of the king and queen were visible. I went to inspect this singular monument and I remember noting the following inscription:—

"A MARIE ANTOINETTE.

"Reine dont la beauté surpasse les appas,
Près d'un roi bienfaisant occupe ici ta place.
Si ce monument frêle est de neige et de glace,
Nos cœurs pour toi ne le sont pas.
De ce monument sans exemple,
Couple auguste, l'aspect bien doux pour votre cœur
Sans doute vous plaira plus qu'un palais, qu'un temple
Que vous élèverait un peuple adulateur."

The people's enthusiasm melted with the snow. The queen's few appearances in the capital during the spring of 1789 were marked by hostile demonstrations. On returning from one of these visits during the month of May, Marie Antoinette remarked to her husband's aunts *à propos* of the unfriendly reception accorded to her: "*Oh! ces indignes Français!*" whereupon Madame Adélaïde, glad to be able to correct her nephew's wife, retorted: "*Dites indignés, Madame.*"

It was towards the end of this same month of May that Mme Campan witnessed a very curious scene, one of those strange incidents which prompted the poet to exclaim :—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

While Marie Antoinette was seated one evening relating to her waiting-women several strange events which had happened during the day, one of the four wax candles on her dressing-table suddenly went out. Mme Campan promptly re-lighted it. No sooner had she done so when the second candle also went out. Mme Campan, astonished, looked to see whether a draught had caused the accident; but the doors and windows were firmly closed. Scarcely had she re-lighted the candle and returned to her seat when the third candle went out in the same mysterious manner. Marie Antoinette, trembling with terror, seized her waiting-woman by the hand and said :—

"Misfortune has the power to make us superstitious; if the fourth candle goes out like the others, nothing will prevent me considering it as a warning of some fatal event."

While the queen was still speaking, the fourth candle spluttered for a second and then went out.

Before a fortnight had elapsed the Dauphin was dead.

This child, according to Mme Campan, was remarkably intelligent; at two years of age he was able to talk as well as any child of six. On being given a box of sweetmeats adorned with his mother's portrait, he lisped: "Ah! there is Mama's picture!"

He was very fond of animals. As his delicate health prevented him riding a horse, he was given a donkey instead. "This animal," remarked he one day to his great-aunts, "this animal is just as useful to me with its long ears as if it had none at all, so why should my dog's ears be cropped?"

His delicate health probably made him doubly precious to his parents, who tried to humour him in every way.

Mme Campan noticed with dismay that at four years of age the little prince had ceased to care for his wooden horse and tin soldiers.

"New Year's Day," says she, "was approaching; the queen wished to give her son some gifts; the Paris toyshops were turned inside out in order to tempt the prince's taste; tables were arranged all round one of the largest rooms in the queen's suite. When everything was ready, the queen was informed. She took the young prince by the hand and told him to choose what he liked. I followed with my Henri, who had been playing with the Dauphin. We walked round the room and even I was astonished at the quantity of ingenious mechanical toys which the toy-seller wound up and set going: there were vintagers emptying baskets of grapes into a vat in which other little figures were treading the fruit with their feet; there were Russian ladies gliding along in sledges over the surface of a polished mirror; there were farriers making horseshoes, a huntsman shooting at a hare running through a cornfield. Twenty other mechanical toys lay on the tables: there were pretty pieces of miniature mahogany furniture, horses with bright harness, Punches with the drollest faces in the world, sparkling with imitation jewels and gold lace. The queen continually paused to ask her son: 'Would you like this, *mon ami*?' The child calmly replied: 'I've already got one.'—'And that?'—'I've got that also.'—'Would you not like this pretty Punch?'—'I've broken three, I don't want any more.'—'What about this horse?'—'I've still got one.'—They went round the room without finding a single toy that pleased him. He had already had so many expensive toys that he no longer cared for any; meanwhile my son was jumping with joy and admiration at every new object. He squeezed my hand and whispered to me when he admired anything very particularly; his excitement formed a complete contrast with the young prince's air of weariness. The queen gave my son several objects, which delighted him so much that we had to put them at night at the foot of his bed, so greatly did he dread being parted from his treasures. She returned to her boudoir without having found a single present for the young prince. The toy-seller, while packing up his pretty mechanical toys, said: 'It is very sad to think that I have shown *Monseigneur* three hundred *louis*' worth of toys, and yet he does not care for a single one.' . . ."

The Dauphin had several likes and dislikes among his mother's friends; the duchesse de Polignac was his particular *bête noire.* Why? Because she used very strong scent. During his last illness she came into his room and, after having asked after his health, proceeded to takea seat by his bedside, upon seeing which the little invalid cried: "Go away, Duchess; you have a mania for using certain scents which always make me feel sick."

But he had other and better friends, and among these was his own footman, M. de Bourset. Towards the end of his illness, the Dauphin begged this man to fetch him a pair of scissors, although he knew that he was not allowed to have them. For a long time M. de Bourset refused to grant his request, but the little invalid pleaded so piteously that the faithful servitor at last had to yield; whereupon the Dauphin cut off one of his long fair curls, wrapped it in a piece of paper and giving it to his footman, said: "There, Monsieur, that is the only thing I have to give you; but when I am dead take this token to my papa and mama. I hope that when they remember me they will not forget your services."

CHAPTER V

The queen is persuaded to take an interest in politics—The first stroke of midnight—Versailles receives a visit from the populace—The queen prepares to go to the Tuileries—Her friends begin to leave her—"Balthasar's Feast"—Versailles is visited for the second time and the palace invaded—The royal family are escorted to Paris—The queen confides a delicate mission to her hairdresser.

MME CAMPAN noticed that Marie Antoinette had practically taken no interest in State affairs until after the deaths of MM. de Maurepas and de Vergennes, and until M. de Calonne left France after helping to bring about the disaster which was to cost his royal master his life. But now a change seemed about to take place. Strange to say, Marie Antoinette, always so easily influenced, had not joined M. de Calonne's crowd of worshippers; she thought him an intriguer and even warned her husband not to trust him; however, other historians assert that he was a favourite with the queen, and that it was to please her that he consented to raise, in the space of two years, divers loans amounting to 650 million francs so that the Court might continue its downward course to perdition. Attacked by the Parliaments in 1785, he persuaded Louis XVI two years later to convoke the Assembly of Notables. In order to obtain still more money he proposed a land-tax, also a tax upon all business transactions. To obtain this new tax, he promised that the ancient *corvée*[1] should be abolished, likewise the tax upon provisions entering provincial towns. He declared that this new scheme would free France from debt within twelve months. But the Assembly of Notables revolted against his decrees and, backed by Lafayette, ordered him to give an account of his transactions, whereupon the king was forced to dismiss him and send him into exile in Lorraine.

The queen now often complained to Mme Campan that she had been drawn into politics against her will. One day, while her waiting-woman was helping her to fasten up the bundles of statements and memorials which she had been requested by certain statesmen to show to the king, she said :—

"Ah ! there is no more peace for me now that they have made me into an intriguer ! "

On her waiting-woman expressing surprise at this assertion, the queen explained :—

"Yes, I mean what I say : every woman who meddles with matters which she cannot understand and which do not concern her duties is nothing but an intriguer. Remember that I am not blind to my own faults, and that I deeply regret having to give myself this title. The queens of France can only hope to be happy by holding aloof from politics and by exercising just enough influence to further the good fortunes of their friends and a few zealous servitors."

Mme Campan might have been tempted to remark that this was exactly the sort of influence a queen ought to refrain from exercising : were not her friends, the de Polignacs, among those who had helped the queen to squander so many of M. de Calonne's hardly obtained millions?

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[1] *Corvée* : statute-labour.

The queen continued:—

"Do you know what happened to me the other day? I had been assisting at one of the king's secret audiences, and I was crossing the *Œil de Bœuf* when I heard one of the musicians belonging to the chapel say loud enough for me to distinguish every word: 'A queen who does her duty remains in her private apartments making lace.' I said under my breath: 'Unhappy man, you are right, but you do not know my position: I am forced to submit to my cruel fate.'"

On hearing of the fall of the Bastille, Louis XVI expressed but little concern; perhaps he was the only person in his kingdom who realized that the king of France had practically ceased to reign. When the duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt arrived from Paris with the news that the populace had taken matters into their own hands, the king, still only half awake, questioned the duke: "Is there a riot in Paris?" To which the messenger sadly replied:—

"No, Sire, 'tis a Revolution!"

On the morrow the king, apparently awakened from his lethargy, consented to go with his brothers to the *Assemblée* and see for himself whether he had really lost all power. He was received with many marks of sympathy and respect, and returned to the palace escorted by a crowd of enthusiasts. The comte d'Artois, however, was not included in this outburst of popular enthusiasm. Mme Campan frequently heard people in the crowd cry out as he rode past her:—

"Long live the king, notwithstanding you and your opinions, *Monseigneur*!"

The king's first act on returning to his palace was to send for his wife and son that they might show themselves to their devoted subjects.

Mme Campan had returned to her own room in the palace when the door was burst open by the duchesse de Polignac, who, after telling her that the queen desired her to bring the Dauphin to her boudoir, began to grumble because she had been told not to show herself to the crowd as she was so unpopular.

"Ah! Mme Campan," sighed the aggrieved duchess, covering the astonished little Dauphin with tears and kisses, and seizing the hand of the queen's waiting-woman as if to detain her, "what a cruel blow I have received!"

Mme Campan cut this ridiculous scene short by taking the child to his mother, having done which she again descended into the courtyard and mingled with the crowd.

"People were vociferating and gesticulating on all sides," says she; "it was easy to judge from the different voices that many of the persons present were disguised. A woman with her face partly covered by a black lace veil seized me rather roughly by the arm, and calling me by my name said: 'I know you well. Tell your queen not to meddle any longer with our government; tell her to let her husband and our good states-general attend to our wants.' At the same instant a man dressed like a porter at the Paris markets, with his broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his face, seizing me by my other arm, exclaimed:

'Yes, yes, tell her over and over again that these states-generals are not going to imitate the other states which never did the people any good, that the nation is too wideawake not to profit by the advantages won in 1789, and that deputies from the *Tiers État* will no longer deliver their discourses on bended knees; tell her all that, do you hear?'

"I was terrified. The queen appeared on the balcony at that moment.

"'Ah!' exclaimed the veiled woman, 'the duchess is not with her.'

"'No,' replied the man, 'but she is still at Versailles. She is like a mole; she works underground, but we shall find a way to dig her out!'"

Mme Campan was so shocked by what she heard that she hurried into the palace as quickly as her trembling legs could take her. She was crossing the terrace that same afternoon about four o'clock in order to pay a visit to Madame Adélaïde, who was staying at the palace, when she noticed three men standing under the windows of the Throne-Room.

"There is the throne," said one of them; "before very long people will search in vain for a vestige of it."

Mme Campan waited to hear no more. She found Madame Adélaïde alone at her work, seated behind the canvas blind which was necessary to screen her from inquisitive visitors from Paris. Mme Campan told her what she had just heard, and begged her to take a peep at the three men, who were still standing where she had left them. Madame Adélaïde immediately recognized one of the speakers as the marquis de Saint-Huruge, who, she said, had a spite against society on account of his having been imprisoned for some time in the Bastille for a youthful offence, and who had sold himself to the duc d'Orléans.

Between the months of July and October of 1789 the duc d'Orléans made frequent visits to England; his return to Paris was always marked by popular disturbances, fomented, Mme Campan declares, by English gold. On two or three occasions she had planned a visit to the capital on business or for her own pleasure, and the queen had begged her to postpone the trip saying:—

"Do not go up to Paris to-morrow; the English have been scattering their gold about—we shall have trouble!"

With a view to calming the populace, the king determined to pay a visit to his good town of Paris—'twas but a brief one, however, for he was back at Versailles before midnight. Marie Antoinette now began to make her preparations for leaving Versailles, for she was beginning to understand that, sooner or later, the king would have to live in his capital. Mme Campan declares that the queen really wished to do so, and that on July 16 she emptied her jewel-cases and put all her diamonds in a casket, which she intended to carry on her lap. Mme Campan also helped her to burn a number of papers, one of which the queen handed to her telling her not to read it until she received commands to that effect. The queen then went into the king's study, where they conferred together for some time. On her return, Marie Antoinette informed her waiting-woman that the departure for Paris had been postponed, that the army would start without the king, and then she asked for the paper which she had just entrusted to Mme Campan and read it aloud. It contained instructions for the journey up to Paris, and authorized Mme Campan to act as governess to *la petite Madame*. With tears in her eyes the queen tore up the paper adding :—

"When I wrote this, I hoped that it would be useful, but Fate has willed otherwise. I fear that things are going to turn out badly for all of us."

However, there were many who were determined to put themselves out of reach of harm's way. Naturally those persons were some of the chief offenders : the duc and the duchesse de Polignac ; their daughter, the duchesse de Guiche ; the duke's vile sister, the duchesse Diane ; the Abbés de Vermond and de Balivière, the princes de Condé and de Conti, the comte d'Artois, the prince de Lambesc, the maréchal de Broglie, and several others fled from France only *three days* after the fall of the Bastille !

To M. Campan the queen entrusted the arrangements for the departure of her friends the de Polignacs ; he had to provide them with funds—they were not likely to go away empty-handed,—viz. : a purse containing five hundred golden *louis*, dubbed a loan by the queen. On bidding farewell to her dear friend—whose pretext for leaving France was that she needed a cure—Marie Antoinette said that she knew exactly what a painful position the duchess was in, that she had often calculated the expenses which a person at Court had to face, and that, as neither the duke nor his wife had been able to put anything aside—the Parisians thought otherwise—she begged her to accept the loan.

By midnight everything was ready, and the queen's friend, disguised as a lady's-maid, took her place in the berlin with many injunctions to M. Campan to mention her name frequently to his royal mistress, so that she might not be forgotten.

Mme de Tourzel was immediately given the post of governess to the Children of France vacated by the duchess; the queen could not have made a better choice.

When her friends had departed, the queen, unable to sleep, called her waiting-woman to sit beside her. During the course of the conversation, which lasted until three o'clock in the morning, Mme Campan was surprised to hear the queen express the opinion that, even supposing the present crisis came to naught, the Abbé de Vermond was not likely to return to France for some time. After lamenting his departure, Marie Antoinette remarked to her waiting-woman that she, Mme Campan, had but little cause to regret his absence. The queen then explained that the Abbé did not dislike Mme Campan personally, but that his hatred of the Campan clan had dated from the early days of her marriage, when M. Campan *père* was made her librarian and secretary, two posts which brought the owner into all-too-frequent intercourse with the jealous Abbé. Marie Antoinette ended by begging Mme Campan to tell her what she really thought of the absent ecclesiastic. Mme Campan's astonishment was great: here was the queen, who hitherto had refused to hear anything against her spiritual guide, speaking of him as if he had already passed out of her life; inviting, nay, almost commanding her to give expression to the indignation which had been rankling in her breast for so many years! No wonder the duchesse de Polignac had prayed M. Campan to keep her memory green at Court! In order to make Mme Campan speak out, the queen informed her that the Abbé for twelve years had been doing everything he could to get the Campan clan into disfavour, but that he had failed in his project, so she need not be afraid to say what she thought. Thus invited, Mme Campan endeavoured to draw the Abbé's portrait in its true colours, and concluded with the remark that, naturally talkative and indiscreet, he pretended to be brusque and eccentric in order to hide these failings, whereupon Marie Antoinette exclaimed:—

"Ah! how true that is!"

The next few months saw the eddies of the whirlpool which had swallowed up the capital spread to the most remote corners of France. The king had done nothing to stop the inundation; still comfortably ensconced in his magnificent abode at Versailles, he made no attempt to check the ridicule with which the Court endeavoured to choke the new-born Revolution.

On October 1 a grand banquet was given in the royal theatre by the king's guards to the lately arrived Régiment de Flandre, summoned to Versailles at the king's behest, when the guests in the presence of the royal family refused to drink to the nation's health, but drank so frequently to the health and welfare of the king and queen that all prudence was cast to the wind and the tricolour cockade trodden under foot. Mme Campan and her little niece, the child of her sister Mme Auguié, were present at this banquet, called by M. Ernest Hamel "Balthasar's Feast," and heard the orchestra play *O Richard, ô mon roi!* and *Peut-on affliger ce qu'on aime?*, airs considered suitable for the occasion.

On returning to her own apartments, which she found full of visitors, Mme Campan, delighted, as a royalist, by what she had just seen, was met by one of her relatives, who was chaplain to the queen, with the news that he had just administered the Last Sacraments to a soldier belonging to the Régiment de Flandre who had shot himself and now lay dying in a corner of the Place d'Armes. During his confession the youth said that he had committed suicide in remorse for having allowed himself to be led away by the king's enemies.

Mme Campan's enthusiasm for the scene which she had lately witnessed received another check when she noticed the grave face of one of her visitors, M. de Beaumetz, deputy for Arras. This gentleman listened to her highly coloured account of the banquet with an air of disdain. When she had finished, he said that the whole affair was terrible, that he was familiar with the *Assemblée's* plans, that the incident would be productive of great misfortunes, and concluded with a request that he might be allowed to take leave of the company, as he wished—prudent man!—to decide whether he had better emigrate or go over to the popular party.

On the morrow, as if emboldened by this outburst, the queen's ladies-in-waiting offered another insult to the nation when they went about the streets of Versailles distributing white cockades to the inhabitants and visitors; and on October 3 a second orgy, similar to that enacted on the 1st, took place, when those nobles who had not already fled came by their presence to encourage the soldiers in their foolish behaviour.

These orgies and the rumour that the king was about to be carried off to Metz by his friends, induced the nation to declare that the safest place for its king during such troublous times was in his good town of Paris.

It happened that Mme Campan was not on duty at the palace on October 5, when the peaceful courtyard received its baptism of blood; but her sister, Mme Auguié, was there with M. Campan *père*, and, by her bravery on the terrible night of October 5–6, won for herself the name of "my lioness" with which Marie Antoinette sought to reward her. Mme Auguié and M. Campan remained with their royal mistress until two o'clock in the morning, when, M. de Lafayette having declared that the royal family could retire to rest, as he and his men would answer for their lives, Marie Antoinette took leave of her faithful servitors, begging M. Campan *père* to tell his daughter-in-law that all danger was over.

In the following letter written to her brother, Edmond Charles Genest, who was then occupying a post in Russia, Mme Campan describes her sister's experiences on that horrible night:—

". . . My mind is still so agitated, my dreams so painful, and my sleep so interrupted, I know not whether I shall have the strength to trace the piteous scenes which I have lately witnessed. My sister was with the queen on the night of October 5–6; to her I owe some of the details which I am now going to relate. On hearing M. de Lafayette, as he left the king, inform the latter that he was going to lodge his troops as best he could, the inhabitants of the palace thought that they could retire to rest. The queen undressed and went to bed. My sister, having discharged her duties, withdrew to an adjoining room ; here she gave way to her grief, and bursting into tears said to her companions : 'How can we retire to rest when there are thirty thousand soldiers, ten thousand brigands, and forty-two cannons in the town ?'—'No, certainly not !' replied they, 'we will not be guilty of such weakness.' So they lay down still dressed on their beds. It was then four o'clock in the morning. Exactly at six o'clock a band of brigands overpowered the sentinels and rushed along the corridors in the direction of the queen's apartment. My sister was the first to hear these terrible words : 'Save the queen !' The king's bodyguard who had uttered them received thirteen wounds outside the door while he was warning us. If the queen's women had undressed, nothing could have saved her ; they only had time to rush into her room, pull her out of bed, throw a quilt over her, carry her to the king's room, and shut the door leading to that room as best they could. She fell fainting into the arms of her august spouse. . . ."

M. Hamel tells us that the Parisians, after decapitating two of the king's bodyguard and carrying their heads upon pikes, allowed themselves to be pacified by another fleeting vision of their king and queen standing on that gilt balcony from which Louis XVI's ancestors had witnessed such different scenes.

Marie Antoinette immediately after sent for Mme Campan as well as M. Campan *père*, as she wished to give into the latter's charge two packets containing valuable papers and those jewels which she did not desire to take with her on that now inevitable journey.

Mme Campan found her mistress alone in her boudoir; she was just about to start for Paris. It was a most bitter moment for the daughter of Maria Theresa. She could scarcely speak; her face was crimson; tears were streaming down her cheeks. She kissed her waiting-woman, gave her hand to M. Campan *père*, and said: "Come up to Paris immediately; I will lodge you at the Tuileries. Come with me and do not leave me again; at such times faithful servitors become useful friends. We are ruined; perhaps we are being hurried along towards death, for when kings are cast into prison they are near the end."

M. Campan and his daughter-in-law were scarcely less grieved than the queen. M. Campan, in especial, was so shocked that his health became seriously affected, and on the morrow of the queen's departure the illness which eventually killed him manifested itself.

In the same letter, reproduced on a previous page, Mme Campan says:—

". . . The journey to Paris lasted seven hours and a half, throughout which we heard a continual rattle and roar of thirty thousand muskets being loaded with balls and discharged in honour of the king's return to Paris. Cries of: 'Aim straight!' were raised in vain; notwithstanding that precaution, the balls sometimes hit the carriages. We were suffocated by the smell of gunpowder, and the crowd was so dense that many were forced against the carriages until the vehicles rocked up and down as if at sea. If you would form an idea of this procession, picture to yourself a multitude of naked brigands armed with swords, pistols, saws, old halberds, marching without any order, crying, screaming, preceded by a monster, a tiger whom the Paris municipality had long been searching for, a man with a long beard who hitherto had acted as an artist's model, and who, since the beginning of the disturbances, has abandoned himself to his passion for murder, and who with his own hand had cut off the heads of the unhappy victims of popular fury. When one remembers that these were the same people who, at six o'clock that morning, had overpowered the sentinels at the foot of the marble staircase, hacked open the doors of the ante-rooms, and penetrated to the very spot where the brave soldier stood out long enough to give his queen time to escape, when one remembers that this terrible band ran up and down the streets of Versailles the whole night long, we are forced to realize that we owed our lives to Providence. The knowledge that the danger is past gives one courage to face the future. People now realize that the horrible events of which I have just drawn you such a poor picture were the result of the blackest, most fearful conspiracies. The city of Paris is about to search for the authors; but I doubt whether they will all be discovered, and I fancy that posterity alone will know the truth about these horrible mysteries.

"The severity of martial law, the prodigious activity of the chiefs of the army, and of the town municipality, the affection, the veneration of the inhabitants of the capital for the members of the august family who have now come to shut themselves up within their walls, and who are quite determined to remain there until the new Constitution has been concluded—these are our only consolations.

"The queen's Court has been well attended since her return to Paris. She and the king dine in public thrice a week; cards are played on those days. Although the rooms are small, all Paris flocks thither. She converses with the commanders of the different districts; she finds suitable occasions on which to say polite things even to the humble fusileers, among whom, however, are citizens of aristocratic birth as well as the poorest artisans: gentleness, resignation, courage, charm, popularity—she leaves nothing undone in order to pacify the different parties and re-establish order; everybody does justice to her touching anxiety to please, which compensates for the cruel trials endured, for the horrible risks encountered. In general, nothing could be wiser or more popular than the conduct of the king and queen; their partisans daily increase in number. Nearly all classes speak with enthusiasm of it. I myself have lost much, but I am extremely flattered to think that I am attached to the person of a princess who in adversity has developed such a magnanimous and generous disposition; she is an angel of gentleness and kindness; she is wonderfully courageous. I hope that the clouds caused by the impure breath of calumny will dissolve; and when one is as young as the queen, one can still hope to regain in history and in the eyes of posterity that high place which nobody can deny her without being guilty of injustice. Princes assailed by vices and weaknesses in their old age have often shown fleeting signs of virtue in their youth; but their last years efface the memory of their early days, and they carry down to the grave the hatred and scorn of their subjects. How many happy years our amiable sovereign still has to live! She is sure to win applause when she obeys her own conscience. She has just given a proof of this at a most critical moment; and Paris imbued with the most seditious opinions, Paris which is constantly reading the most disgusting libels, cannot refuse the admiration due to courage, to presence of mind, and to natural charm. Her worst enemies can only say: 'We must confess that she possesses presence of mind.' I cannot tell you how anxious I am to know what the foreign Courts think of this interesting princess. Have those fearful libels reached you yet? Do people in Russia believe that Mme Lamotte was ever the queen's friend? Do people believe all the odious tales concerning that infernal conspiracy? I hope not. I am for ever thinking of the justice and reparation due to that princess. I should go crazy if I were a little younger, and if my head were as sensitive as my heart. I have known her for fifteen years devoted to her august spouse, to her children, kind to her servitors, unfortunately too polite, too simple, too familiar with her courtiers. I cannot bear to hear her character taken away. I wish I had a hundred tongues, I wish I had wings, I wish I could convince those who are all too prone to believe lies; let us wait a little. . . ."

Mme Campan in the above letter mentions that the queen was too familiar with her courtiers—and with her hairdresser too, as we have already seen. Léonard prides himself in his memoirs upon the fact that he was chosen by his royal mistress, after her arrival in Paris, to return to Versailles and fetch some important papers which she had left behind her. On this occasion he acted with great discretion. He describes the palace of Versailles after the departure of the Parisians thus:—

"I beheld Louis XVI, his spouse, his sister, his children, torn from that palace, the birthplace of twenty members of his family, and led practically prisoners to Paris, escorted by eighty thousand drunken, ragged pretorians. I beheld that Court, but lately so magnificent, take up its abode in the Tuileries, where the first necessaries of life were still lacking. I saw the most sensitive princess in the world, her eyes inflamed and filled with tears, seated beside a smoky fireplace in which no fire had been lighted for sixty-six years. I watched her waiting-women nail curtains over the doors of her apartment—they frequently hit their own fingers during the operation—so as to keep out the draughts which penetrated through the warped wood. With my heart filled with pity for the sovereigns of the most splendid kingdom in the world, I returned to Versailles in order to fetch a number of articles which the queen required.

"On reaching the palace I found it deserted except for a few servants too old to hurry away, and perhaps loath to leave the palace where they had been born, and where they had hoped to die. . . . Silence reigned supreme; everywhere I saw traces of sudden flight, articles forgotten or overlooked. I gathered together in the queen's apartments many valuable objects: portraits, documents the contents of which I will never divulge. I had orders to look everywhere, take anything, read everything, because her Majesty was well aware that Léonard knew how to forget when necessary. . . . Nothing had been touched in Marie Antoinette's room since her flight: the robe which her Majesty wore on the night of October 6,[1] the fichu under which her breast had beat so violently on the approach of the Parisian gang, the silk stockings half turned inside out just as she had taken them off on retiring to rest; and under Marie Antoinette's bed I found the slippers which Maria Theresa's daughter had not had time to put on, for the unfortunate princess had only just escaped the assassins' daggers. . . . I saw the gilded panels of the door all broken, and the parquet covered with splinters. The wind was whistling through the huge gap made by the brigands in order to effect an entrance. They had smashed the mirrors with the butt-ends of their muskets, doubtless in order to punish the innocent crystal for having reflected the features of the woman they could not murder. . . . They had glutted their fury on her Majesty's bed; furious at finding it still warm, they had riddled mattress, curtains, sheets, and quilt with the bullets intended for that princess's fair breast.

"Before getting into the carriage which was to take me back to Paris I paused, sad and pensive, in the middle of that vast courtyard through which, during one hundred and twenty-five years, long processions of nobles, ambitious, greedy courtiers, but seldom moved, alas! by generous sentiments, had passed and repassed on the way to their habitat, the Court.

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[1] The date should be October 5–6.

"The huge deserted place was no longer filled with soldiers; the sentry-boxes were empty, the gates open to all comers. . . . And farther on, that imposing mass of pavilions and galleries, that colossus of stone erected by the magnificent Louis XIV at such enormous expense, 'that Versailles built of *louis d'or*,' as Saint-Simon termed it, was now nothing but a silent, melancholy desert. I knew that the queen was anxiously awaiting my return, and I regretted having prolonged the suspense in which her Majesty was plunged. . . . I made up for this delay by ordering the coachman to drive as quickly as possible. We did the drive between the palace of Versailles and the Tuileries in less than an hour.

"I found Marie Antoinette striding up and down her room; she was waiting for me. She wished to be alone to receive me. Mme la princesse de Lamballe and Mme Campan, both offended, I fancy, at being kept out of a secret which had been imparted to the hairdresser Léonard, were in a little *salon* adjoining. . . . They pretended not to see me when I passed through the room. These ladies were doubtless unaware that there are secrets in a woman's life which she would rather confide to a hundred men than to one member of her own sex. Do not let my readers think that it was a case of susceptibility—oh! no, the secrets which women confide to one another usually concern wounded vanity. . . . The sex is so fashioned that you will far more often see a woman blush for a slight endured than for her own faults.

"'Ah! there you are at last,' cried the queen, hurrying up to me as soon as she saw me enter the room. 'And have you got everything?'

"'Everything I could find, Madame.'

"'Let me see, let me see!'

"I showed her Majesty what I had found in her apartments. She did not attempt to conceal her agitation while examining the different articles; then suddenly I beheld her face resume its expression of sweet serenity while she said to me with a smile:

"'Good, good, Léonard, they are all here.'

"'How glad I am, Madame, to have been chosen by Fate to fulfil your wishes!'

"'It has always been your custom to do more than I required of you. Here are some jewels which I never expected to see again after the invasion of those brigands.' . . ."

Léonard concludes the anecdote with the following remark:—

"Marie Antoinette was not a good judge of character. I myself was not at all surprised to find that the men who had forced their way into her room had not stolen her diamonds. . . . Two great passions seldom dwell together in the human heart. The assassins of October 6 obeyed their thirst for vengeance; now, of all our passions, vengeance is the least likely to be influenced by other motives, and cupidity is seldom found in company with it. . . . The spirit of revenge is too occupied with its object not to be disinterested."

CHAPTER VI

The royal family at the Tuileries—The Favras affair—The comte d'Inisdal endeavours to save the king—Rumours are circulated that the queen is about to be poisoned—A demonstration of affection—Mme Campan acts as the king's secretary—The insurrection at Nancy—The queen's dislike for M. de Lafayette—Mme Campan is asked to make a sacrifice—*Mesdames* leave France.

WHILE many looked upon the arrival of the royal family in the capital as the dawn of another Golden Age, those who were calm enough or courageous enough to reflect upon the events of the last few months knew that it was the beginning of the end.

"It is finished!" Camille Desmoulins announced in one of his witty numbers.

The habits of the royal family in their new abode had undergone a radical change. The king, unable to indulge his passion for hunting, amused himself making locks and keys. Marie Antoinette passed her time receiving visitors, including her old friends from the markets. These ladies came in perspiring crowds, smelling strongly of peppermint, carrying huge bouquets and bundles of speeches with which they alternately fanned themselves or flourished in each others' faces, obstinately refusing to be bowed out until they had read every word, down to the very last name with a clumsily made cross beside it.

Numerous plans were made to save the king and his family, and were promptly discovered. The most energetic leader of one of these plots, which was said not only to aim at abducting the king but also at assassinating Lafayette, Necker, and Bailly, was Thomas Mahi, marquis de Favras, a lieutenant in the bodyguard of *Monsieur*, the comte de Provence, in whose hands he was merely a tool. M. de Favras, throughout his imprisonment and trial, when he might have saved his own life by denouncing *Monsieur*, showed himself, like many another royalist, to be a far braver man than his master. Condemned to death, February 18, 1790, he was executed on the Place de Grève on the following evening.

Marie Antoinette, according to Mme Campan, was too alarmed for her own safety to waste much pity upon this victim of loyalty.

"The queen," writes she, "did not conceal from me the fact that she dreaded what Favras might say during his last moments. On the Sunday following the marquis' execution, M. de Villeurnoy came to tell me that he was going to bring the widow Favras and her son, clad in mourning garments for the brave Frenchman who had been sacrificed for his king, to be presented to the royal family while they were at dinner, when all the royalists expected to see the queen shower benefits upon the unhappy man's family. I did what I could to prevent the meeting. I foresaw what an effect it would have upon the queen's sensitive heart, and the painful feeling of constraint she would experience, knowing that the horrible Santerre, commander of the battalion of the Parisian Guard, was standing behind her chair throughout the repast. I could not make M. de Villeurnoy view the matter in the same light as myself; the queen was already at

Mass, surrounded by all the court, and I could not even warn her.

"When the dinner was over I heard somebody knock at the door of my room, which communicated with a passage leading to the queen's private apartments. It was she herself. She asked if I had anybody with me. I was alone. She flung herself into an arm-chair and told me that she had come to weep with me over the foolish behaviour of certain foolhardy royalists.

"'No one can hope for salvation,' cried she, 'when attacked by people who are as clever as they are wicked, and defended by people who are doubtless very estimable but have no idea of our real position. They have compromised me with both parties by introducing Favras' widow and son. Had I been free to do as I wished, it would have been my duty to take the child of the man who had just given his life for us and place him between the king and myself; but knowing that I was surrounded by the executioners who had but lately beheaded his father, I did not even dare to glance at him. The royalists blame me for not having taken any notice of the poor child; the revolutionists will be furious to think that certain persons hoped to win favour by introducing him.'

"The queen then added that she knew Mme de Favras was in poor circumstances, and she commanded me to send her on the morrow, by some trustworthy person, a few rolls of five-*louis* pieces, with the assurance that she would always take care of her and her son."

For a long time Louis XVI resisted his partisans' desire to get him out of France. In the month of

March Mme Campan had an opportunity to learn his real wishes concerning flight.

"One evening towards ten o'clock," says she, "M. le comte d'Inisdal, deputy for the nobility, came to beg me to give him a private interview, as he had something very important to tell me. He informed me that the king was to be abducted that very night, that the section of the National Guard commanded that day by M. Alexandre d'Aumont (brother to Jacques d'Aumont de Villequier, who had adopted revolutionary opinions) had been won over, and that relays of horses provided by faithful royalists were waiting at convenient places along the route; that he had just left a group of nobles met together to carry the matter through; that he had been sent to me that I, through the queen, might obtain the king's consent before midnight; that, although the king knew about their plan, his Majesty had hitherto refused to discuss the matter, but that now, at the moment of action, it was necessary for him to give his consent to the enterprise. I remember that I greatly displeased the comte d'Inisdal by expressing my astonishment that the nobility should send for me, the queen's waiting-woman, just as they were about to execute this important scheme, in order to obtain the consent which should have formed the starting-point of any well-laid plot. I told him that it was impossible for me to go to the queen just then without my presence being remarked, that the king was playing cards with his family, and that I never appeared unless I was summoned. I added, however, that M. Campan was free to go down, and that if M. d'Inisdal would confide in him, he could count upon his discretion. My father-in-law, to whom the comte d'Inisdal repeated all he had just said to me, undertook the mission and went to the queen's apartments. The king was playing *whisk*[1] with the queen, *Monsieur*, and *Madame*; Madame Elisabeth was leaning on a *voyeuse*[2] near the card-table.

"M. Campan repeated M. d'Inisdal's message to the queen. Nobody uttered a word. The queen then began to speak, and said to the king:

"'Monsieur, did you hear what Campan has just told us?'

"'Yes, I heard,' replied the king, continuing to play.

"*Monsieur*, who was in the habit of making amusing quotations, said to my father-in-law:

"'M. Campan, repeat, I pray, that pretty tune!' and then requested the king to reply.

"At last the queen said:

"'You must say something to Campan.'

"The king then addressed the following words to my father-in-law:

"'Tell M. d'Inisdal that I cannot consent to being abducted.

"The queen enjoined upon M. Campan to repeat this reply word for word.

"'You hear,' added she, 'the king cannot consent to being abducted.'

"M. le comte d'Inisdal was very annoyed with the king's reply, and left saying:

"'I see he wants to throw all the blame upon his devoted servants.'

"He went off. I thought that the project had been abandoned. The queen remained alone with me till midnight preparing her cash-box; she commanded me not to go to bed. She imagined that the king's reply would be interpreted either as a tacit consent, or as a refusal to participate in the enterprise. I do not know what passed in the king's chamber during the night, but I looked at his windows from time to time. Nobody kept watch in the garden. I could hear no sound in the palace, and the break of dawn convinced me that the project had been abandoned.

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[1] *Whisk:* a corruption of whist.

[2] *Voyeuse:* a high-backed chair.

"'We shall have to flee, however,' said the queen to me some time afterwards; 'nobody knows to what lengths the factionists will go. The danger increases from day to day.' . . ."

In the month of May 1790, among the many important questions discussed at the various clubs, was one of the keenest interest to the new-born party. Alexandre de Lameth at the *Assemblée nationale* voiced that question thus:—

"Ought a powerful nation to allow the king to make peace or war?"

The Empress Catherine had no doubts upon the matter when she wrote about this time to Marie Antoinette: "Kings must go on their way without allowing themselves to be troubled by the cries of the people, as the moon follows her course heedless of the barking of dogs."

Mme Campan accompanied her mistress when, in the following month, the royal family went to Saint-Cloud.

Plans for escape became more numerous. Now was the time for the king to flee if he ever meant to do so, for the royal family were allowed to take long drives in the country, and night frequently fell before they returned to the palace. On one occasion they were so late coming home that Mme Campan really thought that they had managed to get rid of the escort which always accompanied them, and that she should see her mistress no more.

"I thought they had gone," she says, "and I scarcely dared breathe, so great was my anxiety, when I suddenly heard the carriages returning. I confessed to the queen that I thought she had fled. She told me that they must wait until *Mesdames* had left France, and then see if their plans agreed with those of their friends abroad."

Both parties imagined that plots were everywhere; whereas the revolutionists were constantly on the watch for attempts to save the king, the royal family believed that people were trying to poison them. One of the king's partisans having, as he imagined, discovered a plot to poison Marie Antoinette, he begged her to take every precaution in eating and drinking.

"The queen mentioned this plot to me without betraying the slightest emotion," wrote Mme Campan, "as well as to her physician-in-chief, M. Vicq d'Azyr. He and I concerted together concerning what precautions we ought to take. He had entire confidence in the queen's abstemiousness; nevertheless he recommended me always to have at hand a little bottle of oil of sweet almonds, this oil, as is well known, being one of the most efficacious counter-poisons for lesions caused by corrosives, which I was to renew from time to time. The queen had one habit which made M. Vicq d'Azyr particularly anxious: a bowl of powdered sugar was always kept on a chest of drawers in her Majesty's room; and often, when she was thirsty, she would mix herself a glass of sugar and water without troubling to summon any of her ladies. It was arranged that I was to grate a large quantity of sugar in my own room, that I was always to keep some little packets of it in my reticule, and that three or four times a day, whenever I found myself alone in her Majesty's room, I was to empty the bowl and put in fresh sugar. We knew that the queen, for some unknown reason, disliked all precautions. One day she caught me making the above-mentioned change; she told me that she presumed that I and M. Vicq d'Azyr had arranged the matter between us, but that I was giving myself a great deal of trouble for nothing. 'Remember,' added she, 'that nobody will waste a single grain of poison on me. There are no Brinvilliers[1] alive to-day; calumny kills much more quickly, and they will use calumny to kill me.' . . ."

However the queen still had many friends. During this same visit to Saint-Cloud, Mme Campan witnessed a touching scene, so touching, indeed, that twenty years later the tears still came into her eyes when she thought of it.

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon," says she, "the guard was off duty; there was hardly anybody that day at Saint-Cloud, and I was reading to the queen, who was seated at her embroidery frame in a room with a balcony overlooking the courtyard. The windows were closed, which did not prevent us, however, hearing a noise like the sound of many voices whispering. The queen told me to go and see what was happening. I lifted the muslin curtain and beheld more than fifty persons standing beneath the balcony; they included young and old women, cleanly and neatly dressed in the costume of the country, besides elderly knights of the order of Saint Louis, young knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the queen that they were probably members of some neighbouring families who wanted to see her. She arose, opened the window and appeared upon the balcony; whereupon these good people said to her in a low tone:—

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[1] The Marquise de Brinvilliers, the celebrated poisoner, who was first tortured and then executed in Paris in 1676.

"'Be brave, Madame, all good French people suffer for, and with you. They pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers. We love you, we repeat, and we revere our virtuous king.'

"The queen burst into tears and held her handkerchief to her face.

"'Poor queen! she is crying!' said the women and girls. But the fear of compromising her Majesty and the persons who loved her so, prompted me to take her hand and sign to her that I wanted her to return to her room. I then informed these estimable people that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They evidently agreed with me, for I heard them say: 'That lady is right!' and then: 'Adieu, Madame!' uttered in tones of such grief and sincerity that even now, twenty years after this event, my heart still aches at the thought of it."

During the month of September 1790, the king gave Mme Campan a signal proof of his confidence when he employed her as his secretary on the occasion of the insurrection at Nancy. The former residence of Stanislas, king of Poland, then had as military governor, M. de Noue, a royalist by birth and education. Now three of the regiments quartered at Nancy, viz. the cavalry regiment of Mestre de Camp and the two infantry regiments of Château-Vieux and du Roi, were noted for their "patriotism," that is to say, for their enthusiam for the new opinions, which opinions exposed the unfortunate men to all sorts of vexations and humiliations; when they dared to complain, they were called "brigands" and "traitors," and two of the leaders were flogged. While M. de Noue was writing to the *Assemblée* complaining of the indiscipline of the troops, the soldiers sent eight of their number up to Paris to lay the real facts of the case before the government. The little deputation found on its arrival, however, that a decree had just been passed by which all soldiers convicted of insubordination and not confessing their error within twenty-four hours, were to be treated as guilty of high treason against the nation. The deputation, by Lafayette's orders, was immediately thrown into prison. The patriots of Nancy, indignant at this unjust treatment of their ambassadors, sent another deputation composed of members of the National Guard of their town; these men were more lucky, for this time they were allowed, notwithstanding Lafayette's protests, to explain their grievances, whereupon two members of the *Assemblée*, thanks to the intervention of Barnave and Robespierre, were sent to Nancy in order to examine the assertions of both parties. Unfortuately the soldiers in the former refuge of Stanislas, king of Poland, without waiting to hear what success their second deputation had obtained, took the reins into their own hands on the very day this decree was passed (August 31, 1790), and, supported by the populace, rebelled, and threw into prison de Noue and Malseigne, the latter a brutal officer sent by the *Assemblée* to keep peace in the town. On learning of this insurrection, the marquis de Bouillé decided to march upon Nancy and quell the rebellion. Arrived outside the gates of the town, he demanded the liberation of de Noue and Malseigne and the departure of the three guilty regiments, four members of each regiment to suffer whatever punishment the government should decree. The revolutionists had already released the unpopular governor, and were discussing among themselves who were to be the scapegoats when de Bouillé tried to force his way through the Porte Stanislas. The soldiers, indignant at this treatment, resisted the invader for some time; however de Bouillé's numerous army soon put an end to the siege and burst into the town; that night the streets of Nancy ran red with blood, 3000 persons, including 400 women, paid for the rebellion with their lives. The *Assemblée*, on learning of de Bouillé's energetic repression, passed a vote of thanks notwithstanding Robespierre's protests. As a further punishment, thirty-two soldiers of the regiment of Château-Vieux were shot and forty-two sent to the galleys for thirty years. This sentence, however, was annulled by subsequent events. Before many months had passed, an amnesty was proclaimed in favour of some of the condemned; Collot d'Herbois' eloquence in December 1791 released the remainder. The month of April 1792 saw the insurrectionists of Nancy transformed into popular heroes. On the 9th of that month the *Fête d'assassins*, as the royalist Dupont de Nemours termed it, took place. The soldiers of Château-Vieux were led in triumph by Collot d'Herbois to the *Assemblée législative* and publicly complimented on their behaviour, and on the 15th a magnificent banquet was given to the patriots, when Marie Joseph Chénier's *Hymne à la Liberté* was sung.

Mme Campan seems to think that there was some mystery about this insurrection. "There was another cause," says she, "which I might have discovered if the state of anxiety in which I found myself at that time had not deprived me of my understanding. I will endeavour to explain what I mean. One day in the beginning of September the queen, on retiring to rest, commanded me to dismiss her ladies and to remain with her; when we were alone, she said to me:—

"'The king will be here at midnight. You know that he has always trusted you; he shows his confidence in you by choosing you to write at his dictation an account of the affair at Nancy. He wants several copies.'

"The king entered the queen's room at midnight and said to me with a smile:—

"'You did not expect to act as my secretary, and certainly not at night-time.'

"I followed the king; he took me into the *Salle du Conseil*; here I found a quire of paper, an inkstand and some pens all ready prepared. He sat down beside me and dictated to me the marquis de Bouillé's report, at the same time making a copy with his own hand. My hand trembled, I could scarcely write; so many thoughts surged through my brain, that I could scarcely listen to the king. The big table, the velvet carpet, the chairs which were only used by the sovereign's councillors, the knowledge of what this place had been, what it was then when the king was employing a woman for a service which lay so entirely out of the usual sphere of her duties; the misfortunes which had forced him to have recourse to her services; the evils which my affection and my anxiety for my sovereign caused me to foresee,—all these thoughts made such an impression upon me that, on returning to the queen's apartments, I could neither close my eyes for the rest of the night, nor remember a word of what I had just written."

Many people, seeing how confidentially Mme Campan was treated, endeavoured to make use of her for their own ends. Her *salon* was besieged by politicians. One evening in the month of November she found on her return from the Tuileries no less an important personage than the prince de Poix waiting to see her.

"He told me," says she, "that he had come to beg me to help him regain his peace of mind; that in the early days of the *Assemblée nationale* he had allowed himself to be led astray by the hope of seeing certain matters mended; that he now blushed for his folly and detested those schemes which had already had such fatal results; that he was now going to break off for ever with these innovators; that he had just handed in his resignation as deputy to the *Assemblée nationale*, and that he wished the queen to be informed of his conduct before she retired to rest.

I accepted his commission and fulfilled it to the best of my ability, but without success. The prince de Poix continued to remain at Court, where he had to endure much unpleasantness; however, he served the king on many subsequent and perilous occasions with all the zeal for which his family had always been distinguished."

Mme Campan shared Marie Antoinette's dislike of Lafayette. On one occasion a member of the queen's household called him a "rebel" and a "brigand," and expressed a hope that her mistress would not trust him. Mme Campan says:—

"The queen remarked that he certainly deserved the first appellation, but that history usually gave the title of leader to any man commanding forty thousand troops who was practically master of the capital; that kings had often found it expedient to treat with such leaders; and that if it pleased our queen to do so, we could only keep silent and respect her wishes. On the morrow the queen, in a sad but extremely kind tone, asked me what I had said on the previous evening concerning M. de Lafayette, adding that she had been assured that I had imposed silence upon her ladies with whom he was not popular, and that I had taken his part. I repeated to the queen word for word all that had passed between us. She was so gracious as to say that I had been perfectly right. . . ."

Mme Campan's desire to serve her mistress forced her to be very particular whom she received in her own house. Nevertheless her "enemies," as she calls them, informed the queen in the autumn of 1790 that her waiting-woman was on intimate terms with M. de Beaumetz, reported to be a noted supporter of the new opinions. Now as it happened, Mme Campan had intimated to that politician, after Balthasar's Feast, that he had better discontinue his visits to her; so she was much surprised one day on receiving the following note from the queen who was then at Saint-Cloud:—

"Come to Saint-Cloud immediately; I have something to tell you which concerns you."

On entering the queen's boudoir, Marie Antoinette told Mme Campan that she was about to ask her to make a sacrifice for her sake; the waiting-woman immediately replied that her mistress need only speak and her wishes should be obeyed. Marie Antoinette then begged her to give up her friendship with M. de Beaumetz; she said that she knew it would be a painful sacrifice, but it was necessary not only for her own sake but for her waiting-woman's sake; for although she might on occasion turn the services of Mme Campan's witty friend to good account, she, as queen, was obliged to consider her waiting-woman's reputation. When Mme Campan inquired the name of the busy-body who had mentioned M. de Beaumetz to her queen, the latter told her that on the previous evening her ladies had informed her that M. de Beaumetz passed all his spare time in Mme Campan's *salon.* Stifling her indignation, Mme Campan replied with a sarcastic smile that the sacrifice which her Majesty demanded was unnecessary; that the gentleman in question was scarcely like to make himself unpopular with his new friends by frequenting the receptions of the queen's chief waiting-woman; and that he, at her request, had not set foot in her drawing-room since October 1789. She added that since that date she had only had passing glimpses of him at the theatre or in the public parks, when he had purposely avoided her, thus showing that he wished to forget his old friends—for which she confessed she was thankful. Whereupon the queen interrupted genuinely with :—

"How right you are! how perfectly right! Your enemies were mistaken in thus trying to injure you in my opinion; but be most careful of what you say or do. You see how the king and I trust you. You have powerful enemies."

During the winter of 1790–91, notwithstanding the ever-present dread of the future which stalked like a ghost through the palace of the Tuileries, the Court was fairly gay, and the queen attended many of the receptions given by the princesse de Lamballe. It was on the occasion of one of these receptions that an English *milord*, while seated at the card-table from which the Revolution had hitherto been unable to drive Marie Antoinette, displayed with remarkable lack of tact and much ostentation a huge ring adorned with a medallion in which was a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair.

On New Year's Day the conquerors of the Bastille, with an equal lack of tact and even more ostentation, presented the little Dauphin[1] with a set of dominoes fashioned from the stones of the Bastille, and enclosed in a box bearing the following inscription :—

> "The stones from those walls within which so many innocent victims of arbitrary power were imprisoned, have been transformed into this toy which we now present to you, *Monseigneur*, as a proof of your people's love and *power*."

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[1] Born March 27, 1785, became Dauphin on the death of his elder brother.

This uncommon plaything Marie Antoinette gave to Mme Campan, telling her to keep it safely as it would be a valuable souvenir of the Revolution some day.

Early in January 1791 a rumour was circulated that *Mesdames*, the king's aunts, were plotting to smuggle the Dauphin out of France; it was said that the child was to be hidden in a secret compartment in the ladies' carriage, and another child of the same size as the Dauphin was to take his place at the Tuileries—a strange anticipation of the rumours which later hovered around the poor child's death; two thousand gentleman had been chosen to escort the fugitives to the frontier. This rumour had doubtless been started by somebody who had heard *Mesdames* express a wish to visit Rome. The *Assemblée* was informed of what people were saying, whereupon it tried to force the king to order his aunts to remain quietly in France. But Louis XVI still had some courage left; he replied:—

"Your request is unconstitutional; show me a decree from the *Assemblée* forbidding people to travel and I will forbid my aunts to go; until you can do that, they are as free to leave the kingdom as any other citizens."

Marie Antoinette's friends from the markets now paid a visit to Bellevue. On that terrible October 6, *Mesdames* had accompanied the king as far as Sèvres, where they had contrived to slip away from his escort and return to their own abode, which was soon after visited by some Parisians and the windows smashed. So *Mesdames*, having been warned of the projected visit of the *Dames de la Halle*, wisely went up to

Paris and spent the night at the Tuileries. This incident probably made *Mesdames* desire to leave France without further delay. The date of their departure was fixed for February 18.

Although Mme Campan was no longer in the service of *Mesdames*, she still kept a very warm place in her heart for her first mistresses, who certainly had been the kindest of mentors to the inexperienced little *lectrice.*

"I went to say good-bye to Madame Victoire," says she. "I did not think that I should never again behold this august and virtuous protectress of my youth; she received me alone in her study, and assured me that she hoped and wished soon to return to France, that it would really be too terrible for the French nation if the excesses of the Revolution forced her to prolong her absence. Certain persons thought that their journey to Rome would be attributed to their piety; however, it would have been a difficult matter to deceive the *Assemblée* concerning the behaviour of the royal family, and from that moment all that was said and done at the Tuileries was more remarked than ever. . . . Madame Victoire then added that they were only going away in order to leave the king free to act, which he would be better able to do when separated from his family, and she hoped that the public would understand that their determination to leave France was solely caused by their indignation at the civil constitution of the clergy. . . ."

The comtesse de Boigne was present at *Mesdames*' departure, which took place February 18, at eleven o'clock at night; with less cause than Mme Campan to regret the old ladies, she wrote in her memoirs :—

"I think I can still see Madame Adélaïde with her tall, angular figure, her violet dress with its voluminous pleats, her butterfly cap, and her two long teeth—her very last!"

The ladies travelled as Mesdames de Joigny and de Rambouillet; the mysterious Louis de Narbonne, Mmes de Narbonne and de Castellux, were among their suite. All went well with the fugitives until they reached Moret, near Fontainebleau; here they were told to show their passports. Now the travellers had taken the precaution to obtain not only passports signed by the king and countersigned by Montmorin, the Foreign Minister, authorizing them to go to Rome, but also a declaration from the Paris municipality stating that that body was powerless to prevent these *citoyennes* travelling in whatever part of the kingdom they preferred. While the authorities at Moret were thinking how they could detain the old ladies and their suite, some soldiers belonging to the regiment of Haguenau came to their aid, opened the gates of the town and enabled them to continue their journey.

At Arnay-le-Duc, in the *département* of the Côte d'Or, *Mesdames* experienced another alarm; their carriages were stopped by the municipality and they were required to alight amid a crowd of inquisitive busybodies who were so impressed by the old ladies' stately airs and graces that they all took off their hats. One member of the municipality, however, kept his hat on his head, on noticing which Madame Victoire, realizing that the time for arrogance had passed, bestowed one of her sweetest smiles upon the offender,

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MADAME VICTOIRE.

From a painting by Guiard.

and, as she prepared to enter the humble inn where she was to be kept prisoner for eleven days, said to him in a tone of supplication :—

"I pray you, Monsieur, give me your hand to help me up this dark staircase!"

The provinces had still to learn the Parisians' easy nonchalance towards royalty; the man took off his hat and obeyed Madame Victoire as if he had been accustomed to do so all his life. *Mesdames* immediately wrote off a protest to the *Assemblée*, which was duly read and discussed for four hours, the witty Abbé Maury, among others, taking the fugitives' part. After a member, whose name has not been handed down to posterity, had protested: "You pretend that no law exists to prevent aristocrats leaving the country, and I maintain that one exists — the salvation of the people," Menou, formerly deputy for the nobility of Touraine at the *États Généraux* in 1789, endeavoured by ridicule and sarcasm to obtain *Mesdames*' release, when he said: "Europe will doubtless be much astonished when she learns that the *Assemblée nationale* spent four whole hours discussing the departure of *Mesdames*, who prefer to hear Mass in Rome rather than in Paris." Much hilarity was caused in Paris by the appearance of a song composed by Marchand, in which Gorsas, a contributor to the newspaper, *Le Courrier des 83 départements*, who, on *Mesdames*' departure from Bellevue, had apostrophized them in his paper: "Nothing you possess, from your château of Bellevue to your laces and your chemises, belongs to you," was supposed to say to *Mesdames* :—

"Donnez-nous les chemises
A Gorsas,
Donnez-nous les chemises,"

and Madame Victoire to reply in her thick voice:—

"Avail-il des zemises,
Gorsas,
Avail-il des zemises?"

The Parisians love sarcasm: another song immediately followed entitled, "*Les Chemises de Marat, ou l'Arrestation de Mesdames, Tantes du Roi, à Arnay-le-Duc*," a skit upon the blind faith of certain provincials who on reading in Marat's paper, *L'Ami du peuple*, that everything which *Mesdames* possessed belonged to him, and that *Mesdames*' baggage had been overhauled, really believed that the old ladies had gone off with some of his shirts. Marat was furious at this skit—which his lack of funds had prevented him suppressing; had he not lately been forced to sell the sheets off his bed in order to obtain a few francs with which to pay his bills?

Mesdames spent the eleven days of their captivity in playing backgammon with the *curé* of Arnay. However on March 3 they were allowed, thanks to the largesse which Louis de Narbonne distributed right and left, to continue their journey.

CHAPTER VII

The queen makes further preparations for flight—M. Campan *père* is recommended to take a cure—Mme Campan bids farewell to her mistress—She hears of the fiasco of Varennes—Marie Antoinette sends for her waiting-woman—She returns to Paris and again receives proofs of her mistress's confidence—She suffers for her brother's opinions—An echo of an old affair—Mme Campan accepts some delicate missions.

DURING this same month of March (1791) the king expressed a wish to go to Saint-Cloud. History records how he was forced to give up that project and return to his stately prison. On this occasion M. Campan *père*, who had never recovered his health since the events of October 5, 1789, received some rough treatment at the hands of the populace, who, rightly or wrongly, looked upon this expedition as an attempt at escape.

Notwithstanding her disappointment, Marie Antoinette spent the whole month of March in making preparations for another journey. Of course, Mme Campan helped her. Marie Antoinette's passion for luxury was a great anxiety to her waiting-woman, for the queen insisted upon purchasing a quantity of new clothes so that when she reached Brussels, which was to be the bourne of their journey, she and her children might want for nothing. In vain did her waiting-woman remind her that Brussels was a civilized town and that, if by chance people learnt that the queen was sending trunks to Brussels, she might be prevented following them. But Marie Antoinette's inborn obstinacy forbade her listening to her humble friend's advice. Mme Campan, to whom the duty of obtaining all these clothes had been entrusted, used all her intelligence in order to carry out the mission with secrecy. Dressed in sober attire and unaccompained, she went from shop to shop buying six chemises here, a dress and a cloak there, bonnets, shoes, and gloves elsewhere. Her sister, Mme Auguié, whose fate, as we shall see, was so connected with that of the queen, ordered a complete outfit for Madame Royale, who was about the same age as her own eldest daughter, while Mme Campan had a suit of clothes nominally made for her son Henri, but intended for the little Dauphin. When these clothes were packed in a big trunk Mme Campan, at the queen's command, sent them to one of the latter's former waiting-women, the widow of an officer, who was then living at Arras, warning her that she must be ready to start for Brussels or elsewhere at any moment, which, as the lady owned property in Austrian Flanders and often left home on business, she could easily do.

Mme Campan was much exercised as to whether she would be chosen to accompany her mistress on her flight from France. Marie Antoinette realized that the fewer the fugitives the easier their escape would be, and so she had informed her waiting-woman that, supposing the latter were not on duty at the time of the royal family's departure, she, the queen would send for her faithful Campan at the earliest opportunity. The queen had already given her waiting-woman many proofs of her confidence, and now, on the eve of that disastrous flight to Varennes, she charged her with several important messages to different supporters of the royal cause.

As the month of June approached, Marie Antoinette, dreading the persecutions and ill-treatment to which M. Campan and his daughter-in-law would surely be subjected at the hands of the revolutionists when the escape of the royal prisoners was known, determined to get them out of the capital before she herself left it. So she told her physician, M. Vicq d'Azyr, to order the old gentleman to drink the waters at Mont Dore. On taking leave of her faithful servitors Marie Antoinette assured her waiting-woman that she deeply regretted the fact that she would not enjoy her services during the journey from France, and gave her the sum of 500 *louis* to pay for her travelling expenses to Mont Dore, and enable her to live quietly until her mistress could send for her. This sum, as Mme Campan already had plenty of money, she refused to accept. The fact that Mme Campan was not chosen to accompany her royal mistress on her journey has been quoted by some historians as a proof that Marie Antoinette placed less trust in her waiting-woman than the latter would have us believe. Be this as it may, M. Campan *père* and his daughter-in-law started for Auvergne during the night of May 31–June 1, and arrived at Mont Dore on June 6.

It had been settled that M. Campan's cure was to last until he received news that the royal family had crossed the frontier. As day after day went by and no news came, the old gentleman and his daughter-in-law became more and more anxious. However, about four o'clock in the afternoon of June 25, the beating of a drum was heard in the peaceful streets of Mont Dore, after which a barber from the neighbouring village of Besse triumphantly informed the inhabitants in *patois* that "the king and queen have tried to escape from France and thereby ruin us, but I have come to tell you that they have been arrested and are now guarded by one hundred thousand armed men."

While M. Campan was still hoping that the news was not true, the man added: "The queen, when arrested, lifted her veil and said with her well-known arrogance to the citizens who were upbraiding the king: 'Well, then, as you have recognized your king, treat him respectfully,'"—which expression, Mme Campan says in her memoirs, could not have been invented by the Jacobins of Clermont, and forced her to believe the news which was confirmed in the evening by another messenger. Two days later Mme Campan received an unsigned letter written after the queen's return to Paris by one of her gentlemen-ushers at her dictation; it contained these words:—

"I am writing to you from my bath, where I am trying to recover my strength. I can say nothing concerning my state of mind; we are still alive, but that is all. Do not return here until you receive a letter from me: this is very important."

On hearing that the royal family had been arrested and would soon be back in Paris, Mme Campan's sister, Mme Auguié, together with four or five of the queen's waiting-women, determined to be the first to sympathize with the recaptured fugitive. However, when they endeavoured to obtain admission to the Tuileries, the ladies were rudely repulsed; it was only at the gate of the Feuillants that they found a sentry who seemed at all willing to let them enter. While they were still arguing with him, they were attacked by a mob of fishwives, who covered them with abuse and even seized Mme Auguié by the arm, calling her "the Austrian woman's slave." Whereupon Mme Auguié shook herself free, crying in a loud voice so that all the women could hear her:—

"Listen! I have been in the queen's service since the age of fifteen; she gave me a dowry and found a husband for me. I served her while she was happy and powerful; she is now unhappy: ought I to desert her?"

With that sudden revulsion of feeling to which the French are prone in periods of revolution, the fishwives bawled out:—

"She is quite right, she ought not to desert her mistress; we'll get her in!"

So saying they joined hands, jostled the sentry on one side, pushed Mme Auguié and her companions through the gate of the Feuillants, and almost carried them on to the terrace. One of the fishwives had taken quite a fancy to Mme Auguié, for, on bidding her farewell, she gave her this valuable piece of advice:—

"My dear friend, be sure to take off your green waistband; 'tis the colour of that d'Artois, whom we shall never forgive."

In order to be near Paris whenever the queen required her services, Mme Campan and her father-in-law left Mont Dore, and went to Clermont, where they were on the point of being arrested by order of the *Assemblée constituante*, who had guessed the reason of Mme Campan's sudden departure from Paris. At Clermont, however, the travellers found an advocate in the person of the Abbé Louis, himself a member of the *Assemblée constituante*, and with his help they were able to prove that M. Campan *père* was in poor health when he left the capital, as, indeed, he remained until his death, which occurred in the following month of September.

Mme Campan received the expected summons in the beginning of August, for Marie Antoinette still believed that brighter days would dawn, and did not realize the risk her faithful servitors ran in returning to Paris.

Mme Campan reached the capital towards the end of August; she found Paris much quieter than she had expected. On September 1 she saw her mistress for the first time since the return from Varennes. At first the waiting-woman noticed but little change in her queen's appearance. Marie Antoinette had just left her bed; after saying a few words of greeting to her faithful friend, the queen took off her night-cap, when Mme Campan saw that her mistress's hair had turned snow-white during that terrible night spent in the house of the grocer, Sauce, at Varennes. Mme Campan burst into tears at the sight. The queen, touched by her servitor's grief, showed her a ring made of her hair which she intended to give to the princesse de Lamballe with this inscription: "*Blanchis par le malheur!*" Marie Antoinette then told her waiting-woman that she would have need of her services in order to communicate with MM. Barnave and Lameth, whom she considered might in future be of use to her. Mme Campan was greatly astonished to hear the queen speak of Barnave as if she really liked him. On expressing her surprise, and begging the queen to be careful how she trusted the eloquent orator, Marie Antoinette assured her that Barnave was worthy of her confidence, and that his behaviour during the journey from Varennes to Paris had been most chivalrous, and a perfect contrast to that of Pétion, who had not only insisted upon sharing the berlin of the royal family, but their meals also, when he had behaved in a most unseemly manner, throwing chicken-bones out of the carriage-window at the risk of hitting the king in the face, and never thanking Mme Elisabeth when she filled his glass with wine, but only tipping it up to show that he had had enough. And then the little Dauphin, who had suffered much from the heat during the previous day, and was sick and tired out, had to endure Pétion's well-meant attentions; for the virtuous patriot, who, like all Frenchmen, was fond of children, had taken the Dauphin on his knees that he might stroke the child's soft curls while conversing with the royal parents. Unfortunately Pétion forgot in the heat of his political discussions that he was holding a little child, the future victim of those politics, on his knees; and while curling the golden locks between his fingers, all unconsciously pulled too hard, causing the little Louis to cry out with pain, whereupon Marie Antoinette said:—

"Give me my son—he is accustomed to be treated with respect, not with familiarity."

A few days after Louis XVI accepted the Constitution, Mme Campan received a letter from the comte de Montmorin begging her to grant him an interview in the queen's study, as he did not wish to compromise the faithful waiting-woman by coming to her own house.

During the interview, M. de Montmorin, having thanked Mme Campan for all she had done for the unfortunate queen, told her that the king was in great danger; that plots to assassinate him were of daily occurrence; that his only chance of salvation lay in keeping the sacred oath he had just taken. To Mme Campan, born and bred within the shadow of Versailles, who still believed in the divine right of the Sovereign, the Constitution appeared as a sign of the end of the world; she remarked to M. de Montmorin that the king, should he adhere to the Constitution, would compromise himself in the eyes of those royalists who considered moderation a crime, and that she herself would be called a *constitutionnelle*, because she held that the nation's fame, happiness, and welfare lay in the king's hands, an opinion which she had formed in early youth, and which she could not bear to think that people should imagine her capable of changing.

"Do you think," questioned the count, "that I could ever wish for any other government? Do you doubt my devotion to the king and my desire to see his rights maintained?"

"Of course not!" replied Mme Campan, "but you must be aware that people say that you have adopted revolutionary opinions."

"Well, madame," retorted M. de Montmorin, "show your courage by concealing your thoughts;

never has dissimulation been more necessary. We are endeavouring to frustrate the revolutionists' plots as much as possible, and we must not allow them to get the better of us by continuing to spread the reports of what the king and queen say and do, with which Paris is now inundated."

Mme Campan applauded all M. de Montmorin said, and told him that she had been obliged to impose silence upon the queen's servants—now, alas! becoming fewer and fewer—when their indignation at the treatment to which their mistress was being subjected burst forth into angry cries, for which service she had only reaped sullen looks and muttered protests.

"I know it," remarked the count greatly to her surprise, "the queen has told me all about the matter, and that is why I have come to beg you to do your very best to be prudent and to impress prudence upon others."

A few days later Mme Campan experienced a great loss by the death of her father-in-law, her best friend, whose wise counsels and affectionate care had helped her to avoid those quicksands which beset the path of a misunderstood wife, surrounded by would-be consolers. The scenes of horror enacted at Versailles which had occasioned the queen's departure from that glorious abode, had left a lasting impression upon his brain; he grew weaker and weaker, until he finally died at La Briche.

After the good old man's decease, his executors gave into Mme Campan's charge the two packets which Marie Antoinette had placed in her secretary's hand shortly before her flight from Versailles in

October 1789. Mme Campan immediately carried them to her mistress, and asked her what she was to do with them. The queen kept the largest packet and confided the smaller parcel to her waiting-woman with this injunction :—

"Keep this for me as your father-in-law did."

The queen's dread of poison was redoubled when, in the end of 1791, the intendant of the Civil List, M. de La Porte, received information from the police that a well-known Jacobin pastry-cook living in the Palais-Royal, who was about to take the place of the king's late cook, had been heard to say that anybody who shortened the king's life would do France a great service. As the royal family dared not cancel the pastry-cook's appointment, it was arranged that the king and queen were to refrain from eating any pastry. Now as Louis XVI had a very sweet tooth, and like all his race was unable to curb his appetite, Mme Campan ordered cakes and pastry in her own name, first at this pastry-cook's shop, and then at that. Not content with these precautions, Mme Campan kept the bread and wine used by her master and mistress under lock and key in the king's study; when the royal family were seated at table, Mme Campan would bring in bread, cake, and wine—which the king alone drank, the queen and the princess only taking water—being careful not to do so until the footmen had retired. The king having drunk of this wine, would then half fill his glass from the decanter placed on the table by the footmen, and crumble the pastry supplied by the Jacobin pastry-cook. The meal ended, Mme Campan removed what remained of her supplies. So carefully was this daily manœuvre carried out, that nobody guessed the fears which a talkative below-stairs politician had aroused, nor was the reason of the king's sudden indifference towards *charlottes*, *beignets*, and marchpane cakes ever discovered.

The queen spent the long hours of night, when anxiety banishes sleep from the weary watcher, in reading; the days were occupied in writing letters in cipher to her relatives and friends. Mme Campan was employed to copy some of these missives, which, unless one possessed the key, were impossible to understand; sometimes the queen chose a line on a page of a certain edition of *Paul and Virginia* as the key to the cipher. It was Mme Campan's duty to find trusty messengers to carry these letters; so skilfully did she arrange matters, that none of the missives entrusted to her care were ever intercepted or failed to reach their destination. Marie Antoinette, deserted by so many of her erstwhile friends, and unable to trust some of those who still remained, continued to place the greatest confidence in her "faithful Campan"; this trust made her waiting-woman odious, not only to her fellow-servitors, but also to both political parties. One revolutionist in especial, Prudhomme, denounced her in his *Gazette révolutionnaire* as a dangerous person, capable of making an *aristocrate* of the mother of the Gracchi; while the royalist Gauthier called her *monarchienne* and *constitutionnelle*, and said that she did more harm to the queen's cause than if she were a Jacobin.

Mme Campan not only suffered for her own fidelity to the royal cause, but the letters written to her about this time by her brother, Edmond Charles Genest, who was still in Russia, and whom she strongly suspected of sympathy for the popular party, came near to deprive her of her mistress's favour. At the age of eighteen, Edmond Genest, thanks to M. de Vergennes' promise to the youth's father to protect him as long as he lived, had been given the post of attaché at the French Embassy in Vienna. Two years later he was sent to England as chief secretary to the legation, when, soon after his arrival, he submitted to M. de Vergennes a report concerning the danger incurred by France through the treaty of commerce, which, partly owing to M. de Calonne's influence, had just been concluded with England; this report gave great offence to M. de Rayneval, chief clerk at the Foreign Office. On the death of his protector in 1787, M. Genest found himself almost without friends, and thwarted on every occasion by his enemy, M. de Rayneval. However, the comte de Ségur, France's representative at the Russian Court, having obtained for M. Genest the post of chargé d'affaires to the French legation at Saint Petersburg. Mme Campan's brother started for that town, swearing vengeance on his enemy, and foretelling disaster to France if her rulers did not treat the nation with confidence.

His letters to his sister were full of bitter recriminations and warnings as to what was coming. On one occasion Marie Antoinette surprised her waiting-woman in tears; having asked to be allowed to see the letter in Mme Campan's hand, the queen read it and handed it back to her with this remark:—

"This letter is written by a young man who has been led astray by ambition and discontent; I know that you do not share his opinions—do not fear to lose my confidence and that of the king."

Notwithstanding her mistress's consoling words, the faithful Campan told the queen that she should in future neither write to her brother nor reply to his letters. This measure, however, the queen said was unnecessary, and might be dangerous. Mme Campan then begged her mistress to allow her to show her all her brother's letters and her own replies, to which request the queen acceded. In her next letter, Mme Campan blamed her brother so sharply for his outspoken remarks concerning matters in France, that he, in his answer, stated that he should in future forbear to mention French politics, and should confine himself to describing the wind and the weather; he also warned her that he should take no notice of any of her letters containing questions concerning politics in Russia, and ended with this very sensible injunction:—

"Serve your august mistress with the boundless devotion which you owe her, and let us each do our duty. I will only observe that the huge capital is often hidden from the gaze of the inhabitants of the Pavillon de Flore[1] on account of thick fogs rising from the Seine; in fact I believe that I, in far-away Saint Petersburg, can see it more clearly than you do in Paris itself."

On reading this letter Marie Antoinette thought for a minute and then said:—

"Perhaps he is right after all. . . . Who can realize in what a disastrous condition we now find ourselves?"

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[1] The Pavillon de Flore forms part of the palace of the Louvre.

But Mme Campan was not the only person who, willingly or unwillingly, had to show her letters to a second person; for Barnave, who had obtained considerable influence over Marie Antoinette since the fiasco of Varennes, dreading her imprudence and mistrusting her sincerity, had insisted upon being allowed to read his queen's correspondence. Mme Campan frequently read to her mistress letters from Barnave urging her to trust to the constitutionalists, warning her not to believe the protestations of the European kings and princes, mere puppets in the hands of their statesmen, and blaming the mad behaviour of the *émigrés*. If protestations of sympathy and friendship could have kept the crown of France on the head of the luckless Louis XVI, then surely he would never have lost both crown and head. Did not even Pitt, who hated France so well, go the length of saying to an unknown messenger—perhaps the famous Craufurd—sent to England by the despairing queen, that "he would not allow the French monarchy to perish, and that it would be a great mistake, and most fatal to the peace of Europe, if the revolutionists were permitted to establish a Republic in France"? Vain words! empty promises!

But when time passed, and nothing was done, Marie Antoinette cried bitterly to her faithful Campan:—

"I cannot utter the name of Pitt without shuddering. That man is France's mortal enemy; he is taking a cruel revenge for the impolitic support given to the American rebels by the Cabinet of Versailles. He wishes by our destruction to secure his country's supremacy on the seaboard, perfect his king's plans to improve his navy, and profit by the happy results of the last war. . . . Pitt has served the revolution from the very commencement!"

> "When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
> But in battalions!"

In the beginning of the fatal year, 1792, an echo was heard in the stately rooms of the palace of the Tuileries of that terrible scandal which had crept through the *Œil de Bœuf* and along the polished parquet and marble halls of Versailles, stalking like a pestilential wraith up and down secret staircases and corridors, slinking like a serpent along the box-trimmed garden-walks of the queen's Eden, and blighting more than one year of Marie Antoinette's married life.

One day Mme Campan received a visit from a venerable priest, who informed her that it had come to his knowledge that certain persons lately arrived from England were contemplating publishing a libel freshly concocted by the hands of the queen's enemy, Mme de Lamotte, now living in a London slum. As these persons had expressed their willingness to part with the manuscript to anybody who would give them their price—one thousand *louis*—the priest proposed to Mme Campan that he should buy the libel, supposing the queen would provide him with the wherewithal. Rightly or wrongly, Marie Antoinette refused to have anything to do with the matter, giving as her reason that, if she were to be so foolish as to buy the libel, the Jacobins would hear of it—besides which she was convinced that it would be published whether she paid hush-money or not. However, she was fated to hear more of the matter.

Soon after this episode, another visitor, in the person of M. d'Aubier, one of the king's gentlemen, came to see Mme Campan, whom he startled by the following piece of news:—

"The *Assemblée*," said he, "has been much exercised by a denunciation recently made by some workmen in the china manufactory at Sèvres. These men brought a bundle of papers and placed it on the president's desk, declaring that it contained a *Life of Marie Antoinette.* The director of the manufactory having been ordered to appear in court, he said that he had received commands to burn the papers in the ovens used for baking the china."

Mme Campan, trembling lest the supposed *Life of Marie Antoinette* should prove to be the libel for which the queen had lately refused to pay hush-money, hurried off to her mistress and told her of the discovery. While she and the queen were wondering how the papers came to be in such a strange place, Mme Campan noticed that the king, who was listening, became scarlet in the face and sank his head on his breast. The queen likewise remarked his attitude, and turned to him saying:—

"Monsieur, do you know anything about the matter?"

The king made no reply. Even when Mme Elisabeth, his favourite, asked him to explain the affair, he said nothing.

Mme Campan, seeing that her presence only distressed the royal family, retired to her own room. A few minutes later Marie Antoinette appeared and gave her the following explanation of the enigma: The king, out of affection for his wife, had purchased without her knowledge or consent the entire edition of the libel which, as the queen had refused to buy it, had been printed and was about to be published. With characteristic imprudence the good-hearted king, instead of burning the papers with his own hands, had given them to M. de La Porte, the intendant of the Civil List, who could think of nothing better than to send them to the china manufactory at Sèvres, there to be burnt by workmen at least half of whom were probably Jacobins, and some of whom had carefully saved several copies of the libel, and brought them to the *Assemblée*.

Mme Campan was placed about this time in a very uncomfortable position owing to her brother's well-known political opinions. In consequence of a denunciation, the *Assemblée* had summoned Mme Campan's former friend, M. de Montmorin, to appear and explain his negligence in having left unopened forty dispatches sent to him by M. Genest, France's chargé d'affaires in Russia. In his defence, M. de Montmorin said that he had done so because he knew that M. Genest was a constitutionalist, and he considered his communications of small value. The king had requested Mme Campan to assist at M. de Montmorin's examination, and bring him back a report of all she had heard. It was a painful duty; nevertheless she attended the meeting, and brought back to the king a faithful account of the proceedings, taking care, however, not to name her brother, but to call him: "Your Majesty's chargé d'affaires at Saint Petersburg."

"The king," says she in her memoirs, "was so gracious as to observe that my account showed great discernment."

On March 1, 1792, Marie Antoinette lost her beloved brother, Leopold II, Emperor of Germany; it was Mme Campan who read the letter containing the news of his death to his sister, whereupon the latter, bursting into tears, cried out that he had been poisoned; and when her waiting-woman asked her why she thought so, replied that when he joined the coalition at Pillnitz people had said that "a pasty would settle the business!"

Marie Antoinette's first thought was to write a letter of condolence to her nephew[1] on the loss of his father. She had so much to say, but she knew that her letter would have to pass through the hands of MM. Barnave and Lameth. In her perplexity she said to the faithful Campan:—

"Sit down at this table and write me a rough copy of what I ought to say. Be sure to insist upon the fact that I expect my nephew to walk in his father's footsteps. If your letter is better than what I myself thought of writing, you shall dictate it to me."

"I wrote what I considered suitable," says Mme Campan; "she read the letter and said to me:—

"'That is the very thing! The matter lay too near my heart for me to write as coolly and as sensibly as you have done.'"

The queen felt very keenly the position of semi-imprisonment in which she and her family were now living. The departure of her own father-confessor, the curé of Saint-Eustache, had deprived her of spiritual consolation. The faithful Campan accompanied her mistress to all the Lenten services, which were celebrated in the private chapel of the Tuileries. On Easter Sunday, 1792, Mme Campan, at the queen's request, persuaded one of her relatives to say Mass at five o'clock in the morning.

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[1] Francis II, Emperor of Germany.

"I was the only person who accompanied her," wrote the queen's waiting-woman; "it was still dark. She took my arm while I lighted the way with a candle. I left her alone at the chapel door. She did not return to her apartments until day was beginning to dawn."

It was but natural that the queen, in the midst of this general *débâcle* of worldly and spiritual friends, should turn towards any one who showed sympathy for her. Mme Campan relates in her memoirs an extraordinary offer which her mistress received about this time from Dumouriez — Napoleon gauged his character, when he called him "nothing but a vulgar intriguer."

"I found the queen much agitated," wrote she; "she told me that she really did not know what she was about; that the chiefs of the Jacobins had offered their services through Dumouriez, or that Dumouriez, deserting the Jacobins, had come to offer his own services to her; that she had granted him an audience; that, as soon as he had found himself alone with her, he had flung himself at her feet and informed her that, although he had placed the red cap on his head, he was not and never could be a Jacobin; that the revolution was now in the hands of a mob of disorganizers who only cared for pillage, who were capable of committing any crime, who could provide the *Assemblée* with a formidable army, and were ready to undermine the last supports of a throne which was already tottering. While speaking with extraordinary warmth, Dumouriez seized the queen's hand and kissed it passionately, crying: 'Let yourself be saved!'"

Dumouriez's subsequent disloyalty to all interests except his own justified Marie Antoinette's refusal to have anything to do with him or his plans.

In the month of June 1792, the waves of the Revolution again laved the steps of a royal palace, and the royal family were again exposed to the fury of that ever-restless ocean, the populace.

Two days before the invasion of the Tuileries, the king, anxious to assure himself that those who remained of his wife's retinue were faithful, said to the princesse de Lamballe: "Send for Mme Campan, then we shall be sure to obtain impartial information."

Mme Campan, on reading the list of the queen's few remaining ladies, noticed the name of a certain high-born dame, as faithful a servitor as herself, but who had caused the more humbly born Campan many an uncomfortable hour on account of her jealousy. On returning the list to the princesse de Lamballe, Mme Campan remarked that this particular lady was absolutely devoted to the queen's interests, and then added:

"Will your Highness kindly note that this lady is my particular enemy?"

"I will not write that down," replied the princess, but I will never forget it, and I dare her to do you any harm henceforth."

Even in those days, when Death was knocking at the gilded gates of the Tuileries, Jealousy was all-powerful, and crept through key-holes and crevices where sympathy and pity were afraid to venture.

We have already seen that Mme Campan had been made to suffer for her brother's political opinions.

"Shortly before the invasion of the Tuileries," she says, "the queen granted audiences to several ladies and persons about the Court who had come on purpose to tell her that my brother was a constitutionalist and an avowed revolutionist. The queen replied to them: 'I know it—Mme Campan told me so herself.' Certain persons jealous of my position and of my exalted title, humiliated me, and made my life so painful that I asked the queen to allow me to retire into private life. She exclaimed at such an idea, showed me how it would endanger my own reputation, and was so gracious as to add that neither for her own sake nor for mine would she ever give her consent. After this interview, during which I knelt at her feet, bathing her hands with my tears, I retired to my own apartment. A few minutes later a footman brought me a note containing these words: 'I have never ceased to give you proofs of my affection; I wish to tell you in writing that I believe in your honour, and in your fidelity, as much as in your other good qualities; I shall continue to rely upon the zeal and the intelligence with which you have always served me.'"

While Mme Campan was still perusing her mistress's letter, a gentleman belonging to the king's household, M. de La Chapelle by name, came to beg her to give him the missive that he might hide it in a safe place. Mme Campan regretfully entrusted the precious token of royal gratitude to the care of M. de La Chapelle, who then concealed it behind a picture in his private study in the Tuileries palace, where it remained undiscovered. On August 10, M. de La Chapelle was arrested and thrown into the prison of the Abbaye, whereupon the Convention[1] immediately took possession of his study and used it as a meeting-place; during one of its *séances*, M. de La Chapelle was denounced by his footman, who swore that several incriminating documents were concealed beneath a loose band in his master's hat. This assertion having been proved, M. de La Chapelle was sentenced to death, a sentence which he managed to escape by a miracle, as well as the September massacres, which opened the doors of so many prisons in Paris and in the provinces. When the Convention migrated to the king's private apartments, M. de La Chapelle was permitted to go to his study and remove some of his belongings. On finding himself alone for a moment, he hastily turned a certain picture with its face to the wall, removed the queen's letter which had remained undiscovered since his departure, and flung it into the fire which was blazing on the hearth.

But we must go back a few months.

Mme Campan was about to hasten to the queen's boudoir in order to thank her for her graciousness, when she heard somebody knocking at her door; she opened it, and, to her astonishment, beheld the king.

"I am afraid I frightened you," he said in his kind, slightly drawling voice; "but I have come to reassure you. The queen has told me how the cruel treatment received from the hands of so many persons has wounded you. But how can you complain of injustice and calumny when you see that even we are not spared? . . . We are in a most unfortunate position; we have experienced so much ingratitude and treachery that the fears of those who love us are pardonable. I might reassure them by telling them of the secret services which you daily render us; but I do not want to do so. Should they, out of kindness to you, repeat what I said, you would be ruined in the opinion of the *Assemblée*. It is much better for you and for us that people should believe you to be a constitutionalist. People have already informed me of the fact twenty times; I have never contradicted the report, but I have come to give you my word that, if we are so lucky as to see the end of this business, I shall publicly acknowledge in the presence of the queen and my brother, the important services which you have rendered to us, and I shall reward you and your son."

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[1] Mme Campan says it was the *Comité de Salut public* which took possession of M. de La Chapelle's study; that body, however, was not formed until March 25, 1793.

Although Mme Campan was frequently exposed to great risks while executing the queen's commands, she never hesitated to obey. On one occasion Marie Antoinette was anxious to see Barnave, the discovery of whose correspondence with the king was to lead to his death. Mme Campan was told to go and wait for Barnave at a little door leading to the royal apartments. For one long weary hour she stood with beating heart, expecting the arrival of the then powerful politician, her agitation being not a little increased by sudden and unexpected flying visits from the king who was in a scarcely less agitated condition owing to the strange behaviour of one of his footmen, a patriot of the name of Decret. The king was in terror lest this man should discover the two trembling watchers, or surprise Barnave in a secret interview with the queen, "for," whispered he to the faithful Campan, "such a discovery would of a surety be productive of many grave denunciations, and the unfortunate victims would be ruined."

And he was not reassured when she reminded him that she was not the only person in the secret, and added that she sometimes feared lest one of her colleagues should be tempted to boast of their powerful friend.

The king left her with a heavy heart; he returned a few minutes later with the queen, who, after endeavouring to reassure her waiting-woman, released her from her post, saying:—

"You need not remain any longer; I will now take my turn to wait for him. You have convinced the king we must not let more people into the secret of Barnave's communications with us than we can help."

However, Barnave proved to be but a broken reed. Mme Campan says:—

"Hope had fled. The queen wrote imploring letters to her relations and to the king's brothers; her letters probably became more pressing, and she complained of their tardy conduct. Her Majesty read me a letter from the archduchess Marie Christine, wife of the Governor of the Netherlands; she blamed her for some of her expressions, and told her that people outside France were quite as alarmed as herself concerning the safety of the French royal family, but that their salvation or their perdition depended upon the manner in which they were rescued, and that the coalition, being charged with such precious interests, must exercise prudence. . . ."

The queen was at that time in correspondence with a very unpopular personage, namely, the marquis Bertrand Antoine de Molleville, who in the previous month of January had been convicted of telling lies in the presence of the *Assemblée législative.* M. de Marsilly, formerly a lieutenant in the regiment of the Cent-Suisses, was employed to carry the queen's letters to M. de Molleville. When M. de Marsilly accepted this trust, the queen wrote to him: "Address yourself to Mme Campan in full confidence; her brother's conduct in Russia has had no effect upon her feelings; she is devoted body and soul to us; and if, in the future, you should have messages to communicate by word of mouth, you can perfectly rely upon her discretion and her devotion."

CHAPTER VIII

Marie Antoinette changes her bedroom—Mme Campan provides the king with some strange garments—Attempt upon the queen's life—The king's imprudence—A false alarm—Pétion pays a visit to the Tuileries—The palace is besieged—Mme Campan has a narrow escape—She is allowed to see the royal prisoners at the Feuillants.

It is curious to think how to the very last the queen hoped and believed that she and her family would be rescued by her talkative but slow-paced friends and relatives across the eastern frontier of France. Meanwhile her friends at home were less sanguine, and entertained serious fears lest she and her husband should be assassinated before those other friends could rescue her.

In the beginning of the month of July, Marie Antoinette, with some difficulty, was persuaded to change her bedroom to a room on the first floor, situated between the bedrooms of the king and the Dauphin.

In order that she might feel less lonely during those long, sleepless nights of anxiety, the queen ordered her shutters to be left open. Once when Mme Campan crept into her mistress's room in the middle of the night and found the queen lying in bed wide awake with the moonbeams streaming through the windows, filling every nook and crevice with strange, unearthly shadows, and making her pale face look even paler, Marie Antoinette beckoned her to her bedside and, pointing to the moon, whispered :—

"Before another month has elapsed the king and I shall have shaken off our chains, and we shall be free. They will soon rescue us. But our friends disagree in a terrible manner; some declare that our plans will be crowned with success, while others say that there are insurmountable difficulties to be faced. I have in my possession the itinerary which the princes and the king of Prussia intend to follow. I know the date of their entry into Verdun, and when they move to such and such a place. . . ."

The queen then added that she dreaded what might happen meanwhile in Paris, and lamented the king's lack of energy, to which, indeed, we may attribute all his misfortunes.

It was believed by the friends of the royal family that the third anniversary of the taking of the Bastille would be marked by an attempt to murder the king and queen. So completely did Mme Campan share this belief, that she never once undressed and went to bed during the month of July. The king was urged by everybody to wear some sort of protection beneath his coat; at last, in order to please the queen, he gave Mme Campan permission to order a waistcoat and a belt sufficiently thick to protect the vital organs. These garments were made of fifteen folds of the thickest Italian silk, and were so efficacious that not only could no stiletto pierce them, but the bullets of those days were flattened by impact. The garments finished, Mme Campan, not knowing where to hide them while waiting for an opportunity to get the king to try them on, hung them by a string round her own person, and for three days went about with them under her skirts where they impeded her every movement and made her quake with anxiety lest they should become unfastened, or trip her up, and thus reveal their presence.

At last a favourable opportunity presented itself while the king was in his wife's room. M. Gentil, the head valet, helped Mme Campan to button his Majesty into this new-fashioned armour which the good-natured king, at his wife's request, subsequently wore on the famous anniversary. While these strange garments were being tried on, the king plucked at Mme Campan's skirt, and made a sign to her to leave the queen's bedside—for Marie Antoinette had not risen yet—when he whispered in her ear :—

"I only consented to this importunity in order to please the queen. They will not assassinate me, they have changed their mind—they will get rid of me in some other way."

The queen noticed the king whispering to the faithful Campan, and when he left the room, she called her waiting-woman to her bedside, and asked what he had said.

"I hesitated before replying," wrote Mme Campan in her memoirs ; "she insisted, however, and told me that I must conceal nothing, because she was resigned to bear everything. When she heard what the king had said, she told me that she had guessed everything, that he had often told her that the events which were then being enacted in France were an imitation of the revolution in England under Charles I, and that he was never tired of reading the history of that unfortunate monarch, so that he might avoid the faults which that sovereign had committed during a similar crisis.

"'I was beginning to fear that they would bring a lawsuit against the king,' added the queen; 'as for me, I am a foreigner—they will assassinate me. . . . What will become of our poor children?'

"She burst into tears. I wanted to give her an antispasmodic potion; but she refused it, saying that only happy women suffered from hysterics, that nothing could mend the cruel position in which she now found herself. In fact, the health of the queen, who, during her happy days, had often suffered from hysterics, became perfect now that her mind was needed to sustain her body. . . ."

Mme Campan, although well aware that her mistress could be very obstinate on occasion, had a pair of stays made of the same material as the king's waistcoat and belt, in the hope that her Majesty would consent to wear them; but when she came with them in her hand and begged her mistress on her bended knees and with tears in her eyes to wear them for the sake of her humble servant if not for her husband's sake, the queen replied:—

"It will be a good thing for me if the rebels do murder me, they will free me from a very painful existence."

The expected attack upon the queen's life came soon after. During one of those short summer nights which seemed so long to the pale-faced watchers, Mme Campan, while seated beside her mistress's bed, heard footsteps in the passage outside. It required some courage to open the door and summon the sleepy footman, but Mme Campan neither in mental nor physical crises lacked courage; she unlocked the door and called loudly for "her Majesty's footman." She had hardly spoken when she heard a noise as if two men were fighting; quickly relocking the door, she hastened back to the queen's bedside. Marie Antoinette, trembling with terror, flung her arms round her faithful Campan's neck and cried:—

"Oh! what a position I am in! exposed to insults by day, and to assassins by night!"

A few seconds later the queen's footman came to the door and called out:—

"Madame, I've caught the scoundrel, I've got him tight!"

"Let him go," replied the queen, "open the door for him. He came to murder me; had he succeeded, the Jacobins would have borne him in triumph."

On opening the door, Mme Campan beheld the queen's footman, who was a very strong fellow, holding by the wrists one of the king's footmen who, doubtless with the intention of murdering the queen, had extracted the key of her Majesty's bedroom out of the king's coat-pocket after the latter had gone to bed.

The would-be murderer released, the queen thanked her footman for exposing his life, to which he replied that "he was afraid of nothing, and that he always wore two pistols on his person in order to defend her Majesty."

On the morrow all the locks of the doors to the royal apartments were changed.

The king fully realized that Mme Campan's duties exposed her to many risks, and he endeavoured to recompense her for her devotion. Some days after the above incident he met Mme Campan in a narrow staircase; when she drew on one side in order to let her master pass, he seized her arm and, as she bent forward to kiss his hand, saluted her on both cheeks without uttering a single word. So overcome was the faithful Campan with this proof of her master's gratitude, and with grief for what that master was suffering, that she scarcely realized what had happened, and asked herself whether she had been dreaming.

A propos of locks and keys, the king's hobby was only another link in that chain of fatality which he forged with his own hands during those ten years when he worked side by side with Gamin—Soulavie called him "that infamous Gamin"—to the detriment of other and far more pressing affairs.

It must ever be a source of astonishment to students of the history of the French Revolution that the actors in that poignant drama should, at the risk of imperilling their own lives and the lives of their dependants, have deliberately kept compromising documents in such insecure places as iron cupboards wherein inquisitive people would be sure to pry whenever they got a chance. M. de La Chapelle was far wiser when he chose the back of a picture as a safe hiding-place—as Mme Campan also found when governess to the Bonapartes. For her part Mme Campan, dreading another invasion of the palace, prudently burnt nearly all the papers confided to her charge. Marie Antoinette had laid aside the sum of 140,000 francs (£5600) in gold, in readiness for the escape which she still believed possible. This sum she was very anxious to confide to Mme Campan's keeping, but the latter persuaded her to keep 40,000 francs, so that, if the hour of delivery ever struck, she might have the wherewithal to purchase silence and obedience.

At the advice of Marie Antoinette, who had always mistrusted Gamin, the king placed some of his most important papers in a fortfolio, which he then gave to Mme Campan. She says in her memoirs :—

"The queen advised the king in my presence to leave nothing in the cupboard ; whereupon the king, anxious to reassure her, replied that he had left nothing in it. I wanted to take the portfolio to my room ; but it was too heavy for me to lift. The king told me that he would carry it himself ; I walked before him in order to open the doors. Having placed the portfolio in my private study, he merely said to me : 'The queen will tell you what it contains.' On returning to the queen I asked her what it contained, as I judged by what the king had said that I ought to know all about it.

"'It contains,' replied the queen, 'papers which would do the king's cause the greatest harm if they ever went the length of bringing a lawsuit against him. But the king probably meant me to tell you that this same portfolio contains the verbal process of a council of State when the king recommended the government not to go to war. It was signed by all the Ministers ; and in case such a lawsuit were brought against him, he thinks this document would be very useful.'

"I asked the queen to whom I ought to confide the portfolio.

"'To whomsoever you like,' she replied, 'you alone are responsible for it ; do not leave the palace even when you are not on duty. An occasion may arise when we might be very glad to be able to lay our hand on it at a moment's notice.' . . ."

Did that portfolio contain duplicates of those letters from Mirabeau to his royal master, which, when discovered in the cupboard, were to prove that to neither royal nor plebeian master had the great statesman—who might have been so much greater—been faithful?

On July 30, Mme Campan was warned at four o'clock in the morning that the faubourg Saint-Antoine, whose inhabitants are always foremost in any popular manifestation, was marching towards the Tuileries with the evident intention of repeating the scenes enacted in the previous month. Mme Campan immediately sent two trusty messengers to find out whether the royal family were really in danger, after which she had all the servants awakened, so that they might be ready to defend their mistress.

"I then crept very quietly into the queen's room," writes her waiting-woman; "I did not awaken her. The king and Mme Elisabeth had both risen; Mme Elisabeth was sitting in the queen's room. That morning her Majesty, overwhelmed by all her troubles, slept, strange to say, until nine o'clock. The king came to see if she was awake. I told him what I had done, and that I had taken care not to disturb her. He thanked me, and said:—

"'I was awake, as was the whole palace; she ran no risks. It is pleasant to see her resting. Oh! her sorrows increase mine!' he added as he left me.

"What was my grief when the queen, on awakening, was informed of what had happened, and began to weep bitterly because she had not been called, and blamed me, upon whose friendship she had hoped to count, for having served her so ill on such an occasion! . . . It was vain for me to repeat that it had only been a false alarm, and that she greatly needed to rest her tired nerves.

"'They are not tired!' said she, 'misfortunes are very good for the nerves. Elisabeth was by the king's side, but I was asleep!—I who long to die by his side! I am his wife; I do not wish him to be exposed to the slightest danger without me.'"

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the Tuileries were preparing for what everybody felt was bound to come, sooner or later; guns and ammunition were stored in the lower rooms, while from all sides royalists rallied round the king with protestations of fidelity. The king received many offers of money about this time; these offers, as the king did not wish to impoverish his subjects, he refused.

M. Auguié, Mme Campan's brother-in-law, sent his wife to the king with a pocket-book containing 100,000 *écus*, which she begged the king on her knees to accept. The queen, who was present at this interview, strove to console her servant for the king's refusal by telling her that she valued the thought even more than the deed.

In the beginning of August, Mme Campan received a visit from M. de La Ferté, the king's steward, who brought with him the sum of 1000 *livres*, which he besought her to give to the queen. However, the latter refused this offer like all the others she received about this time.

A few days later, Mme Campan was surprised to hear the queen remark that she had decided to accept

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Madame Elisabeth.

From a painting by Le Brun.

part of M. de La Ferté's offer, as Mme Elisabeth had discovered a man who had undertaken to purchase Pétion's goodwill; in fact, the matter was already so far advanced that the price had been fixed—124,000 francs—and the mayor of Paris had promised to let the king know by signs if his plans succeeded. Mme Campan was instructed to accept 24,000 francs from M. de La Ferté, and to add to this sum the 100,000 francs which the queen had entrusted to her care in the previous month; the money was then to be changed into *assignats* in order to increase the value—those much-blamed *assignats* which, according to M. Ernest Hamel, "saved France from bankruptcy, helped her to triumph over the whole of Europe, and only fell into disgrace when the Revolution began to be threatened by the reaction."

It was arranged that the king was to meet Pétion. Mme Campan does not give the date of the interview, but it probably took place at nine o'clock of the night of August 9, in the palace of the Tuileries. It was said that Pétion was not a little nervous as to his own safety.

When the queen, in the presence of Mme Campan, asked the king whether the mayor of Paris had seemed in a good humour, Louis XVI replied:—

"Neither more nor less than usual. He did not make the promised sign, and I fear I have been deceived."

The queen then turned to her waiting-woman, and explained that it had been arranged that Pétion was to hold his finger under his right eye for two seconds.

"But," interrupted the king, "he did not even touch his chin with his hand; he has cheated us out of the money; however, *the thief will not dare to boast of it*, and so the matter will never be known. Let us talk of something else."

After this interview the virtuous Pétion retired to the gardens of the Tuileries, where he spent two or three hours walking up and down the gravel walks in close conversation with Rœderer and some of the members of the Commune.

Mme Campan, although not on duty during the month of August, had, in obedience to the queen's request, remained at the Tuileries with two of her sisters and a niece during the night of August 9–10. Soon after Pétion's departure, while the king was giving some orders for the morrow, a loud noise was heard outside the door of the king's apartments. On going to ascertain the reason, Mme Campan beheld two sentinels trying to strangle each other—why? because one of them had said that the king would defend the Constitution to the last day of his life, whereas the other had asserted that the king was only putting obstacles in the way of the Constitution, which was necessary to a free nation. Mme Campan was still rather upset when she returned to the royal family. The king having inquired the reason of her agitation, she reluctantly related the incident, whereupon Marie Antoinette remarked that she, for her part, was not at all surprised, as more than half of the king's bodyguard were Jacobins at heart.

The hour of midnight was heralded by the ghastly tocsin, which continued like a giant banshee to wail over Paris until dawn broke. The walls of the palace were guarded by the Suisses, who themselves formed a second wall of flesh and blood. Mme Campan's family was also represented outside the palace, for her brother-in-law, M. Rousseau, fought in the section of the Filles-Saint-Thomas.

One historian states that "the palace looked so formidable closed in with bayonets, that the populace would probably have been completely worsted if all the troops which filled the courtyards, gardens, and apartments had resolutely determined to defend the royal dwelling." More than one of the officers had serious doubts as to the issue of the event; one military friend said to Mme Campan:—

"Fill your pockets with your money and your jewels; we must look danger in the face. The means taken to protect the palace are useless; nothing can be done unless the king acts with energy—and that is the only virtue he lacks!"

An hour later the queen and Mme Elisabeth said they would go and rest in a boudoir looking into the courtyard of the palace. No sooner did Marie Antoinette find herself alone with her sister-in-law and her waiting-woman, than she burst into lamentations because the king had refused to wear the famous waistcoat, a duplicate of which had lately been made, giving as his reason that he had consented to wear it on July 14, because he then had cause to fear the assassin's knife, whereas he now considered it cowardice on his part to protect himself when his friends were exposing their lives for his sake. While the queen was lamenting her husband's obstinacy, Mme Elisabeth removed some of her clothes and lay down on a sofa. Before taking off her fichu, Marie Antoinette showed Mme Campan a cornelian pin ornamented with a lily, around which were engraved these words: "Forget offences, forgive injuries," adding:—

"I much fear that our enemies hold this maxim in very poor esteem, but we should not value it any the less."

The queen then told her waiting-woman to sit beside her. Fears for the safety of her dear ones banished sleep. The ladies were talking over their plans, when a pistol-shot was heard in the courtyard, whereupon they started up in terror, exclaiming:—

"The first shot has been fired; it will not be the last, unhappily. Let us go to the king."

So saying, the two princesses hastened out of the room, followed by Mme Campan and several of the queen's ladies. At four o'clock on the morning of August 10, the queen came out of the king's room and informed Mme Campan that M. Mandat, a fervent royalist, had been assassinated, and that his head stuck on a pike was being marched up and down the streets of the capital. Mme Campan gives the hour as four o'clock, whereas history places the time three hours later.

Only a few hours before this event, this M. Mandat had been the subject of a conversation between the king and Mme Campan, for the king had said to her:—

"Your father was an intimate friend of M. Mandat, who is now at the head of the National Guard. Tell me what sort of a man he is; what can I expect of him?"

To which Mme Campan had replied that M. Mandat was one of the king's most loyal subjects, but that he was equally devoted to the Constitution, which he had sworn to defend and to fight anybody who dared to usurp the royal authority.

During the fatal night of August 9–10 the commissaries, assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, had summoned Mandat to appear before them and answer a charge of having on his own responsibility caused the palace of the Tuileries to be fortified. M. Mandat replied that he had acted in obedience to Pétion's commands. While he was still defending himself, a letter was produced bearing his signature, in which he charged the mayor of Paris to repulse any popular attack against the Tuileries with shot and steel. Mandat was immediately arrested. While he was being conducted down the steps of the Hôtel de Ville preparatory to being marched off to the prison of the Abbaye, he was shot by some person in the crowd.

"The day broke," writes Mme Campan; "the king, the queen, Mme Elisabeth, *Madame*, and the Dauphin descended in order to review the National Guard; some uttered cries of '*Vive le roi!*' I was standing at a window looking over the garden; I saw some gunners leave their post, go up to the king and shake their fists in his face, calling him the most insulting names. MM. Salvert and de Briges roughly pushed them back. The king was pale as death. The royal family then re-entered the palace. The queen told me that all was at an end, that the king had shown no energy whatever, and that this sort of review had done more harm than good. I was with my companions in the billiard-room; we sat down on some high seats. I then saw M. d'Hervilly, with his naked sword in his hand, order the gentleman-usher to open to the French nobility. Two hundred persons now entered the room next to that in which the royal family were seated; the other persons drew up into two rows along the corridor. Among the latter I saw many courtiers, several unknown faces, and a few persons who would have cut but a poor figure among the nobility, but whose devotion ennobled them for the moment. They were all poorly armed; their weapons, even in this anything but ludicrous situation, aroused our inextinguishable French wit, and many were the jokes made at their expense. M. de Saint-Souplet, the king's equerry, and a page each carried over their shoulder, instead of a gun, the half of a pair of tongs taken from the king's antechamber, which they had broken in two. Another page held in his hand a pocket-pistol, the muzzle of which he had rested on the back of the person just in front of him, with a request that he would be so kind as to hold it for him. . . ."

At eight o'clock in the morning the narrow streets leading to the palace of the Tuileries were filled with excited volunteers representing all the different sections of the capital, and including the Marseillais and the federates from Brest. The king was then recommended by Rœderer, to whom the French clergy largely owed the fact that they were now forbidden to take vows, to shelter with his family in the Club des Feuillants, once an old convent, close to the Tuileries, where the *Assemblée* was in the habit of holding its meetings.

"There and there only will you and yours be in safety," added Rœderer, in order to clench the matter.

While the king was still hesitating whether he ought thus to prove that he had ceased to be king even in name, Mme Elisabeth asked Rœderer with tears in her eyes :—

"Will you be responsible for the king's life?"

Whereupon Rœderer replied :—

"Yes, I will answer for his life as for my own."

At first the queen opposed this step; it was only when she was told that if her husband refused to leave the Tuileries she and her children would be massacred that she consented to go to the Club des Feuillants. On leaving the king's study after having given her consent, Marie Antoinette said to her faithful waiting-woman :—

"Wait for me in my apartment; I will either join you or send for you to come to me, I know not where. . . ."

Mme Campan's heart was full to overflowing as she watched the royal family leave the Tuileries between two rows of those brave Swiss soldiers, eight hundred of whom were to perish a few hours later, and two battalions of the sections of the Petits-Pères and the Filles-Saint-Thomas, among whom was M. Rousseau, Mme Campan's brother-in-law. The spectacle of the royal family going on foot to the *Assemblée* was so novel that crowds flocked to see the wonder. During the short walk the queen was hustled and jostled by the sight-seers. Much of her anguish during the previous night had been caused by fears for her son's safety; these fears were redoubled when she beheld a huge man, a familiar figure at all the recent popular insurrections, stride up to the little Dauphin, whom she was holding by the hand, tear him away from his mother's grasp and pick him up in his arms; whereupon the unhappy queen uttered a piercing shriek and appeared upon the point of swooning. But the giant said not unkindly: "Don't be afraid—I don't want to hurt him."

And indeed he carried the child most carefully and restored him to his mother's arms as soon as the refugees had entered the hall of the *Assemblée*. When Marie Antoinette had recovered from her fright, and again clasped her precious child in her arms, she discovered that somebody in the crowd had profited by her terror, and had relieved her of her watch and purse.

Louis XVI's first words on entering the hall of the *Assemblée* were:—

"I have come in order to prevent a great crime!" to which remark Vergniaud replied:—

"You can count, Sire, upon the firm conduct of the *Assemblée nationale*; its members have sworn to die for the rights of the people, and to maintain the authority of the Constitution."

No sooner had the royal family left the Tuileries than the siege began. Nobody knew who first opened fire. For two hours the Swiss Guards, numbering one thousand, repulsed the assailants, who were unaware of the king's departure for the *Assemblée*. The Swiss were holding their own when Louis XVI sent word that they were to cease firing. They obeyed, though by so doing they signed their own death-warrant. A horrible man-hunt now began along the corridors of the palace. The brave Swiss, together with many members of the French nobility, were cut to pieces, their bodies thrown out of the windows, and their heads placed on pikes and paraded before the *Assemblée*. One heroic fellow, Diet by name, was found on guard outside the queen's bedroom; he bared his breast to the assassins' knives, crying:—

"I do not wish to live any longer. This is my post, and it is my duty to die here, at the door of the queen's bedroom!"

Mme Campan gives a graphic description of her own experiences in her memoirs:—

"Luckily the princesse de Tarente had caused the door of the queen's private apartments to be opened; had she not done this, the horrible band, on seeing several women huddled together in the queen's *salon*, would have thought that she was still there, and would have immediately massacred us if their fury had been increased by resistance. Nevertheless, we were all on the point of perishing when a man with a long beard entered crying out that Pétion had given the following orders: 'Spare the women! do not dishonour the nation!' One particular incident exposed me to more danger than my companions. In my anguish and grief I imagined, just before the assailants entered the queen's room, that my sister had left the little group of women, so I hurried upstairs to an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, meaning to persuade her to come down, as I fancied that we should be safer if we all kept together. I did not find her there, however; I only saw our two serving-maids and one of the queen's *heiduques*, a very tall, soldierly-looking man. He was seated on the edge of the bed, and was very pale. I cried to him: 'Save yourself! the footmen and our own people have already done so!' He replied: 'I cannot—I am literally dying of fear.' While he was still speaking, I heard a band of men hurrying up the stairs; they flung themselves upon him—I saw them murder him. . . . I rushed towards the staircase, followed by the serving-maids. The assassins left the *heiduque* in order to run after me. The women flung themselves at their feet and clasped their swords. The staircase was so narrow that the assassins were much impeded in their movements; however, I already felt a horrible hand on my back, clutching at my clothes, when somebody at the foot of the stairs called out:—

"'What are you doing up there?'

"The horrible Marseillais, who was just on the point of murdering me, replied with a *hein* which I shall never forget as long as I live. The other voice then remarked:—

"'We do not kill women!'

"I had fallen on my knees; my tormentor let me go, saying:—

"'Get up, you hussy! the nation pardons you.'

"This coarse remark did not prevent me suddenly experiencing an inexpressible feeling, almost akin to ecstasy, at the thought that I should see my son and all my dear ones again. Only a second before, I had been less concerned at the thought of death than at the pain which the weapon suspended above my head would doubtless have caused me. One seldom sees death so near without enduring it. I can testify that the organs of sight and hearing, when one does not swoon, are keenly sensitive, and that I heard every word uttered by the assassins as clearly as if I had been quite calm.

"Five or six men seized me and the women, and, having made us get upon some benches placed beneath the windows, ordered us to cry: 'Long live the nation!'

"I stepped over several dead bodies. I recognised the corpse of the old vicomte de Broves, to whom the queen, earlier in the previous night, had sent me to command him, as well as another old gentleman, to return to their homes. These brave fellows had begged me to tell her Majesty that they had always obeyed the king's commands in circumstances when they had had to risk their lives in order to protect him, but that this time they could not obey, and would only remember the queen's kindness.

"When we were near the gate by the riverside, the men who were leading me asked we where I wanted to go; one of them, a Marseillais, giving me a push with the butt end of his musket, inquired whether I still had any doubts as to the people's power? I replied: 'No!' and then told him the number of my brother-in-law's house. I saw my sister ascending the steps of the bridge, surrounded by National Guards. I called to her; she turned round.

"'Do you want her to come to you?' asked my guardians.

"I told them that I should like her to do so. They hailed the men who were conducting my sister to prison; she came to me. Our walk from the palace to my sister's house was most terrible. We saw several Swiss, who were fleeing, killed in cold blood; we heard pistol-shots on all sides. We passed under the walls of the gallery of the Louvre; people standing on the parapet shot at the windows of the gallery, endeavouring to kill the *chevaliers du poignard*,[1] as the people called the king's faithful subjects who had assembled at the Tuileries in order to protect his person.

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[1] On February 28, 1791, Lafayette had hunted from the palace of the Tuileries 300 gentlemen who had flocked thither, armed with daggers, in order to protect their king, hence their name *chevaliers du poignard.*

The brigands had smashed the drinking-vessels in the queen's first anteroom; the hems of our white dresses were stained with the blood-tinged water. The fishwives called out after us in the streets that we belonged to the *Autrichienne's* household. Our guardians then showed us more consideration, and made us enter a courtyard so that we might take off our skirts; however, our petticoats were so short that we looked as if we had tried to disguise ourselves; and then some other fishwives began to cry out that we were young Swiss Guards dressed in women's clothes. We beheld a swarm of cannibals carrying poor Mandat's head coming up the street. Our guards made us hastily enter a little tavern, asked for wine, and told us to drink with them. They assured the hostess that we were the sisters of good patriots. Luckily the Marseillais had left us in order to return to the Tuileries. One of the men who had remained with us, said to me under his breath :—

"'I am a gauze-manufacturer in the *faubourg*; I was forced to join these men. I do not belong to them. I have murdered nobody, but I have saved your life. You were in great danger when we met those frenzied women carrying Mandat's head. Yesterday at midnight those horrible harpies declared on the Place de la Bastille that they would have their revenge for the scenes enacted at Versailles on October 6; and they swore to kill the queen and all her faithful women with their own hands.'"

Mme Campan was then allowed to go to the house of her sister, Mme Auguié, whose husband was in despair because he firmly believed that his wife and sister-in-law had shared the fate of the unhappy Swiss

Guards; however, here Mme Campan could not stay, for a crowd of revolutionists had already assembled in the street outside the house, and were crying that Marie Antoinette's confidential waiting-woman was in there and they would have her head. While crossing the Carrousel, Mme Campan had seen her own house in flames; she was now told that everything she possessed had either been burnt or stolen, so she was absolutely without any clothes except what she had on her back. Mme Auguié lent her some of her own maid's clothes, and thus attired the unfortunate waiting-woman slipped out of the house, and went to the abode of M. Morel, the administrator of the public lotteries, where she spent the night. On the morrow a royalist deputy brought her a message from the queen, begging her to come to the Feuillants, where the royal family were still prisoners.

Mme Campan, Mme Auguié, and a friend, Mme Thibaut, having disguised themselves, set off for the Feuillants, where they arrived at the same time as the king's chief footman, Thierry. Before being ushered into the queen's presence, the visitors were made to write their names and addresses in a register, after which they were given cards of admittance to the rooms belonging to Camus, where the king and his family were tasting the bread of sorrow.

On entering the first room, Mme Campan was greeted by this flattering remark uttered by an unknown person:—

"Ah! you are a good woman; but where is that fellow Thierry, whose master loaded him with benefits?"

To which question, Mme Campan replied:—

"Here he is; he is just behind me! I perceive that even the spectre of death is powerless to banish jealousy from this place!"

So saying, she hurried down a passage leading to the king's prison, before reaching which she had to pass in front of several grenadiers, two or three of whom called her by her name. One said:—

"Ah! well—so the poor king's done for! The comte d'Artois wouldn't have let himself be caught so easily!"

"No, that he wouldn't!" another replied.

The meeting between the king and his wife's faithful servants was most painful. The royal prisoner was having his hair cut; he took two locks and gave one to Mme Campan, and the other to Mme Auguié; when the latter endeavoured to kiss his hand, he cried "No! no!" and folded first one and then the other faithful creature in his arms, and kissed them without being able to utter another word.

Mme Campan and her sister then went into the adjoining cell, the walls of which were covered with a hideous green paper. Here they found the queen, sick from grief and anxiety, lying in bed, with a rough but good-natured-looking female in attendance. The queen, on seeing the two weeping visitors standing in in the doorway, held out her arms towards them, crying:—

"Come! come! oh! unhappy women, come in and see a woman who is even more to be pitied than you, because it is her fault that you are all so unhappy! We are lost; three years of the most detestable outrages have brought us here. We shall succumb to this horrible revolution; many others will perish after us. Everybody has had a hand in our ruin—both innovators and lunatics, ambitious persons anxious to make their fortunes—for the most rabid Jacobins only wanted gold and preferment. The populace is waiting to pillage. There is not a single patriot in the whole infamous horde; the *émigrés* had their cabals and plots! The foreigners wanted to profit by France's dissensions; everybody has helped to bring about our misfortunes!"

While the queen was still lamenting her fate, Mme de Tourzel entered the room with those most innocent victims, the little Dauphin and Madame Royale, whereupon the queen burst forth into renewed lamentations.

"Poor children!" cried she, "how cruel it is not to be able to leave them this fair heritage, and to be obliged to say: 'All this finishes with us'! . . ."

The queen displayed much concern on learning of the dangers to which her faithful friend had been exposed on her account, and lamented the fact that that friend was now without a roof over her head; to which Mme Campan replied that such a trifling accident was unworthy of her Majesty's attention. Marie Antoinette also expressed deep interest in the fate of those of her ladies whom she had left at the Tuileries, and especially for the princesse de Tarente, Mme de La Roche Aymon, that princess's daughter, and the duchesse de Luynes, of whom she said: "She was one of the first women to be seized with enthusiasm for this wretched new-fangled philosophy; but her kind heart soon got the better of her head, and latterly I found in her the friend of old days."

These words in those last weeks of the Reign of

Terror, when the humbly born Mme Campan and the aristocratic duchesse de Luynes were both in hiding at Coubertin, proved of much consolation to the latter; while mingling her tears with the faithful Campan, she would often exclaim: "I frequently feel the need of hearing you repeat the queen's words."

When Mme Campan asked Marie Antoinette whether the foreign ambassadors were doing anything to help her, the queen replied that their hands were tied, but that the wife[1] of the English ambassador had been so good as to send some clothes belonging to her own son for the use of the little Dauphin, who was about the same age and height. During this conversation Mme Campan bethought herself of some important papers bearing the queen's signature which, while her house was burning, had been thrown into the gutter where any unscrupulous person might find them and use them against her mistress. On imparting her fears to the queen, the latter became quite as anxious as her friend, and told her to go to the *Comité de sûreté générale* and make a declaration.

Mme Campan hurried off to the *Comité*, where she was received by a deputy whose name she did not know, who, after listening to her story, dismissed her with this remark:—

"I cannot receive your declaration. Marie Antoinette is nothing but a woman, like all other French women; if anything happens to any of the papers bearing her signature, she can protest."

The rebuff made the queen bitterly regret that she had exposed herself to fresh attacks from her enemies; she burst into tears, exclaiming:—

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[1] This kind-hearted woman was the Duchess of Sutherland.

"It is all over with us; it is in their power to ruin us!"

Years after, Mme Campan told her friends that she had never forgotten the day when she saw the queen, lying in bed in the mean room at the Feuillants, with its hideous green wall-paper, and shabby furniture, shed tears for the last time.

The queen, as already stated, had been relieved of her watch and purse while walking to the Feuillants, so she begged Mme Auguié to lend her twenty-five *louis*, which that lady did, and thereby signed her own death-warrant, and placed the life of her sister in jeopardy; for the queen, on being questioned during her trial concerning the money found on her person, confessed that it was a loan from Mme Auguié.

Before bidding farewell to Mme Campan, Marie Antoinette made her promise to follow her wherever she went or was sent, and added that she was going to ask Pétion to let them be together.

As night was falling, Mme Campan, leaving her sister with the queen, went back to the house of her brother-in-law, M. Auguié, who himself was later thrown into prison, in order to make arrangements for her son's safety, and to prepare to be ready to obey the queen's summons. But when on the following morning she presented herself at the Feuillants with M. Valadon, for whom she had once been instrumental in obtaining a post, and begged to be allowed to see her Majesty, she was denied entrance, as Marie Antoinette "already had enough women-folk about her."

On August 13, Mme Campan learnt that the royal family had been removed to their second prison, the Temple.

Mme Auguié was not allowed to accompany her mistress, but was detained at the Feuillants for another twenty-four hours.

Mme Campan's only thought now was to share her mistress's captivity; she therefore went, still accompanied by M. Valadon, to see the then all-powerful Pétion. M. Valadon was first ushered into the presence of the mayor of Paris. When, after having represented that Mme Campan only asked to be allowed to share her mistress's captivity, M. Valadon remarked that she ought not to be suspected of evil designs, and that nobody could possibly blame her for her devotion, Pétion, who later voted for the execution of his royal prisoner, Louis XVI, said:—

"Let her console herself for not being allowed to go to the Temple with the knowledge that those who are on duty there do not remain very long."

Thinking that she could succeed where her deputy had failed, Mme Campan forced her way into Pétion's study, whereupon the latter, exasperated by her importunity, repeated what he had alrealy said to M. Valadon, adding that if she worried him any more he should send her to the prison of La Force. Two or three days later the princesse de Lamballe, Mme de Tourzel and her little daughter Pauline, MM. de Chamilly and Hue, were removed from the Temple in the middle of the night and transferred to that prison. In future Mme Campan could only obtain information of her mistress from newspapers or from the National Guards, some of whom were more loquacious than their companions.

CHAPTER IX

Doubts are expressed concerning the decease of M. Campan *père*—A dangerous trust—Mme Campan goes to Versailles—The king's female armourer threatens to turn informant—Trial and execution of Louis XVI—Marie Antoinette follows her husband—An order is issued for the arrest of Mme Campan and her sister—Mme Auguié commits suicide—Mme Campan takes her motherless nieces to live with her.

MME CAMPAN'S devotion to the royal prisoners in the Temple was too well known for her to escape suspicion. The Tuileries had been carefully searched after the departure of their owners and many important documents, including a letter from the comte d'Artois to the king, evidently only one of many, had been discovered in the fatal iron cupboard. Now Robespierre was aware of the fact that Mme Campan's late father-in-law had enjoyed the king's entire confidence. What was more natural than to suppose that the unfortunate sovereign had entrusted other important papers to his old servitor on the approach of the storm? But Robespierre was much mistaken when he took it into his head to imagine that M. Campan *père* was not really dead, but was in hiding somewhere in order to escape being obliged to answer any inconvenient questions concerning the said papers. So convinced was the Incorruptible that, on meeting the former tutor of Mme Campan's son in the street, he requested that gentleman to tell him on his honour if his late pupil's grandfather was really dead or not, to which the tutor replied that he was quite certain that M. Campan *père* had died in the previous year at La Briche because he had been a mourner at his funeral, which had taken place in the cemetry of Epinay. Still unconvinced, Robespierre said:—

"Well, then, bring me the certificate of his death to-morrow morning—it is most important."

The tutor then hastened to Mme Campan and told her of the meeting; like a prudent woman she took care to send the necessary certificate to the Incorruptible before the hour mentioned. But she felt that the danger was growing nearer, and she realized that the discovery of the portfolio confided to her care by the king in the previous month of July, would lead to her own imprisonment. So with many misgivings she gave the precious trust into the hands of M. Gougenot, the king's steward, and at that time as anxious to serve his unfortunate master as herself.

On August 29 her brother-in-law's servants informed her that his house, like those of his neighbours, was about to be searched by fifty armed men; and indeed during the following night domiciliary visits took place all over Paris by order of the *Assemblée*, when two thousand guns were seized and nearly three thousand persons arrested—most of the latter, however, were released on the morrow.

Mme Campan had scarcely time to congratulate herself upon the fact that the searchers would find nothing worth taking in her brother-in-law's house, when M. Gougenot rushed into the room where she was sitting, divested himself of the heavy coat which he was wearing, although it was oppressively hot weather, and flung a voluminous packet at her feet with these words :—

"Here is the portfolio; as I did not receive it from the king's hands, I shall only be doing my duty if I give it back to you," having said which he hastened towards the door.

Mme Campan, nearly speechless with terror, managed to articulate a prayer that, even if he would not or could not keep the precious object, he would help her to find a safe hiding-place.

But the erstwhile royalist seemed to have lost his head with terror; he swore that he could do nothing in the matter, and would not so much as listen to Mme Campan's proposals.

"I told him," she writes, "that the house was about to be searched; I confided to him what the queen had told me concerning the contents of the portfolio, to all of which he only said :—

"'Come, make up your mind, I won't have anything to do with the matter!'

"I then paused for a few seconds deep in thought, after which I began to stride up and down the room, repeating my thoughts aloud, although I was unaware of the fact. The unfortunate Gougenot seemed as if turned to stone.

"'Yes,' said I, 'when one can no longer communicate with one's king and receive his commands, no matter how loyal one may be, one can only serve him by using one's own judgment. The queen told me: "This portfolio may fall into the hands of the revolutionists." She also mentioned that it contained a document which might be useful should a lawsuit be brought against the king. It is my duty to interpret her words for myself, and to consider them as a command. Her meaning was thus: "You are to save a certain paper and destroy the others if there is any danger of the portfolio being taken from you." That was enough; she did not need to furnish me with any details concerning the contents of the portfolio, the order to keep it carefully sufficed. It probably still contains letters from the *émigrés*; all plans and arrangements are now useless, and the events of August 10 and the king's imprisonment have severed the chain of political scruples. This house is about to be searched. I cannot hide such a voluminous package; by imprudently keeping it, I might cause the king's ruin. Let us open the portfolio; let us save the most important document and destroy all the others.'

"So saying I seized a knife and cut open the sides of the portfolio, when I beheld a number of envelopes addressed in the king's own handwriting. M. Gougenot likewise found the king's private seals, such as they were before the *Assemblée* forced him to change the inscription. Just at that minute we heard a loud noise. M. Gougenot now consented to fasten the portfolio, to hide it under his greatcoat and go to whatever place I considered safe. He made me swear by all I held most sacred that I would maintain on every occasion that I had acted of my own free will, and that, no matter what happened, I would assume the responsibility, be it praise or blame. I held up my hand and took the oath required of me, whereupon he left the room. Half an hour later the house was invaded by several armed men; sentries were placed at all the doors, all writing-tables and cupboards of which the keys were missing were forced open; the vases and flower-boxes in the garden were examined; the cellars were searched. The ring-leader cried repeatedly:—

"'Look very carefully for any papers!'

"M. Gougenot returned during the following afternoon; he still had the seals concealed on his person. He brought me an account of all the papers he had burnt. The portfolio had contained letters from *Monsieur*, the comte d'Artois, Madame Adélaïde, Madame Victoire, the comte de Lameth, M. de Malesherbes, M. de Montmorin, and very many from Mirabeau; a verbal process bearing the Ministers' signatures, which the king considered very valuable because it proved that war had been declared against his wishes; the copy of a letter written by the king to his brothers asking them to return to France; a list of the diamonds sent by the queen to Brussels (the two last documents were in my own handwriting); and a receipt for 400,000 francs signed by a well-known banker, representing part of the sum of 800,000 francs which the queen had saved during her reign out of her yearly allowance of 300,000 francs, and the present of 100,000 *écus* received by her on the birth of the Dauphin. . . ."

After some discussion Mme Campan and her visitor decided that the verbal process and the receipt had better be kept, as the first could do the royal cause no harm; the second was perhaps more dangerous, as people would be sure to blame the ex-queen for saving money for her own use at a time when famine was stalking through the land of France. The seals, about which the queen had been very anxious, probably because she still hoped that the king would recover his lost authority, were thrown by M. Gougenot into the Seine, one from the Pont-Neuf and the other from the Pont-Royal. One wonders whether by some strange accident the river will ever give up those relics of a dead monarchy.

As is often the case when one has been obliged to act on one's own responsibility, poor Mme Campan had no sooner got rid of the compromising portfolio than she was tormented with fear lest she should have acted contrary to her royal master's wishes.

Realizing that there was but little chance of being able to serve her king or queen, Mme Campan now left Paris and went to Versailles. To add to her troubles she began to have daily visits from a poor seamstress who had been employed to make the famous waistcoat and belt worn by the king on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and who, although really attached to the royal cause, had got an idea into her head that she, her husband, and her children would be surely murdered if she did not go to the *Assemblée* and confess her crime of high treason against the nation. For a whole fortnight the poor demented creature appeared punctually every morning while Mme Campan was still in bed, and renewed her assertions that, as she did not wish to be beggared, she was "going off to Paris this very minute" to denounce herself. It required the greatest tact on Mme Campan's part to convince the woman that she "had only acted on the orders of somebody else, that nobody would ever know anything about the matter unless she herself mentioned it, and in that case the unhappy king would be the first person to suffer because the waistcoat had been made at his command, then it would be Mme Campan's turn to suffer because she had superintended the work, while the seamstress would be excused as having only obeyed orders."

The seamstress, appeased for a few hours, would then go away, but she never failed to reappear on the morrow with some new tale of having seen the Virgin Mary in her dreams, and of having been told by her celestial visitor that nobody had the right to sacrifice their husband and their children for any human being whatsoever. Luckily these visions ceased at the end of a fortnight, whereupon the poor creature became calmer and no longer paid Mme Campan any surprise visits.

The month of December 1792 saw the much-talked-of trial of Louis XVI. Mme Campan, from her refuge at Versailles, read the newspapers with anguish in her heart. She sent a trusty messenger to M. Gougenot, who was still in Paris, begging him to come and see her at Versailles, as she was most anxious for the king to hear what she had done with the precious portfolio. This request M. Gougenot, having recovered from his fright, consented to grant; together they agreed that M. Gougenot was to have an interview with M. de Malesherbes, chosen by the king from among a number of people, including one woman, Olympe de Gouges, who had offered to defend him.

During this interview, which took place in M. de Malesherbes' own house, M. Gougenot informed the worthy Minister what Mme Campan had done with the contents of the portfolio, and gave him the verbal process which she rightly judged to be the most valuable paper, hoping that it would serve to prove the king's innocence of any crime of treason against the nation. When Louis XVI heard what the faithful Campan had done, he said to M. de Malesherbes:—

"Tell Mme Campan that she has acted exactly as I had ordered her to act, and I thank her for having done so. She is among those persons whose fidelity and whose services I regret I cannot reward."

The story of the trial of Louis XVI is too well known to need repetition here. With the exception of an untruth, the denial of any knowledge of the existence of the iron cupboard, the king behaved throughout with much dignity; even his adversaries were constrained to confess that he conducted himself during those days of anguish with "becoming humility."

When, on the morrow of his execution, Mme Campan learnt that her kind master had gone to be judged by that other Judge who will surely be more merciful than his Ministers on earth, she wrote:—

"I think I should have died of despair if I had not found some consolation in the recollection of all his kindness to me. . . ."

Two days after the king's execution, Mme Campan's brother, M. Genest, who had been appointed by the Girondins to represent France in the United States, and who, on the fall of that party after the September massacres, had been recalled to his native land to give an account of his deeds and words—and probably lose his head—left France, never again to return, and went back to America, which in those days was indeed "the land of the free." A few days after his departure,[1]

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[1] On reaching America, M. Genest received a warm welcome from an old friend, Mr. Clinton, the then Governor of New York, and later

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MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

From a painting by Le Brun.

the *Assemblée nationale* took it into its head that M. Genest had returned to his native land and was in hiding in Brest. Now it happened that Mme Campan was spending the day in Paris with her companion, Mme Voisin, when she heard two newsvendors bawling out: "The arrival in Brest of M. Genest, Minister of the Republic to the United States; this Minister will immediately make the perilous ascent of the guillotine!" This news was a great shock to Mme Campan, who believed—and with reason—that her brother was on his way to America; she fainted. Mme Voisin, with the help of two or three compassionate bystanders, carried her into a shop, where restoratives were applied and she soon recovered consciousness.

In the spring of 1793, Mme Campan first paid a brief visit to Beauplan, and then moved to the Château of Coubertin, a mile distant, which she and the Auguié family hired; it was while she was here that she heard that Marie Antoinette had been deprived of her son, a far more cruel punishment than the sentence of death passed upon the Niobe of the French Revolution in the following October.

"Marie Antoinette showed much firmness and dignity," writes M. Ernest Hamel, who cannot be accused of excessive sympathy with the royal cause. "She listened to her sentence with perfect calmness," says another historian.

vice-president of the United States, who sheltered him in his home and finally accepted him as his son-in-law. M. Genest became an American citizen and settled in the State of New York, where he devoted himself to farming. After the death of his first wife, he married a daughter of Samuel Osgood, postmaster-general under Washington. Mr. Genet, as he now called himself, died at Greenbush in 1834.

Who, remembering the arrogant, extravagant Marie Antoinette, so careless of her good name in the days of the Petit Trianon, would have believed her capable of bearing her burden of grief with such fortitude? Alas, poor human nature! it would seem as if some great trial or sorrow were often required to bring out our good qualities—the little worries, temptations, and disappointments of daily life are too much for most of us.

When questioned during her trial as to the sum of twenty-five *louis* found on her person, Marie Antoinette imprudently said that Mme Auguié had lent it to her after her purse and watch had been stolen during that *calvaire* from the Tuileries to the Feuillants, and begged that the money might be repaid to her faithful "lioness," as she had called Mme Auguié ever since the terrible events of October 6, 1789, when Mme Campan's sister had saved her mistress's life by her courage and promptitude.

An order for the arrest of that lady was immediately signed.

Now, Mme Auguié, more lucky than most of the victims of the Reign of Terror, had a friend in the person of the secretary to the revolutionary tribunal; this gentleman wisely destroyed the document and, in order to ensure Mme Auguié's safety, inscribed a fictitious name, that of Augal, on the list of captives in the Paris prisons.

For several months Mme Campan and the Auguié family, consisting of M. and Mme Auguié and their three daughters, continued to live unmolested at Coubertin. The news of Marie Antoinette's execution, although expected, completely crushed her faithful waiting-women for a time. But their grief and despair was changed to anxiety for their own safety when, nine months after their mistress's death, "an atrocious man of quality," as Mme Campan quaintly puts it, wishing to be held in consideration by Robespierre, wrote to the *Comité de Salut public*:—

"I have been through all the prisons in Paris; I am astonished not to find the name of Mme Auguié, designated erroneously during Marie Antoinette's trial as Mme Augal; she and her sister ought to have been thrown into prison long ago."

It frequently happened that the victims of the Terrorists were able to slip through the fingers of their would-be executioners; but it seldom happened that they were able to free themselves a second time from the meshes of that far-reaching system of denunciation which was the keystone of the Reign of Terror.

Four soldiers were immediately despatched to Coubertin.

Mme Campan and her brother-in-law offered no resistance, but it was otherwise with Mme Auguié; it is probable that like many another horrified spectator of the Revolution she, on learning that she was about to be arrested, became insane; mad with terror, she jumped upon an ass and fled across the fields till she reached Paris, where she hid herself in a small furnished room. But even here she did not feel in safety. Having written the following despairing message to her family:—

"If I perish on the scaffold, my husband, already a prisoner, will also die; our property will be confiscated. . . . My daughters, what will become of you? If I can escape death on the scaffold, perhaps I can save my own property for you," she rushed to the window and flung herself down into the street below, crying as she did so :—

"Never shall the executioners lay a finger on me."

Had the poor creature waited a few days she would have seen her husband and sister released from prison by the execution of Robespierre. Her eldest daughter Antoinette nearly died of grief on learning of her mother's suicide; after her father's return to Coubertin, it was decided that she was to reside in Paris with him, while her two sisters, Eglé and Adèle, were to go to Saint-Germain[1] with their aunt, Mme Campan, who in future was to act the mother to them as well as to many other motherless little ones.

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[1] Georgette Ducrest in her memoirs asserts that Mme Campan went immediately after Robespierre's death to stay at Poissy, where she was the guest of a Creole, Mme Hortense Lamothe, who was sheltering at the same time Mme de Beauharnais, a Creole like herself, and the future Empress Josephine, and Claire de Vergennes, the daughter of Louis XVI's late Minister. However, Mme Campan does not mention this visit in her own memoirs.

SECOND PART

THE GOVERNESS OF THE BONAPARTES

CHAPTER X

Mme Campan realizes her vocation and opens a school—She is persecuted by the Directoire—*Maman* Campan earns her title and the affection of her pupils—The Seminary at Montagne de Bon-Air has many imitators—Hortense and Emilie de Beauharnais, Pauline and Caroline Bonaparte, join the school — Pauline marries General Leclerc—Napoleon the match-maker.

MME CAMPAN, deprived of the greater part of her fortune, with a sick husband burdened by 30,000 francs of debts, a mother who had reached the allotted span of human life, a son still too young to go out into the world to fight for himself, three motherless nieces and several other affectionate but penniless relatives, was now face to face with a huge problem—how was she to support all these helpless creatures? Her first care was to pay off her husband's debts; this done, she found herself possessed of exactly one *assignat*, worth 500 francs, *pour tout potage.* But there is a fund of energy in Frenchwomen which forbids them, when in trouble, to sit down, seek comfort in tears, and wait for somebody to help them. No, Mme Campan had looked death in the face; she was now ready to face poverty, and was determined not to be worsted without a severe struggle.

During those anxious months in hiding at

Coubertin she had tried her hand at teaching her son and her nieces, and the result had been so successful that she had resolved to adopt the profession of schoolmistress should she ever be forced to earn her daily bread. Exactly one month after the death of Robespierre, she, having taken the old Hôtel de Rohan at Saint-Germain, a huge place with a beautiful garden situated in the rue de Poissy on the edge of the forest, which place she chose on account of its fine air, wrote in her best hand (as she was too poor to pay any printer's bills) one hundred prospectuses, which she then sent to those of her friends who had been lucky enough to pass unscathed through the fires of the Revolution. She would have preferred Versailles as her future home ; but she could not face the ghosts of the happy past which even to-day haunt that pleasant town. In order to convince her friends that she still belonged to the old school and respected the rules of religion and good society, she, on opening her seminary, engaged a nun belonging to the sisterhood of the *Enfant Jésus*, and waited for the pupils who soon came, few in number at first, it is true, but ever more numerous as the weeks passed.

M. Frédéric Masson says rather unkindly: "It was a singularly happy thought on Mme Campan's part when she set up a boarding-school at the Montagne de Bon-Air, *ci-devant* Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and summoned her nieces, the demoiselles Auguié, to make a show and play the part of the boarders who failed to put in an appearance."

In the following year Mme Campan found that her pupils had increased to sixty. The fact that she had been waiting-woman to Marie Antoinette had much to do with her success; but, whereas many mothers were proud to send their daughters to learn from her who was in future to be known as *Maman* Campan the courtly manners which had once reigned at Versailles, the mistress of the young ladies' boarding-school at Montagne de Bon-Air found herself the object of much suspicion to those wise persons who did not wish to see the frivolous doings at Trianon imitated in the drawing-rooms of the new France. The studies at her establishment were subjected to rigorous supervision by the Government; she was not allowed to teach French history to her little pupils, Greek and Roman history being considered quite sufficient for the future mothers of good *citoyens.*

Mme Campan was the first woman who dared to have a chapel in the grounds of her establishment; in the following year the Directoire learnt of the fact, and sent word that it must be closed at once; of course she had to obey.

It is true that *Maman* Campan taught the Bible during certain days of the week, but not a day passed that she did not expect to see the Holy Book confiscated. Her fears were realized one day when she was surprised with the Book in her hand by several officials, who immediately ordered her to cease teaching her pupils "fables and superstitions." When Mme Campan, nothing daunted, asked her visitors what she was to teach "her children" in place of religion, they replied:—

"*Citoyenne*, your arguments are quite out of date. Don't make remarks: when the nation speaks it expects obedience, not wit."

Familiarity with danger is apt to breed contempt.

Mme Campan, wishing to keep the memory of her beloved mistress fresh in the minds of the younger generation, invented an ingenious picture-frame, one side of which displayed the Rights of Man, while from the other the fair, proud face of the dead queen gazed down on the busy children. Marie Antoinette usually occupied the post of honour; however, whenever strangers rang at the gate of the seminary, she was turned with her face to the wall and the Rights of Man displayed to the appreciative gaze of the little *citoyennes.* On one occasion a zealous patriot paid a surprise visit to the boarding-school, and Mme Campan only just had time to turn the queen's portrait to the wall when her visitor entered the class-room unannounced. After asking the little maids various awkward and unexpected questions—why is it that examiners always choose subjects with which their victims are unfamiliar?—he went up to the Ten Commandments of the Revolution and ordered one of the trembling infants to recite them. Whereupon a plucky little Spanish girl, Flavie by name, stood up and, notwithstanding the fact that she was inwardly quaking for herself and her comrades, rattled them off as pertly as a parrot, newly arrived from the West Indies, raps out his latest repertoire of oaths.

Mme Campan's sisters, Mmes Rousseau and Pannelier, now came to help her teach the little girls who were beginning to flock to Montagne de Bon-Air. With her increasing success, Mme Campan bought several pieces of furniture which had been stolen from her house in Paris, precious relics of happier days; having paid off all her debts, she was able to look calmly into the future.

In the autumn of 1795 Mme Campan had one hundred pupils, although her school was considered very expensive in those days. During one of those pleasant afternoons in October, when summer seems fain to linger a little longer before giving place to golden autumn, Mme Campan received a visit from Mme de Beauharnais, to whom a literary friend had recommended the establishment at Montagne de Bon-Air; the future empress had just placed her son Eugène at Father McDermott's Collège des Irlandais in the same town where Mme Campan's own son Henri was also studying, and she was anxious for the late queen's faithful waiting-woman to educate her little daughter Hortense, then aged twelve, and her niece Emilie de Beauharnais. This trust *Maman* Campan accepted, promising to mother the little girls; and well did she keep her promise to Hortense, for *Maman* Campan, until her death in 1822, loved the unhappy Hortense as dearly as if she had been her own flesh and blood.

Hortense and her cousin Emilie shared a room with Eglé and Adèle Auguié and Mme Pannelier's little daughter, and enjoyed many favours.

Some months after their arrival, the two little Mlles de Beauharnais were called into *Maman* Campan's sanctum in order to be inspected by a visitor, General Bonaparte by name, who was not a stranger to little Hortense, as she had already seen him at a party given by Barras, on which occasion he had taken no notice of her; now, however, he examined his future stepdaughter so closely that she blushed to the roots of her hair, lost her head and her tongue, and dashed out of the room like a little savage when she was told she might return to learn her book.

In the beginning of the month of March 1796, *Maman* Campan again called Hortense into her sanctum and informed her that her mother was going to marry again. When Hortense heard that "the Ogre," as she secretly called the mysterious visitor, was to be her stepfather, she burst into tears which neither *Maman* Campan's kisses nor her capacious *bonbonnière* could check. With her eyes still red, Hortense returned to her companions, who gathered round their "Petite Bonne," as they always called her—for Hortense, from her earliest years, was an engaging little creature—and asked whether *Maman* Campan had been scolding her. At this she burst into a still louder fit of crying, and sobbed out that "she was very unhappy because her Mama was going to marry the Ogre who frightened her, and she was afraid that he would be dreadfully strict with her and poor Eugène."

When General Bonaparte, the day after his marriage to the graceful Creole widow, took his bride and his sisters, Pauline and Caroline, to see his step-children at Montagne de Bon-Air, he found Hortense still as shy as ever. The Ogre insisted upon going to see the children at their lessons and worrying them with questions to which the poor little dears made but lame replies—when indeed they were able to make any at all—for the General's piercing gaze and abrupt manner had the effect of depriving the more timid pupils of their voices. However, as the future Emperor of the French was feeling particularly happy that day, he determined that Mme Campan should

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

From the portrait by François Gérard at the Musée Calvet, Avignon.
By kind permission of the Director.

feel equally so; therefore he praised both the quaking infants and their scarcely less timid governess, and, presenting his sisters Pauline and Caroline to their future schoolmistress, said:—

"I am going to confide my sisters to your charge, Mme Campan; I ought to warn you, however, that Caroline is a sad dunce. Try to make her as learned as dear Hortense."

So saying he pinched "dear Hortense's" ear very gently, whereupon she turned the colour of a peony.

Pauline's stay under Mme Campan's charge was not a lengthy one. But before Mlle Caroline had been many hours at Montagne de Bon-Air she had made quite a number of enemies owing to her bad manners—which her schoolmistress was never able to cure—and to her vulgar pride in the handsome jewels which her generous brother had given her, and which excited the envy of one of her fellow-pupils, Mlle Permon, the future duchesse d'Abrantès.

However, Caroline had two great friends, namely, Léontine de Noailles, whose parents had both been guillotined, and who later married her cousin, Alfred de Noailles; and Pauline Raymond, the granddaughter of M. de Nérac.

Caroline, the most headstrong of the Bonapartes, and the particular pet of her famous brother, who called her "the Cinderella of the family," had been baptized Maria Annunziata, a name which he, for some reason, did not like, so he changed it to Caroline, a name equally distasteful to *Madame Mère*, until time and associations had endeared it to her.

When Mme Bonaparte, after a great deal of persuasion, consented to join her husband in Italy in

June 1796, she left Hortense with *Maman* Campan, under whose care the child made such progress that her stepfather, on his return, loudly expressed his satisfaction.

While General Bonaparte and his wife were away in Italy, Eugène de Beauharnais and Jérôme Bonaparte (who was also at the Collège des Irlandais) were allowed, together with Hortense and Emilie de Beauharnais, to go up to Paris on two or three occasions, when as a great treat they would go to the play, where, as pocket-money was none too plentiful, they had to sit "in Paradise," or among the gods.

Caroline was especially lucky, for on such occasions her uncle, Joseph Fesch, always invited her to stay with him in the rue du Rocher. Among *Maman* Campan's pupils at that time was a little girl named Lavinie Rolier (who later became the wife of General Lefebvre-Desnouettes), the daughter of a lady who had once been engaged to the uncle of Caroline, the future Cardinal Fesch; this child and Caroline were great friends.

Eugène de Beauharnais and Jérôme Bonaparte were sometimes invited to spend the afternoon with their sisters, for *Maman* Campan, herself an exemplary sister, was always anxious to instil into the hearts of her pupils the value of family affection. Jérôme was a very ugly boy; but he must have been good-natured, for when one day one of the little girls pointed her finger at him, crying: "Oh! how ugly you are, Jérôme!" he only smiled. Sometimes Eugène and Jérôme came, accompanied by a mysterious boy of about twelve years of age whom the gammers of Montagne de Bon-Air declared was the Dauphin, saved from the Temple by Mme Bonaparte. However, Naundorff, the Baron von Trenck of French history, would have us believe that certain persons, who had tried to effect the rescue of Simon's poor little victim, had made a mistake and rescued the wrong child; he declares that when Mme Bonaparte perceived the mistake, she cried to the child's liberator:—

"Unhappy wretch! what have you done? You have committed a fatal error—you have delivered the son of Louis XVI into the hands of his father's murderers!"

"The unhappy child," concludes Naundorff, "had therefore been saved instead of me; *I* was still languishing in the Temple."

Be this as it may, reports to the effect that the Dauphin had been rescued from the Temple by the future Empress of the French were very frequent about this time.

The opening of Mme Campan's seminary at Montagne de Bon-Air was almost immediately followed by the appearance of several similar establishments in and outside the capital; but as none of their owners could boast of having lived at the Court of Versailles and of having risked their lives for the late queen, they were less successful than Mme Campan, whereupon they found fault with her system of education, declaring that too much time was devoted to the acquirement of accomplishments to the detriment of more serious subjects. Mme Campan's system was inspired by Fénelon's *Education des Filles*, which book, published in 1688, was the result of a very delicate mission, that of preaching the Catholic faith during the space of ten years to a number of young female converts from Protestantism residing in an establishment called *La Maison des Nouvelles Catholiques*, and obtained for its author the valuable post of tutor to the duc de Bourgogne, whose affection he soon won.

The following extracts from Fénelon's work show him to have been more than worthy of being placed side by side with his friend, that other noble churchman, Bossuet:—

"Nothing has been so neglected as the education of females. Do not women either ruin or prove a blessing to their homes, who have the management of the household, and who therefore have to decide the most important affairs in human life? The world is but one huge family. Virtue belongs to women as much as to men; without speaking of the good or evil which they may do to the world in general, half the human race is formed of women; they were bought by the Blood of Jesus Christ and are endowed with eternal life."

Fénelon's advice to a lady of quality who had asked whether she ought to send her only daughter to a convent or educate her at home is excellent: "If you had several daughters, you might find yourself unable to do your duty to all of them, in which case you might choose a good convent where the pupils' education is properly attended to; but as you only have one daughter to bring up, and as God has given you the strength to take care of her yourself, I think that you can give her a better education than can be found in any convent whatsoever. A wise, tender, Christian mother perceives what others cannot see. When convent-bred girls leave their convents, they are like people who have been kept in an underground cave and have been suddenly brought into the light of day. I hold the education received at good convents in high esteem, but I value still more the education given by a virtuous mother when she is free to attend to it herself. . . ."

Fénelon said: "I should like to make young girls observe the simplicity which appears in statues and other representations of Greek and Roman women; they would then see how hair loosely knotted at the back of the head and simple, flowing draperies become the wearer. It would even be a good thing if they could hear painters and other persons who appreciate the exquisite taste of yore discourse upon art."

What would Fénelon and Mme Campan say to the ignorant, loud-voiced, big-footed, heavy-handed, corsetless, sexless girl of to-day, who smokes, plays hockey, talks of her "liberty," and generally apes the ways of the mere man whom she affects to despise?

"Girls," says Fénelon, "should only speak when they are obliged to do so, and then they should speak with a hesitating, deferential air. . . . Teach a girl to read and write correctly. It is shameful but common to see well-mannered and witty women unable to pronounce what they read, or else they stammer or drone in a singsong tone; instead of which they ought to pronounce in a simple and natural but steady, even voice. They are still more behindhand as to spelling and writing. They should also know the rudiments of arithmetic. It would be a good thing if they knew something concerning the principles of law—for instance, the difference between a will and a dotation."

Mme Campan was evidently influenced in her method of education by the above work; however, we notice the following remark, of which she certainly did not approve :—

"I do not recommend music and painting," says the Archbishop of Cambrai, "because they excite the passions. That is why the magistrates of Sparta destroyed all musical instruments, the tones of which were over-sweet, and why Plato severely rejected all the delicious chords and harmonies with which Asiatic melodies abound."

And then the good man ends with the following beautiful precept :—

"Let us all realize that we here below are like travellers at a wayside inn or resting under a tent, that the body must die and that we can only postpone the last hour of dissolution for a brief space of time, but that the soul shall soar to its celestial habitation, where it shall live for ever in the Life of God."

Maman Campan composed for her pupils a sort of rhyming Ten Commandments, which one and all had to learn by heart; this composition was called :—

"DU BON TON DANS LE RANG ÉLEVÉ COMME DANS LA SOCIÉTÉ PRIVÉE.

"De la dignité sans hauteur;
De la politesse sans fadeur;
De la confiance sans hardiesse;
Du maintien sans raideur;
Des grâces sans affectation;
De la réserve sans pruderie;
De la gaieté sans bruyants éclats;
De l'instruction sans pédanterie;
Des talents sans prétention;
De l'envie de plaire sans coquetterie."

It is true that a great deal of attention was paid to the art of conversation. Mme Campan instituted *causeries* in her own private room, to which the bigger girls were invited and in which they were expected to take part. Sometimes the subject chosen was a fire, a shipwreck, a picnic spoiled by bad weather, or the breaking-off of an engagement. The pupils were informed that on no account should such subjects as domestics or household matters be discussed in a refined lady's drawing-room, though every mistress ought to know how to rule her household and avoid waste. Politeness was highly commended because it concealed a quantity of faults.

The following document, one of the reports which it was *Maman* Campan's custom to send with her pupils when they returned home for their holidays, is not without interest, for it concerns her who was to become the mother of Napoleon III :—

"THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE
(under the direction of the *citoyenne* Campan).

SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, 8 *ventôse*, *an VI*.

Mme Campan has the honour to send the *citoyenne* Bonaparte the following extract dated 1 *germinal*, *an VI*, from the Institution of Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

The *citoyenne* Hortense Eugénie Beauharnais, 4th division, 8th section (blue riband), composed of twenty-two pupils.

	Number of marks.		*Number of marks.*
Order, cleanliness, punctuality	3	Application and obedience	satisfactory
Reading and writing	9		
Memory	not sufficiently cultivated	Botany	satisfactory
Arithmetic	9	Flower-drawing	4
Dictation	14	Figure and landscape	1
History	14	Elocution	2
Geography	6	Singing	good
Composition	faulty	Harmony	good
Needlework	3	Piano	good
Dancing	1st on two occasions	Harp	6
		Health	delicate

"*Remarks.*

The *citoyenne* Beauharnais is endowed with the most precious qualities; she is kind-hearted, sensible, and always ready to oblige her companions; she seldom loses her temper; she could do anything if she were only a little less heedless. She spent four days in the infirmary on account of a whitlow on the thumb of her left hand. However, she is less greedy and continues to love her relations with all the affection and admiration of which they are so thoroughly worthy.

Citoyenne CAMPAN, *née* GENEST (directress).

NOTE.—As the lessons do not recommence before the end of *messidor*, no account of the studies and compositions of next *brumaire* will be rendered."

It will be observed in the above report that, although the Montagne de Bon-Air has given place to the original Saint-Germain-en-Laye, so odious to the terrorists as an echo of former "superstitions," the *de* is still omitted before the name of de Beauharnais, while Mme Campan, her pupil, and that pupil's mother, are still styled *citoyennes.* But many of the old institutions and titles, like the *émigrés*, were beginning to turn up again.

When the clergy were once more allowed to officiate in public, Mme Campan was one of the first teachers to beg a priest[1] to come and care for the young souls in her charge; she later presented the parish church of Saint-Germain with vestments and ornaments to replace those stolen during the Reign of Terror, on which occasion there was a grand confirmation and many of her pupils made their First Communion.

Mme Campan wisely engaged the best teachers money could obtain: Grasset taught the violin; Isabey, painting; Langlé, singing; whereas there were two masters, Léger and Thiénon, to give instruction in drawing, there was only one to teach geography, which fact gave rise to the report that Mme Campan paid far too much attention to accomplishments.

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[1] The name of her chaplain was M. Bertrand; he later became tutor to Hortense's sons.

In the summer of 1797, Caroline Bonaparte left the seminary at Saint-Germain in order to be present at the marriage of her sister Pauline with General Leclerc, which was celebrated at Montebello, in Italy, where General Bonaparte was resting after that brilliantly successful Italian campaign. On this occasion the dashing Murat, who was always trying to "better himself," formed a plan for marrying his general's favourite sister, at that time a lively, pretty girl, less handsome than Pauline, perhaps, but very fascinating. Mme Bonaparte noticed that Murat had seemed much taken by the Cinderella of the family; as for the latter, before many months had passed, she had quite lost her heart to the stalwart Southerner.

Caroline's beauty had already attracted Moreau, Augereau, and Lannes; however, as the latter had just been obliged to divorce his wife, he did not count, for the Napoleon of those days considered divorce a very unnecessary evil. Lannes had a lucky escape.

As time went on and Murat said nothing, Mme Bonaparte was kind enough to hint that an offer of marriage in a certain quarter would be favourably received. But Murat was a cautious man and so he preferred to wait a little.

During Mme Bonaparte's absence in Italy, Hortense paid a visit to her paternal grandfather, the vice-admiral marquis de Beauharnais, formerly Governor of the Windward Islands, on which occasion

Mme Campan thought it necessary to send the following letter of advice :—

"21 *frimaire, an VI* (December 11, 1797).

"I do not know, my dear Hortense, if your Mama has returned, and if you have already been able to clasp in your arms that beloved mother and Eugène, whom you love so dearly. If I had thought that I could have possibly met the general (Bonaparte), I would have journeyed up to Paris in order to see the hero of France ; but it was very difficult for me to get away.

"Be sure to have a piano and Mozin,[1] I beg of you, and to draw diligently. Do not forget, my dear Hortense, that you have lost time and that you have only two or three years left to devote to the most interesting thing in your life—your education. M. Bertrand is now giving his geography lesson ; he greatly regrets his dear Hortense, who was making so much progress ; it is the same with all the professors. The ball was extremely melancholy. Adèle[2] is like a shepherd who has lost his shepherdess and will no longer dance with the other village-maidens.

"Give my respects to your grandparents. Aimée Leclerc[3] has an angelic disposition ; she makes progress every day ; I am really vastly pleased with her. . . . The piano, my dear friend, the piano and M. Mozin, or you will have nothing to play when your Mama returns. Write to me, my dear Hortense, and love me as I love you, for I am yours for ever."

The allusion to a ball is explained by the fact that

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[1] A teacher of the pianoforte.

[2] Adèle Auguié, Mme Campan's niece.

[3] A fellow-pupil of Hortense and later the wife of Marshal Davout.

Mme Campan prized the art of dancing so highly that she paid a dancing-master to come down from Paris every Sunday and teach the young ladies the stately minuet which she had seen danced in her youth at the Court of Marie Antoinette.

Hortense and her cousin, Emilie de Beauharnais, were both very pretty girls; Hortense with her blue eyes, graceful shape, and her golden hair, which she then wore in two great plaits hanging down her back, began to win hearts at a very early age. Unfortunately she, like her mother, had rather long and prominent teeth which soon decayed.

Joséphine-Emilie-Louise de Beauharnais, her cousin, was born under an unlucky star, notwithstanding her beauty, which was uncommon, and caused Louis Bonaparte, who paid frequent visits to his sister Caroline on Emilie's account, to say of her when both had left their youth behind them :—

"She was the most beautiful creature I ever saw!"

Emilie first beheld the light of day in 1780; her mother, the daughter of the poetess, Mme Fanny de Beauharnais, never cared for her and in fact treated the little thing with extreme severity, often punishing her most cruelly for some childish fault. During the Reign of Terror, Mme de Beauharnais was arrested at Champy, and imprisoned at Sainte-Pélagie, when she obtained a divorce from her emigrant husband in order to save her head and her fortune, a step not infrequently taken by husbands and wives anxious to cut the marriage-bond. While Mme de Beauharnais was in prison, her little daughter wrote petition after petition to the *Convention* and the *Comité de Salut public* begging them to liberate the mother whom she loved so passionately, but who cared absolutely nothing for her. When released, Mme de Beauharnais returned to her former house in the Chaussée d'Antin, which had been confiscated by the nation, and where she, a Lazarus where she had once been Dives, was now permitted to inhabit a small dwelling, the upper floors being occupied by a very rich and generous Spanish banker with his three little daughters, one of whom, Flavie by name, we have already met. Now Emilie de Beauharnais had a very strict governess, Mlle Coquille, whose rule was no less severe than that of the child's mother; this woman forced Emilie to eat food which she hated, and, when she revolted, made her live upon dry bread. Emilie, although watched so carefully, contrived to make friends with the three little Spaniards, who baptized the termagant "Mlle Coquine," and hated her as much as her pupil did.

The banker, loath to send his little daughters to a big school, begged Mme Campan to allow them to stay with her at Coubertin. So well and happy were they with her that, when the late queen's waiting-woman opened her seminary at Montagne de Bon-Air, he not only entrusted his three daughters to her charge, but he also persuaded the mothers of Hortense and Emilie to send their daughters thither. Now the sister-in-law of the future Mme Bonaparte was thinking of marrying again, and so, as she found little Emilie in the way, she gladly gave her to Mme Campan to be educated when she heard the banker speak thus of his children's governess:—

"You wish your daughter to be well educated; send her and your niece to Mme Campan. *Even if you wanted them to become princesses*, you could not

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Emilie de Beauharnais,
Comtesse de Lavalette.

do better. Who, better than Mme Campan, could accomplish such a feat?"

It was a sad little Emilie who left home to nestle under the wing of kind *Maman* Campan; there was not much love lost between Hortense and Emilie, but Mme Campan tried hard to make the little Emilie's life brighter, and well did she succeed. There was a strange facial resemblance between Eugène de Beauharnais and his cousin, Emilie, which often aroused Hortense's hilarity; history shows that this resemblance extended to their characters.

General Bonaparte was already making ambitious plans for his relatives.

M. Joseph Turquan rightly remarks: "There was not one of his relatives or connections by marriage, both on his own side and on his wife's side, who did not have cause to be grateful to him; and it is only just to observe that he did not wait to help them until he was asked to do so."

At the age of seventeen, Mlle Emilie had many admirers, but no prospect of finding a husband—did not General Bonaparte say of her:—

"As the daughter of an *émigré*, nobody wants her; my wife cannot take her into society. The poor child is worthy of a better fate"?

And the kind-hearted fellow set about finding a husband for the girl whom nobody had wanted when she was a child. Emilie had developed into a very pretty girl; she had a sweet disposition, and Mme Campan had given her a good education.

General Bonaparte soon found somebody who he thought would make a good husband for Emilie. Before starting for Egypt, he paid a visit to Mme

Campan's establishment. Mlle Emilie was summoned to the latter's sanctum; with a beating heart she listened to General Bonaparte.

"I have come," said he, unfolding his plan, "to offer you a gallant fellow, a brave man belonging to my army, Lavalette by name."

Emilie's consternation on hearing that she was expected to marry a man whom she had only seen twice and whose appearance was the reverse of romantic, deprived her of the power of protesting. The rosy daydreams faded away into the ugly grey light of reality. How could she promise to love and be faithful to a man who was still almost a stranger? Surely General Bonaparte's experience must have taught him that love cannot be bought and sold in this manner?

In after years, before Emilie's mind had sunk under its burden of anguish, she said concerning her own child:—

"If I can still influence my daughter's fate, never, never shall she know what it means to marry somebody when one has already bestowed one's affections upon another person. As for me, I was enabled to master my feelings, and I learnt to suffer long ago; but this would be my child's first sorrow—would she be as courageous as I was?"

Grief and astonishment prevented Emilie telling the general the truth; but, indeed, how could she have confessed to the brother of Louis Bonaparte that, during the latter's visits to Caroline, she had formed an attachment for the future king of Holland which she had every reason to believe was returned? General Bonaparte, taking Emilie's silence for consent, left Saint-Germain convinced that he was acting as the girl's guardian angel. Perhaps he was less certain of success with "the gallant fellow."

Mme Junot paints the following portrait of Lavalette in her memoirs :—

"As for Lavalette, he was extremely ugly, *bâti en Bacchus*, short-legged, stumpy; he had a comical face with small eyes and a nose hardly bigger than a pea, but he was very witty and a charming talker."

On the morrow General Bonaparte took Lavalette to the Treasury, where he had to give orders that certain sums of money should be sent to Toulon in preparation for his departure for Egypt; this done, he told the coachman to drive along the boulevards as he wanted to talk to Lavalette at his leisure.

General Bonaparte lost no time beating about the bush, but opened fire at once :—

"I cannot make you commander of a squadron, so I must find you a wife. I want you to marry Emilie de Beauharnais; she is very beautiful, and well educated."

Lavalette, no less taken aback at this news than Emilie had been, and not a little annoyed—for rumour said that he was engaged in a *liaison* about that time—protested :

"But, General, I have only seen her twice in my life. I am penniless, and we are soon going to Egypt, where it is quite possible that I may be killed, and then what would become of my poor widow? . . . Besides, I have no wish to marry."

Now other people's wishes were always a secondary consideration with Napoleon.

"Tut! tut!" quoth he, "people must marry to have children; that is the great aim in life. If you are killed—which is possible—she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp, of a defender of the fatherland; she will have a pension and be able to establish herself advantageously. Now as the daughter of an *émigré* nobody wants her. . . . The matter must be promptly settled. Go and talk to Mme Bonaparte this evening; her mother has already given her consent. The marriage shall take place in a week's time, and I will give you a fortnight in which to be happy. You shall join me at Toulon on the 29th."

Lavalette was not surprised to hear that Mme Bonaparte took a personal interest in Emilie's future; he knew that Hortense's mother did not wish Louis Bonaparte to marry the pretty Emilie; but he could not help laughing while his general was laying down the law in this rather disconcerting fashion.

"Oh! well," said he, "I will do as you wish—but will the young lady accept me? I don't want to force her to marry me."

To which remark, General Bonaparte replied:—

"She is still scarcely more than a child; she begins to find school dull, but she would be miserable in her mother's house. During your absence, she shall go to her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed, and you will come back to her in two years' time. There! the whole affair is settled!"

The meeting between Lavalette and Emilie de Beauharnais, the child whom nobody wanted, must have been painful to both parties. Lavalette afterwards confided to Mme Campan that Emilie was the prettiest girl of the forty pupils present; she received her fiancé's attentions with docility, and gave her consent to the marriage in a sweet, low voice, though *Maman* Campan saw tears glimmering beneath the long lashes of the eyes which had wept so often when she first came to shelter under her second mother's wing. There is little cause to believe the assertion contained in the *Mémoires d'une Inconnue* to the effect that Emilie declared she would never live with her husband. At her request the wedding, which took place a week later at the *mairie* of the 1st *arrondissement* of Paris, 3 *floréal, an VI*, was attended only by near relatives and her kind schoolmistress. Shortly before the wedding she had come up to stay with her mother at no. 70, rue des Mathurins, from whose house on the morrow the young couple proceeded to the convent of the Conception, in the rue Saint-Honoré, where an outlawed priest blessed the marriage. Lavalette had given his consent to this ceremony because the good creature was anxious to please his young wife.

"How grateful I felt for this consolation," wrote Emilie, long afterwards, "and how fervently I prayed Heaven to grant me the strength to conquer myself, and not to make him unhappy."

At the end of a fortnight Emilie discovered that she had actually fallen in love with her plain husband; as for him, he was, or ought to have been, the happiest husband in France.

When Lavalette started to join his general at Toulon, Emilie went, notwithstanding the prayers of her different relations, who, now that she was somebody, discovered they were very fond of her, to reside with her grandfather at Fontainebleau, as General Bonaparte had promised her husband she should do.

The *Armée d'Egypte* had scarcely reached Malta when Lavalette learnt that his bride had fallen ill of small-pox. Vaccination not being included in Mme Campan's terms, poor Emilie's complexion suffered somewhat. In later years Mme Campan was blamed for many of her pupils' faults, and even for the fact that she had not turned ugly misses into belles, or enabled the latter to keep their good looks. "But," says she in self-defence, "I never announced in my prospectuses that my system of education could prevent pretty faces being spoiled by the ravages of time."

However, Mme d'Abrantès assures us that "Emilie was still far too pretty to suit some people. The illness had not injured her fine teeth or her splendid figure; indeed, she recovered nearly all her good looks after a time."

When she was well again, Mme Lavalette had her miniature painted for her husband; Lavalette never received it, however, for it was intercepted by the English.

CHAPTER XI

A prize-giving at Mme Campan's establishment—The First Consul assists at a performance of *Esther*—The prince of Orange creates a sensation by his behaviour—Marriage of Caroline Bonaparte to Murat—Hortense goes to dwell at the Tuileries—Mme Campan nearly incurs the First Consul's displeasure—Charlotte Bonaparte comes to Saint-Germain.

In a letter written by Mme Campan to Hortense, who was staying at Plombières for the benefit of Mme Bonaparte's health, we find an amusing account of a prize-giving at Saint-Germain:—

"*July* 24, 1798.

"It was the most brilliant day in the history of my establishment, my dear Hortense. How you were missed! But when Isabey publicly announced that you had won the first prize for drawing, the applause and delight of your fellow-pupils were the most sincere praise my amiable Hortense could have obtained. Your dear grandmamma vastly enjoyed the spectacle; the prize was confided to her care. The assembly was one of the largest ever seen at Saint-Germain; the illuminated courtyard, the tent, etc., etc., made it look exactly like Tivoli; and the belles who flock in such numbers to that place of amusement, were so gracious as to adorn the entertainment with their charms; for the magnificent Mme Récamier, Mme Pauligni, and Mme Lavalette, the latter charming and attired like an angel, were seen strolling up and down the lawn; finally, as many as thirty equipages were counted in my street. But what was better than all, was the general satisfaction expressed at the education of my young people. Adèle (Auguié) was charming; she unfortunately became rather frightened while playing her sonata, and the eyes of Mme Gueffre (the pianoforte professor) only made matters worse. . . . In short, my dear friend, I fully enjoyed the fruits of my labours, for all Paris praised my establishment."

We can imagine the stern Mme Gueffre—for anybody with such a name must have been so—glaring at poor Adèle from the end of the pianoforte, and making her play wrong notes at every turn.

The year 1799 saw Mme Campan's establishment literally besieged by would-be pupils, coming from all quarters of the globe, even from Martinique and *Calcuta*, as she calls it. Years afterwards, *Maman* Campan used to say with pride:—

"I found myself governess to a nestful of princesses, though I was unaware of the fact. I confess that it was a very good thing for all parties that we did not know it. Perhaps if they had been educated as princesses, flattery would have ruined their characters; whereas they, being brought up with all the other boarders, were given a refined education which fitted them to become good wives and mothers. . . ."

Her success was partly due to the fact that the First Consul openly favoured her, and frequently invited her to La Malmaison after his return from Egypt.

On one occasion when Mme Campan was dining there, the First Consul admired a handsome snuff-box which the late queen's waiting-woman always carried in her pocket, and asked to be allowed to examine it. On finding that it was ornamented with a portrait of Marie Antoinette, the First Consul was silent for a minute, and then returned it to its owner with this remark:—

"You are quite right to keep this portrait. I do not like ungrateful people. It is perfectly natural that you should wish to keep the picture of that charming woman. They wanted to compass her ruin in 1793; whom would they not have ruined? Her birth and titles exasperated them; their hatred was akin to a mania. You would have died for her, I am sure, as you will die with her portrait by your side!"

Again, he gave her the highest praise he could give her when he said that if he was ever tempted to form a Republic of females, he would appoint her First Consul!

But the First Consul's favour caused many of the returned *émigrés* to look upon Mme Campan with disfavour. Luckily she had some valuable partisans in the marquise de Tourzel, the duchesse de Luynes, the maréchale de Beauvau, the princesses de Poix and d'Hénin, the duc de Choiseul, the marquis de Lally, and her first mistresses, *Mesdames*, who always said they were sure Mme Campan would bring up her pupils to love and revere the late king and queen.

On two occasions the First Consul visited the seminary at Saint-Germain, and was so good-natured as to sit through some of those terrible inflictions, amateur theatricals, when Mme Campan's pupils performed the time-honoured tragedy of *Esther*, the title-rôle being played by the future queen of Holland,

and that of Elise being taken by her great friend, Adèle Auguié. The hall was full of the First Consul's suite, Ministers, captains, and other imposing persons. There was also present no less a personage than the prince of Orange,[1] who had come to France in order to interest the First Consul in his cause; but the latter was still too good a Republican to forgive the prince for his conduct during the wars of that Republic. So, although he was well aware that the young man was in the hall, the First Consul purposely ignored his presence, until an unforeseen incident brought forth one of those crushing remarks with which Napoleon was wont to silence importunate persons.

Mme Campan's young ladies had just begun the famous chorus, in which the Israelitish maidens voice their rapture at returning to their native land, and with which the third act of *Esther* closes:—

> "Je reverrai ces campagnes si chères,
> J'irai pleurer au tombeau de mes pères."

Suddenly the music was interrupted by the sound of loud sobbing at the back of the hall. The First Consul, who was seated in a red velvet arm-chair in the place of honour in the front row, turned round to Mme Campan, who was immediately behind him, and asked what was the matter. That lady, thinking to further the exile's cause, replied:—

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[1] *William Frederick*, prince of Orange and Nassau (1772–1843), later king of the Netherlands. After studying at Leyden and travelling for a few years, he entered upon a military career in which he distinguished himself by his courageous but unsuccessful opposition against the French (1793–94). Napoleon deprived him of his possessions in Germany for having refused to join the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806. He fought most bravely at Wagram and Jena. On returning to his native land in 1813 he took the title of sovereign-prince, and in 1815 the allies gave him the title of king of the Netherlands, when he became ruler over Belgium as well as Holland. He was unable to prevent Belgium being wrested from his grasp by the French Revolution of 1830. His marriage to a Belgian lady, the comtesse d'Oultremont, belonging to the Catholic faith, and other unpopular actions forced him to abdicate in 1840, when he went to reside in Berlin, where he died three years later.

"The prince of Orange is present; the verses which have just been sung reminded him very painfully of his own case and his own griefs, and he was unable to restrain his tears."

To which piece of information the First Consul, comfortably settling himself again in his arm-chair, remarked in a cool tone:—

"Oh! is that all? I really need not have turned round in my chair for such a small matter."

Mme Campan was very fond of writing plays for her pupils to act; on such occasions Hortense always shone by her singing and dancing. Among the pieces in which the future queen of Holland appeared were: *La Famille Dawenport*, *La nouvelle Lucile*, *La Vieille de la Cabane*; one of her governess's most successful plays was *Cécilia, ou la Pension de Londres.* Mme Campan showed her esteem for English people by giving many of her characters English names, such as: Milady Dawen, *la mère* Dawson, Mistress Teachum, Lady Hamilton, Lady Arabella Richard, Mrs. Whitfield, Lady Goldenall, Lady Lindsey, Mrs. Morton, Peggy, Betty, Sally, etc. etc.

The young ladies of Saint-Germain had other pleasures besides private theatricals; in the winter there were dances, and in summer picnics in the beautiful forest, and visits to the poor of the neighbourhood, when any pupil who had been particularly industrious during the week was allowed to go and distribute alms. It was the pupils' custom to collect a purse of money and present it to *Maman* Campan on her birthday; this money she always gave to the clergy for the poor of Saint-Germain; during her years of success, the sum frequently amounted to more than a thousand francs.

We have already mentioned the fact that Murat was a cautious man. General Bonaparte's recent successes had shown many people, including Murat, that he was the coming ruler of France. Towards the end of 1799, Murat, remembering Mme Bonaparte's hint, went to see M. Collot, and told him that he had formed an attachment for the First Consul's youngest sister, and that he had reason to believe that he was not indifferent to her. M. Collot recommended Murat to go straight to the First Consul and make a formal proposal for Caroline's hand.

Did Napoleon read Murat's character aright when he at first refused to give his favourite to his aide-de-camp? But Josephine was determined to have her own way; she persuaded the First Consul to hold a family council one evening after dinner at the Petit Luxembourg, the result of which was that Napoleon was driven into a corner, and obliged to give in to his wife's wishes. To hide the fact that he had allowed himself to be influenced by a woman, he said:—

"All things considered, Murat suits my sister; no one will be able to say that I am proud, or that I am anxious to marry my family to grand folk. If I had given my sister in marriage to a noble, all your Jacobins would have screamed that I was a counter-revolutionist. And then I am very glad that my wife has taken such an interest in the marriage. . . ."

When all was settled, the First Consul paid a visit to Caroline's former governess; after informing her of his sister's approaching marriage, he remarked:—

"I don't approve of marriages between children who don't know their own mind; their excitable little brains are influenced by their volcanic imaginations. I had other plans for Caroline—who knows what a grand alliance I might have arranged for her? She is a giddy-brained creature, and does not understand my position. Perhaps a time might have come when sovereigns would have fought for her hand? She is marrying a brave fellow; but that is not sufficient for me in my present position. However, we must let Fate lead us where she will."

Caroline was eighteen and Murat thirty-three at the time of their marriage, which took place on January 20, 1800, at Plailly, near Morfontaine.

After the excesses of the Revolution, as after the Franco-Prussian War, many marriages were celebrated in France, 3315 being performed during the year VIII of the Republic, while 3842 were celebrated in the following year, and—what was far more important to the home life of the nations—divorces became fewer.

The First Consul gave his little sister a dowry of 30,000 francs, a diamond necklace belonging to his wife —a mean gift—and a magnificent trousseau provided by the well-known Demoiselles Lolive, enclosed in a basket lined with yellow corded silk embroidered in black chenille and heavily scented with that delicious perfume, *Peau d'Espagne*. Among the garments, all of which were enveloped in muslin wrappers tied up with pink favours, were twelve dozen chemises made of the finest cambric trimmed with cobweb lace, twelve dozen embroidered handkerchiefs edged with Valenciennes and Malines lace, numberless shoes, stockings, petticoats—everything she could wish for and much more than was necessary for the wife of a soldier, be he ever so brave.

It must be confessed that Cinderella's subsequent career did not do much credit to her governess. "Her manners," said her cousin, Mme Junot, very bitterly, "left much to be desired." When driving out with the future duchesse d'Abrantès, Mme Murat would consume quantities of cakes and grapes without thinking of offering any to her cousin until they were nearly all eaten. People laid the blame of her ill-breeding upon Mme Campan, who, they said, was in the habit of letting her well-connected pupils do exactly as they liked in order that she might be popular with the young misses.

A week after her marriage, Caroline paid a visit to her former schoolfellows. *Maman* Campan wrote: "Her carriage was filled with sweetmeats; this fact, however, had nothing to do with the warm welcome which she received; the sweetmeats, nevertheless, were highly appreciated. . . ."

On February 19, 1800, the First Consul took up his abode at the Tuileries. Hortense now left the pleasant home at Saint-Germain, where she had known nothing but happiness. She was about to enter upon a new career, for "Petite Bonne" would now have to play the part of dutiful stepdaughter to the greatest man in Europe. Years afterwards *Maman* Campan would remind her favourite of the feeling of terror with which the once light-hearted Hortense had entered upon her career as a fashionable *demoiselle à marier* :—

"I love to think of your first and well-founded alarm at the sudden turn in your fortune. . . . Do you remember, Madame, how sad you looked when you said to poor Adèle (Auguié) and to me: 'My step-father is a comet of which we form the tail; we must follow him in blind ignorance as to his destination. Will it be for our happiness? Will it be for our misfortune? . . .' And the impatience of your amiable and tender mother when you did not come down to dinner punctually at La Malmaison, and the First Consul having already entered the dining-room, she went up to your room where you were drawing that fine portrait of the Mameluke Roustan, in order to scold you, and ask whether you expected to earn your living as an artist that you worked so hard? And your wonderfully philosophical reply considering your age: 'Madame, who can tell in these days of unexpected changes whether we shall not have to do so some day?' . . ."

Mme Campan was not without some misgivings as to how her beloved "Petite Bonne" would behave, now that she was living in a palace :—

"So, my good Hortense," wrote she, "you are now inhabiting a very pretty room. Be careful to regulate your daily life; allow me to give you my affectionate advice during your future career. The most important thing is never to show yourself at the windows; have muslin curtains in your room during the winter, and canvas blinds during the summer months: never did the person who formerly lived there allow any young females, in whom she took an interest, to show themselves at the window. The most impudent dandies would come and strut about under your windows, just because they had seen you at a few dances. . . . Do not go often to balls; do not let the public see you too frequently; avoid fast women. . . . *Dieu!* how proud am I! and how my pride awakens prayers, wishes, fears for you! . . . You must also have lessons from Bonesi;[1] the busier you are, the happier you will be! We will speak of books another time. Adieu, my angel."

On February 24, 1800, Mme Campan gave a grand masked ball at which Zoé Talon, the future Mme du Cayla, dressed as an old cake-woman, created quite a *furore* with her lively repartees. The two little Talon girls had been brought to Mme Campan soon after she opened her establishment by the comte de Scépeaux, at that time an officer in La Vendée, begging her to take care of the children, whose father was imprisoned in the Temple and their mother in hiding.

A letter from Mme Campan dated March 7 of this same year gives us a peep into those days of stiff ceremony and company manners, when any attempt to show the natural feelings in company was considered *du plus mauvais ton*:—

"Embrace my dear Caroline (Murat) very tenderly for me," she writes to Hortense; "tell her that, as her former governess, I beg of her not to give visible tokens of affection to her dear husband when she goes to the play with him; she is severely criticized on this point, nay, more! she is blamed. We owe great respect to the public; by acting thus she offends public morality; for if a young wife does not

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[1] A fashionable professor of singing

CAROLINE BONAPARTE,
WITH HER DAUGHTER MARIE.

From a painting by Le Brun.

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behave with reserve towards her husband, another woman may take liberties with her lover—and then what would become of the theatre and other public assemblies? Moreover, all eyes are fixed upon the Bonaparte family, and you are ever before the public. Would you believe that people blame me when my pupils are guilty of small faults? Be sure to tell Caroline that I only give her this advice because I take an interest in her; I shall always look upon you and her as my daughters. . . ."

Mme Campan, knowing that Hortense could neither ask for, nor receive, good advice from her mother—for Josephine was one of those women whose chief object in life is to get on in the world and to be amused—wrote the following letter to her beloved pupil, hoping thereby to save her from imitating her mother's example:—

"*To Mlle Eugénie*[1] *de Beauharnais at the Tuileries.*

"8 *germinal, an* VIII.

"You are now, my dear Hortense, in a social whirlpool, which obliges you to lunch seven days in the *décade* in town and *décadi*[2] and *primidi* at La Malmaison; if this continues you will no longer have time to attend to your studies. You will have to bid farewell to all serious occupations, and be content to hear all Paris say that you have been drawn into the social whirlpool, unless you are brave and strong enough to resist this dangerous whirlpool towards which even your Mama, in her very natural pleasure at having you with her, is drawing you. But take care, my Hortense; those who invite you are not doing so for your good but for their own, because you are the most popular person of the day—a terrifying fact when we think of it, for it means that that favour is only temporary. So say to yourself bravely: 'I will devote my mornings to study, *I will, I will.*' This is how I think you ought to employ your time: You must retire so as to be in bed by midnight; you must rise at 9 o'clock in the morning. You must take a lesson from half-past nine until lunch, or else draw by yourself: this is most important. After lunch another lesson.

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[1] Hortense de Beauharnais was baptized Eugénie-Hortense and for the first years of her life was called Eugénie.

[2] *Décadi* and *primidi*=tenth and first days of the decade in the calendar of the first French Republic.

"*Duodi.*—Hyacinthe Jadin; a drawing lesson on the same day.

"*Tridi.*—Bonesi at the same hour, then draw by yourself if you wish.

"*Quartidi.*—Hyacinthe Jadin, and your drawing-master.

"*Quintidi.*—Bonesi, and draw by yourself.

"*Sestidi.*—Hyacinthe Jadin, and your drawing-master.

"*Septidi.*—Grasset, and your ordinary studies.

"*Octidi.*—Hyacinthe Jadin, and the drawing-master.

"*Nonidi*, *décadi*, and *primidi* will be holidays on account of being in the country.

"By paying your professors punctually every first day of the month you, with your mother's consent, will have the satisfaction of paying regularly, and enjoying the esteem which always belongs to persons who are punctual in their payments. . . ."

In the month of April, Mme Campan found herself in a very disagreeable position, owing to the fact that two of her most intimate friends at Saint-Germain, an old lady of nearly eighty years of age, Mme de l'Hôpital by name, and Dr. Dubreuil, physician to her establishment, were accused of being concerned in a plot against the Government; the doctor was also accused of visiting an ex-prisoner of the Temple, M. Talon, the father of Zoé, one of Mme Campan's cleverest pupils. The First Consul was never a partisan of half-measures; he promptly gave orders for the arrest of Mme Campan's friends. But before being dragged off to prison in Paris, Dr. Dubreuil had time to scribble off a little note to Mme Campan in which he besought her to use her influence with the First Consul.

Mme Campan immediately hurried up to Paris and requested the new proprietor of the Tuileries to grant her an interview.

His first words were far from reassuring.

"So you have come to plead for the inhabitants of Saint-Germain," he remarked curtly; "your Mme de l'Hôpital is an intriguer."

"Excuse me, General," replied his visitor, "people may have reproached her for having been a little flighty in her youth, but at seventy-eight years of age that is all past and gone. She never was an intriguer, no! coquetry was more natural to her. But she is now blind. She entertains a few friends every evening."

Josephine's presence during this interview perhaps softened the First Consul, for he now said:—

"A blind woman of seventy-eight years of age can never be anything but innocent of political crimes. The Minister has been guilty of gross barbarity, unworthy of a Government such as mine! If Fouché had been in league with my enemies, he could not have done better! He must have been crazy to commit such a blunder! I will not allow my authority to be employed for such acts. I desire my authority to be used with reason; a Government should have wide views and generous impulses; what has just happened is worthy of the mistress of a sovereign when she is in a passion. I do not intend matters to be conducted in this manner; a Minister should never display passionate behaviour, because people may be led to think that the chief of the State is governed by his temper. History should never forget anything; what would history say of such a deed? What has the doctor done?"

"He prescribed for M. Talon's child, General, and he has for long been in the habit of visiting his former companion in misfortune—for he and M. Talon were at one time imprisoned together in the Temple."

"It is incredible! A doctor has the right to feel the pulse of my enemy as well as that of my friend without a Minister daring to complain. Abuses compromise authority, and make it unpopular. I am going to have an explanation with the Minister and liberate his victims."

So saying, General Bonaparte rushed to the bell, tugged at it violently, and ordered his servant to fetch Fouché immediately. That astute gentleman got "a good blowing-up," as Mme Campan puts it, with many apologies for using such an unladylike expression. Nevertheless Fouché managed, by bungling and dilatoriness, to keep the so-called conspirators in prison for another twenty-four hours.

Great was Mme de l'Hôpital's delight when she was told that Mme Bonaparte had sent one of her own carriages to take Fouché's victims back to Saint-Germain; she almost forgot the indignity to which she had been subjected, and cried in her joy at the idea of being seen driving through the streets of Saint-Germain in one of the First Consul's carriages:—

"Has Mme Bonaparte sent her beautiful white equipage?"

"Eh! Madame," snapped out Dr. Dubreuil; "what does it matter whether it be white or black so long as it takes us away from here?"

Such is the ingratitude of mankind that Mme Talon, instead of thanking her daughter's governess for obtaining the release of her husband's friend, accused her of trying to backbite her.

Mme Campan's letters to Hortense contain much good advice:—

"Write your letters very carefully," says she; "a letter written by a woman of quality to her milliner may fall into the hands of persons who can guess by its style whether the writer is well-bred or not."

Mme Campan probably had Caroline in her mind when she wrote:—

"A woman who only wishes to please her husband is adorned by her virtues and not by fine clothes; she cares naught for the offensive admiration of strangers. Prudence and modesty become her far more than gold and emeralds; her charming visage is tinged with modesty; her thrift, her desire to please her husband, her affection, her meekness—these are the jewels which enhance her beauty. A virtuous woman considers her husband's wishes as a sacred law; she brings him a valuable dowry, prudence and obedience; for a beautiful soul is preferable to Fortune's deceitful and ephemeral gifts, and to bodily charms which will soon fade. Beauty is ruined by illness, but the beauty of the soul endures as long as life. . . ."

During the spring of 1800 another little Bonaparte came to nestle under Mme Campan's wings. This child was the eldest living daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, who in the previous year had lost his wife, the tenderly loved Christine Boyer, on which occasion Josephine had dared to assert that Lucien had poisoned his wife, whereas she had really died of consumption. At the time of her marriage, Christine had neither been able to read nor write; but so determined was she not to disgrace her husband by her ignorance, that she set to work to educate herself, and succeeded so well that at the end of a few months she could write quite a good hand. Her letters are better than if they had been written by a clever woman—for they show her to have been a charming and affectionate wife and mother.

Napoleon had never forgiven Lucien for marrying without his consent; however, on hearing of Christine's death, the First Consul wrote to the widower: "You have lost an excellent wife. *A good wife has a good influence over her husband.* I hope I may never need the courage which you now require in order to be able to bear such a misfortune."

Christine, who was two years older than her husband, had borne him four children, only two of whom had lived any time, Christine Charlotte, born 1795, and Christine Egypta, born 1798.

Lucien buried his dear Christine in the grounds of his property at Plessis-Chamant, with the following inscription on her tomb:—

"Lover,[1] wife, and mother without reproach."

On hearing of her daughter-in-law's death, *Madame Mère* hastened down to Plessis-Chamant, where Elisa (Mme Baciocchi), of whom Joseph Bonaparte said that "she, of all the Bonapartes, most resembled Napoleon in all respects," had helped to smooth the dying woman's pillow. Lucien wrote years after this event: "I was alone with my two little daughters. My sister Elisa acted the part of a mother to them at the time of the catastrophe. It was therefore my two little daughters and this dearly-loved sister who first consoled me in my cruel loss. We wept together over the tomb which I erected to Christine's memory in a lonely, sheltered corner of my park. Elisa loved tending the little garden round the grave of the woman whom I had cherished so fondly, and who so thoroughly deserved my affection, almost as much as I did. When Christine lay dying in my arms and those of our sister Elisa, she expressed a hope that her two little daughters, Charlotte and Egypta, would not want for a mother's care; whereupon Elisa promised to tend them, which sacred promise she kept for four years."

Mme Bonaparte at first had the eldest child, Charlotte, or Lolotte, as the motherless lamb called herself, to stay with her at the Tuileries; but after a few months had elapsed, Josephine took her niece to Mme Campan, and begged her to attend to Lolotte's much-neglected education. Now *Maman* Campan was always extremely successful with very young children; she explains her secret in her work, *De l'Education*:—

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[1] The word lover (*amante*) was afterwards erased and friend (*amie*) inserted in its place.

"While I was at Saint-Germain a little maid of five years of age was brought to me; she seemed languid and morose. I immediately took her on my lap, laid her head on my breast, and kissed her, whereupon she smiled up into my face and began to shed tears of joy; she soon became quite happy and sweet-tempered. I had another little pupil of ten years of age who had had an attack of paralysis in one of her arms. I went to see her every day in the infirmary, when she would stare at me out of her big black eyes. A remark from the nurse gave me to understand that she thought the child was merely feigning illness; it is commonly believed that this malady only attacks elderly people. I took the poor child into my room and put her into my own bed. I was not mistaken; the little creature, who was very intelligent, had been accused by the nurses of feigning indisposition, this injustice had so chagrined her that the doctors' drugs had had no effect upon her. That child is now the comtesse de Nicolaï. . . ."

Before Lolotte had been many weeks with *Maman* Campan, that lady wrote to Mme Bonaparte:—

"Lolotte is already quite a different child; she speaks more quietly, is more attentive to her book. I make her lessons very short, for it is a difficult matter to fix a little child's attention for ten minutes at a time. I prefer to give her two lessons a day. I do the same for the piano. . . ."

Poor baby! we can imagine how the child

must have hated those black and white notes, which to her little ears and eyes must have sounded and looked so provokingly alike.

But *Maman* Campan was patient and the pupil obedient, and soon they were able to play little duets together. In another letter, written just before the holidays, *Maman* Campan wrote :—

"Lolotte changes for the better every day; I am correcting all her little faults. She is a pretty child and has good qualities. Let me hear if the First Consul has noticed any improvement in her."

Great must have been Mme Campan's dismay when Lolotte, on returning to Saint-Germain after the holidays, handed her the following letter written by the wife of the First Consul :—

"*To Madame Campan, at Saint-Germain.*

"In sending back my niece, my dear Mme Campan, I beg you to allow me both to thank and to blame you. I thank you for your kind care of her, for the brilliant education which you are giving to this child. But I blame you for the faults which you in your sagacity have noticed in her, but which you in your indulgence have tolerated. This little girl is gentle but unaffectionate; she is clever for her years but disdainful; witty but tactless; nobody loves her, but she does not care. She thinks that her uncle's reputation and her father's valour are everything. Be very severe, very strict with her; let her see that such things are worthless. We live at a time when everybody has to work out his or her own fate; it is only the most amiable and the most useful members of society who can hope to be chosen by the State to serve it and enjoy a few favours and advantages. Thus and thus only can the fortunate hope to silence the envious. That, my dear Mme Campan, is what you ought to have taught my niece, and that is what you should never cease to repeat to her in my name. I wish her to treat as her equals all her schoolfellows, most of whom are better or as good as herself, and who do not lack for parents more clever and more lucky than her own."

This last remark is very unkind; but then Josephine hated Lucien with all the force of her Creole nature. She forgot that she was writing of a little motherless child, still scarcely more than a baby. She had detested Lolotte's mother even more. On the rare and painful occasions when Mme Bonaparte had visited her sister-in-law, she had treated Christine as her inferior, almost as a menial, making her hostess follow her about in her own house "like a dog trotting after its master," as Mme d'Abrantès puts it, "and taking the seat of honour."

During the summer of 1800 the monotony of school-life at Saint-Germain was again pleasantly varied by a courtship, in this case more romantic than that of Emilie de Beauharnais by Lavalette. One of Mme Campan's pupils, Clémentine de Manherbes, the daughter of a returned *émigré*, received while still at school a proposal of marriage from a M. de Vérigni, who, with *Maman* Campan's consent, became her accepted fiancé and was allowed to pay her periodical visits, when the young couple sat on two chairs in the governess's sanctum and made love under the watchful eye of that lady. In an amusing letter to Hortense, Mme Campan depicts the behaviour suitable to prospective brides:—

"One can see that little Clémentine is deeply in love with her fiancé; but she is so ashamed of the fact, that she positively looks like a criminal. When people congratulate her upon her marriage, which takes place next *décadi*, she covers her face with her hands and sinks her head on her breast. I disapprove of such extreme timidity; such a ridiculous shame of the consequences of marriage is almost unseemly. In this case a calm, decent, dignified deportment appears to me to be much more suitable. . . ."

CHAPTER XII

A fashionable boarding-school in the beginning of the nineteenth century —Anglomania and the *anges gardiens* — Mme Campan gives Hortense de Beauharnais good advice concerning the choice of a husband—Two more members of the de Beauharnais family come to Saint-Germain—One of Mme Campan's former pupils incurs the First Consul's displeasure—The young ladies fête the signing of the Treaty of Lunéville—Peace is concluded with England—Hortense is betrothed to Louis Bonaparte—General Bonaparte finds a wife for General Davout—Félicité Fodoas becomes Mme Savary.

One of Mme Campan's favourite sayings was that "a good education is a fortune in itself," and she prided herself upon giving her pupils the very best education which money could obtain. She was particular as to the food given to the young ladies, whose meals she always shared; one consequence of this habit was an increase in the expenses of the establishment. In her work, *De l'Education*, she gives a deplorable picture of the privations endured by children at public-schools a century ago.

"The schools where children are well fed are all too few; they sometimes do not get enough to eat. It is shameful to hear complaints about such an extremely important matter. We frequently hear of pupils bursting into complaints at the sight of the revolting food placed before them, rebelling in their refectories and becoming riotous for a reason considered of no importance by their masters. . . ."

She condemns the practice of children paying the servants to buy them food outside the school:—

"The servants, whose sole desire is to cheat the pupils, always choose unsuitable food; these clandestine feasts consumed out of meal-time only ruin the children's health. . . ."

Mme Campan's establishment was considered expensive in those days, when day-schools were almost unknown in France. In the above-mentioned work she gives her compatriots some interesting details concerning the numerous boarding-schools which then existed in England and America.

"There are many schools in England," says she, "where the scholars pay from one hundred to one hundred and fifty guineas a year. The holidays last six weeks, and at the beginning of every new school-year the parents pay an extra sum of six guineas for the servants' wages."

Maman Campan could speak with authority upon that vexed question, the merits and demerits of *les anges gardiens.* Although she disapproved of English nurses she recognized the necessity of engaging English governesses to teach their own language to her pupils. But it is somewhat surprising to learn that already at the end of the eighteenth century many *snobettes* in Paris had adopted the fashion of having English nurses for their children. "I allow," says she, "that the pronunciation and the idioms of the two languages can be learnt more easily in childhood. . . . However, an English nurse may also inculcate many false ideas into her charge's mind. If the mother does not understand the language the nurse, unless constantly watched, will as freely indulge in faults and go her own way as obstinately as any French servant; and, like the latter, she will put your little ones to sleep by telling them stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, will not fail to make them afraid of mice and spiders, and will instil into their little minds those ideas which are so tenacious and always prevent the development of the reasoning powers. . . ."

She had a very high opinion of Maria Edgeworth's works, and said "everything by her which has been translated is good." She recommended many English customs; however, there was one fashion which scandalized her and which she says she shall take good care not to imitate. "As dancing is forbidden on Sunday by the Anglican Church, the directors of the London boys' schools, in order to finish the week well, send their pupils to spend Saturday afternoon at the girls' schools; but *the great boys* (in English) and *the young misses in England* (in English) remain children three or four years longer than the children of our country owing to the climate and the habits of the people; we in France could not run the risk of allowing such assemblies!"

We doubt very much whether Mme Campan approved of Rousseau's advice to mothers to bathe their children daily in ice-cold water in winter. But she certainly did approve of his protest against the custom of winding babes up in nine yards of linen and flannel so that they looked like mummies. "This custom," says she, "enables the nurse to get rid of her charge by hanging it up to a hook. The best way to accustom an infant to use its limbs is to lay it on a rug or on a lawn; it will immediately try to turn itself over on its stomach and then it will begin to crawl on all fours like a little quadruped; later it will learn to raise itself on its feet, balance itself against some object, and then make a few steps without any other support than its mother's hands."

She tells us that at one time it was the fashion to dress little girls like little boys—a fashion still seen at some French bathing-places—and she recommends both sexes being allowed to play and learn together until the age of seven years.

"Young or old," wrote she in one of her most touching chapters, "we women can never behold an infant in swaddling-clothes without experiencing a feeling which no man can quite understand. . . . The intelligence of a one-year old child develops so rapidly that, although it is condemned to silence, it passes a great part of its time in noticing people and things. Look at the little creature, how, at six months, it recognizes its mother and its nurse, and soon after points to its father. When it cries, it is fed; it smiles, it kicks its little feet about in the air with delight. At other times when it cries, it is taken out of doors; it breathes the fresh air of the garden; and the smile which takes the place of the tears tells you: 'That is just what I wanted!'"

Maman Campan could be very strict on occasion in consequence of having seen a little girl of five years of age, the only child of her parents, die because she had refused to drink the physic which might have saved her life: "Prayers, promises, bribes were all tried in vain: she always pushed the cup away. Since then I have ever accustomed my pupils to drink bitter physic from time to time." She made a special point of teaching kindness to animals, and never ceased to protest against children being allowed to see domestic creatures killed for eating.

All her pupils were taught to put their toys away when they had done playing with them. "The child who has drawn the same coach up and down his mother's garden a whole winter long is as happy as he whose cupboards are bursting with toys; by making him put his little coach in its stable every night he will learn to be tidy. . . . Dolls are as necessary to little girls as tin soldiers to their brothers. As soon as a little girl can toddle, if she has no doll of her own she will nurse a bundle of rags. By the effect of an admirable instinct, a veritable blessing of Providence, you will see her *rêver le nom de mère en berçant sa poupée.*"

Of foreign governesses in general Mme Campan speaks not unkindly. "Foreigners are at first disagreeable and hard to please; I know this, because I had several in my house. But we must forgive them, for they feel strange and as if they had been uprooted. I think they are usually less docile than French women. At Saint-Germain I always imagined they looked like full-fledged birds which had been imprisoned in an aviary; so I let them hop about as they pleased, only requiring them to conform to the rules of the establishment. I treated them so gently and so kindly that they soon became tame. One and all remained friends with me."

With all these luxuries and modern innovations, Mme Campan was obliged to limit her own expenses, and in her letters to Hortense she frequently expresses a wish that she could afford to buy herself a carriage in which to drive up to Paris. At last in the autumn of 1800 she was able to scrape together the necessary sum, whereupon she wrote in great glee:—

"I am going to try to find a *demi-fortune*[1] which, by hiring one horse, will carry me wherever I want to go."

She used this carriage when she paid those visits to La Malmaison which gave so much pleasure to both governess and pupil. On one of these visits Hortense took *Maman* Campan into her own boudoir and confided to her kind old friend that her mother and stepfather were anxious to find her a husband. She had already had two or three proposals. Mme Bonaparte, after trying to make up a match between her daughter and Jérôme Bonaparte, who was still scarcely more than a schoolboy, had thought of her enemy Lucien as a possible husband, so little did she really care for her daughter; however, Lucien had other plans. M. Rewbell, the son of the president of the Directoire, and the comte de Mun, an elderly and wealthy returned *émigré*, had then offered themselves; one and all had met with no success, either because the First Consul or the young lady herself did not look with favour upon the suitor. The fact of the matter was that poor little Hortense had lost her heart to Duroc, and the affair had got so far that they were on writing terms with one another—which means a great deal in France.

On returning to Saint-Germain, Mme Campan wrote the following letter of advice, that advice of which poor Hortense all her life craved but never followed:—

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[1] A *demi-fortune* is a four-wheeled, one-horse carriage.

"*To Mlle de Beauharnais at La Malmaison.*

"24 *fructidor, an* VIII (*September* 11, 1800).

"My thoughts have been constantly with you since my last visit to La Malmaison, my dear, good Hortense; this you can easily believe when you remember the affection which I have sworn to bestow upon you as long as you live. You are in an embarrassing position. It is the duty of every sensible girl to avoid choosing a husband for herself and to reserve to herself the sole right of refusing the suitor supposing the person chosen by her parents does not please her, or she feels she cannot love him. You have exercised this right in a similar circumstance, although my opinion was favourable to M. ——[1] on account of his wit, his rank, his fortune, and his affection for you; I respected your refusal and ceased to endeavour to persuade you to change your mind. It is so important for you, for your Mama's happiness, that you should follow the First Consul's advice; so obey his wishes, for you would surely be blamed if the public ever learnt that you had not complied with his wishes. You had nothing to do with the strange Fate which, after having brought about the union of your Mama with General Bonaparte, has now placed you, with a rapidity which only belongs to periods of revolution, in the front ranks of the State. Be on your guard against the passion which you have inspired; try not to return it; if you feel disposed to accord any preference to the young man of whom you spoke, remember that perhaps it would be better for him if you did not share his passion. Do not read novels; and, above all things, do not imagine that you have inspired a romantic affection: genuine happiness lies very far away from such catastrophes. General Bonaparte spoke very sensibly the other day when he said: 'All these young heads fancy they are in love!' . . . The First Consul loves you as if you were his own child. Think how kind he has been to you; remember his rights as a stepfather; realize his present position. Would you like some advice from the person who loves you best on earth? Be brave and speak to him. Tell him that your heart is free and that you desire to comply with his wishes for your establishment. . . . Do not go and ruin your life. The misfortunes which we bring upon ourselves are the only unbearable ones; because when we begin to reason with ourselves, we see how mistaken we were, because passion makes us weak, whereas reason supports us. . . . Adieu, my good Hortense, I pray God that you may make a good choice. Unfortunately we are taught in our youth to draw and sing, but experience alone can teach us how to perceive, appreciate, and choose the better part. . . ."

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[1] Evidently M. de Mun.

As if she felt that she had not said enough to her beloved "Petite Bonne," Mme Campan writes soon afterwards:—

"The illusion of love soon passes, but the chain remains. The gentleman appears in his true colours —it is not his fault; *he* has not changed; we blame him unjustly, whereas we should blame ourselves for our own blindness, our own foolish imagination. . . ."

Mme Campan found that Mlle Hortense de

Beauharnais was a good advertisement for her school; demands for admission flowed in at the beginning of every new term. That she did not accept all the pupils who wanted to share the studies of the young Bonapartes, de Beauharnais, and many young *aristocrates*, we learn from the following extract:—

"If I see Madame la ci-devant marquise de —— giggling in a corner with her lover, I consider her no better than the Belle Clotilde[1] whose child I would not admit among my pupils, whereas I consented to receive the daughter of an honest farmer."

For this so-called act of arrogance Mme Campan was much blamed.

She now had under her care several pupils whose relatives had already won, or were about to win, fame for themselves; among these were: Anna Leblond, who later married a brother of poor General Duphot; Sophie de Marbois (later duchesse de Plaisance), General Clarke's little girl; and Eliza de Lally (later Mme d'Aux), a granddaughter of the unhappy Thomas Arthur, count of Lally and baron of Tollendal, and daughter of the author of *Strafford*, for whose literary talents Mme Campan expressed the greatest admiration, even going so far as to call his style perfect. Of Eliza's grandfather she said:—

"M. de Lally's father was decapitated for his despotism while Governor of Pondicherry, but was rehabilitated after his death—which is very satisfactory for the children but does not replace the father's head on his shoulders."

Towards the end of 1800 another motherless child, Stéphanie, the daughter of Claude II de

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[1] A fashionable dancer of the time.

Beauharnais, and granddaughter of Fanny de Beauharnais, the poetaster, came to be educated at Mme Campan's Seminary. Stéphanie's mother, *née* Mlle de Lezay-Marnésia, had died after giving birth to this little daughter, August 28, 1789, and her father soon married again. However, the little girl was so terribly neglected by her stepmother that an English lady took pity upon her and persuaded M. de Beauharnais to let her place Stéphanie at a convent-school in Montauban, where she soon won all hearts. Shortly after the battle of Marengo Mme Bonaparte was showing her husband some stilted verses written in his honour by Mme Fanny de Beauharnais, when she happened to mention the little motherless Stéphanie. When Napoleon, who loved little children, asked where she was, Josephine replied :—

" Her father has neglected her shamefully. Her grandmother is far too occupied writing poetry to waste her time over her little granddaughter. However, an English lady has taken pity upon her and sent her to a convent-school."

On hearing this, General Bonaparte loudly reproached his wife for not having told him before.

" How could you allow such a thing ? " cried he ; " how could you permit a member of your own family to be supported by a foreigner, an Englishwoman, and therefore our enemy at present ? Are you not afraid that your memory will suffer for this negligence some day ? "

The First Consul immediately dispatched a messenger to the convent with orders that the little girl was to be sent to him. However, as General Bonaparte had omitted to ask the father's consent, the good nuns, delighted to have an excuse for keeping the child away from such a godless place as Republican Paris, refused to let her go. General Bonaparte then obtained M. de Beauharnais' permission to take away his child, and dispatched another messenger in the person of M. de Lezay-Marnésia, Stéphanie's uncle. To that gentleman's astonishment, when he told the child that he had come to take her to her cousin, who lived in a very beautiful palace and would buy up all the toyshops in Paris if she asked her to do so, Stéphanie burst into tears and refused to leave her kind friends, the nuns. But a little girl's wishes count for naught. . . .

The First Consul immediately lost his heart to the delicate, fair-haired, blue-eyed Stéphanie, so unlike the bouncing, rather coarse Bonapartes ; he welcomed her to the Tuileries, taking the motherless child in his arms and kissing her on both cheeks ; before Stéphanie had been many hours in the palace, she had forgotten her kind friends at Montauban as completely as if they had never existed.

As for Cousin Josephine, she ransacked all the toyshops in the capital, spent fabulous sums on dolls, pretty clothes, and jewels for the little girl whose delicate features and refined manners had captivated her ; but at the same time she ordered a school outfit —for Mme Bonaparte neither had the time nor the inclination to turn schoolma'am. So when the outfit was ready, Stéphanie was told that she was quite rested from the fatigues of the journey, that no more time must be lost, and then she was packed off to *Maman* Campan, who had brought up Cousin Hortense so successfully.

Stéphanie de Beauharnais.

From a painting by Gérard.

One of Mme Campan's first tasks was to undo the harm caused by the First Consul's scandalous habit of spoiling children. She found the child thoughtless, vain, and passionately fond of pretty clothes and jewels. But Mme Campan herself was very partial to pretty things, for she wrote to Hortense, December 29, 1800:—

"Old Mlle Bertin to-day showed me a most original apron with a fichu attached which quite turned my head as well as the heads of all the young ladies; although it is trimmed all round with Valenciennes lace, the price is only five *louis*; it is the first of its sort. Ask to see it and explain that you will return it if it does not suit you. She will not sell it until you have inspected it. . . ."

About this time another Stéphanie, Mlle Stéphanie Tascher de La Pagerie, Josephine's cousin and god-daughter, was entrusted to the care of *Maman* Campan; as this little Stéphanie was in very delicate health, the directress of Saint-Germain had to act the part of mother and nurse rather than that of governess.

Mme Campan's pupils were mostly tractable and good-natured little creatures; she tells us, however, of one young miss, aged fifteen, whose airs and graces threatened to ruin her prospects in life; to her she addressed the following lecture:—

"You are handsome, *Mademoiselle*, I will even say that you are very handsome, and I wish to be the first person to pay you this agreeable compliment, because I desire to add that your beauty will soon be a thing of the past. For human life is so brief that beauty fades as quickly as the rose which we see withered at night and wish we had gathered in the morning.

You are handsome, I repeat, but I can say with equal truth that you are silly, vain, rough, ignorant, and rather heartless; so that all these faults, far from passing away with time like the fresh colour in your pretty face, will only increase and make you and those who live with you unhappy when not a single pleasing feature is to be found in your physiognomy."

Some of Mme Campan's pupils were already out in the world where the returned *émigrés* were about to bestow upon them the title of *les cuisinières de Bonaparte.* It must be confessed that Mme Moreau, who, as Eugénie Hulot, had enjoyed the immense advantage of having Marie Antoinette's virtues held up to her for admiration, did not reflect much credit upon her former governess. Mme Moreau's mother, Mme Hulot, was a particularly unpleasant specimen of a French matron: narrow-minded, proud, jealous, fond of gossip and scandal, and a bully into the bargain, as her son-in-law found to his cost before he had been married many months. At first Moreau tried to resist her iron rule, but Mme Hulot well knew that constant dropping will wear away the hardest stone, and by repeated doses of nagging she reduced her son-in-law to limp submission. Napoleon called her a martinet, and said that she and her daughter were Moreau's bad angels, that they encouraged him to do wrong, and that they were responsible for his faults.

When Mme Moreau heard in December 1800 of the victory of Hohenlinden which France owed to her husband, she hurried off to the Tuileries and requested an audience of Mme Bonaparte. However, neither on this occasion nor on a subsequent visit was that lady visible. Mme Moreau called yet a third time, taking care to bring her mama with her. But the two termagants had no more success than the one had had. After waiting some time in a cold anteroom, the ladies gathered up their skirts and departed, Mme Hulot taking care to remark in a loud voice as she left the palace that "the wife of the victor of Hohenlinden ought not to have been kept waiting like that—the Directors would have treated her more politely."

Now General Bonaparte hated nothing more than to hear people regret the "good old days" of the *ancien régime*, the Revolution or the Directoire, as the case might be. On Mme Hulot's remark being repeated to him, he could not restrain his wrath.

"What?" cried he, "does Mme Hulot regret the good old days of the Directoire just because the head of the State has no time to spare from his important task to gossip with old women?"

Mme Campan's birthday in 1801 reminded her that her favourite Hortense was no longer under her wing. On that occasion she wrote:—

"I could not help thinking of how my Hortense and her good Eugène once brought me an orange-tree on my birthday. Your fate was very different then to what it is now, but I loved you dearly and you would have found me the tenderest of mothers had you ever lacked one. Those children who cannot pay for their schooling are just as dear to me as their fellow-pupils; I do not forbid them to collect a little present for me on my birthday, because I do not wish to wound their feelings and because I do not wish the rich pupils to humiliate their poorer companions."

In February 1801 Mme Campan learnt that the

Treaty of Lunéville had been signed by the French Republic and Austria, whereby the Rhine was made France's natural boundary, Austria received the Venetian States, and the German ecclesiastical States were secularized and given to various German princes in order to indemnify them for their losses. To celebrate this great event *Maman* Campan gave her pupils a whole holiday and bespoke twelve dozen tartlets for dinner—which shows that such delicacies were not as common in young ladies' schools as they are nowadays. Upon hearing this good news, "Lolotte Bonaparte jumped for joy for a whole quarter of an hour." The holiday concluded with a little play in which "Lolotte had a small part which she acted vastly well; but neither she nor the little Isabey[1] could ever remember their cue. In order to prevent any mishap, I made two big girls hold them by the hand and told them to pinch the little fingers of Lolotte and the little Isabey whenever it was their turn to speak, and so everything passed off very well. I really think I should have made a first-rate dancing-mistress for little dogs. . . ."

In this same year Mme Campan's only child, Henri, stepped out into the great world to earn his living. From the time she set up her establishment at Montagne de Bon-Air, she never mentions her husband in her writings or letters. She hinted that her marriage had not been a success; however, the only child of that union was never anything but a source of the greatest happiness to her. Her letters to him are very simple, very beautiful; one, written soon after the fledgling had left the nest, is worth quoting:—

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[1] The daughter of Isabey, the celebrated *miniaturiste.*

"14 *fructidor*, *an IX*.

"*Ami chéri!* why am I not a man now that my only child is obliged to step forth on that road along which every member of his sex has to travel? Why cannot I follow him, guide him, walk by his side, encourage him by my lessons—and above all by my example, teach him to love work? To do this would be to enjoy life for a second time; but alas! when once the baby-clothes are folded and laid away, when once the toddling feet have learnt to walk alone, your mother, like all other mothers, must be content to advise. May my counsel prove useful to you, my Henri! May I, like my sister, hear myself praised for my son's behaviour! Oh! what a happy day it will be for me when this general chorus of applause strikes upon my ear! Then and then only shall I be able to cry from the bottom of my heart: 'I have lived long enough!' I shall then begin a new existence enjoying your success and your happiness. Everything depends upon wishing to do well: that and that alone will lead you anywhere. . . . I stand on the bank of a rapid river and watch my dear pilgrim set sail, and I cry to him: 'Furl thy sails, grasp thine oars!'"

Henri's first post was in a business house in Marseilles; here he began by being very unhappy and inclined to shirk his work; however, he soon grew accustomed to the routine, and eventually took pride and interest in his profession.

With Mme Campan's ever-increasing popularity—would-be pupils had frequently to wait several months before a vacancy permitted them to enter the much-praised Seminary—all sorts of rumours concerning her extravagance began to be circulated in Paris. General Boubers had been trying for two months to get his little daughter admitted, when he was informed by a gentleman of the name of Georges that he had been obliged to remove his two daughters from Mme Campan's establishment because he found that they were expected to spend one thousand *écus* (£120) a year on their toilet. General Boubers having repeated this piece of information to the lady in question, she indignantly retorted that she had never had any pupils of the name of Georges under her care, and that the whole story was a vile invention fabricated by some jealous Parisian schoolmistresses who were afraid that, now that the Peace with England was about to be signed,[1] "the English *milords* would take their daughters to learn of the confidante of the unfortunate French queen."

All France hailed the news that the Peace with England was about to be signed with delight. To many of *Maman* Campan's children this event meant a joyful meeting with some long-absent relative, a beloved father or brother.

Mme Campan describes the scene enacted at Saint-Germain when the news was received:—

"What an event! and how it crowns Bonaparte's exploits! Nothing is more beautiful, nothing can be grander, than the spectacle of a warrior who has vanquished nearly the whole of the universe laying down his arms to grasp the olive branch. . . . How children realize the grandeur of such a deed, although the childish lips can scarcely express their sensations, and although the lack of words or timidity prevents them voicing their feelings! One of my pupils cried, with tears streaming down her cheeks: 'My brother is coming home!' Another exclaimed: 'My father will not be obliged to join the army now!' Félicité Fodoas said: 'My mother will no longer feel the pinch of poverty.' . . . We women can neither be politicians nor warriors. Woe to empires when women interfere with the affairs of the State! . . . You know how I love to see my pupils patriotic. The day after receiving the news of the Peace, the entire garden was illuminated; there was a ball in the big rotunda, charming fireworks and creams and tartlets for supper. In order that the pupils might be perfectly at their ease, and that the door should be shut on calumny, I invited nobody—not even my old friends. The girls were all dressed in white; the brightly lighted garden was full of the happy little souls. It was really an enchanting sight. . . ."

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[1] The preliminary articles of that Peace were signed October 1, 1801.

In consequence of various reports furnished by visitors to La Malmaison and the Tuileries, Mme Campan wrote the following letter to "Petite Bonne," who, alas! was about to commit the greatest mistake of her life, and marry a man totally unfitted for her:—

"I can no longer keep silent, my dear Hortense. Owing to certain hints dropped by your Mama, and also to my own observations, I fancy you are about to form a connection of which all Europe will approve. . . . I saw that there was a coolness between you and the *citoyen* Louis, which had made me renounce a long-cherished desire. I had noticed that you both possessed certain tastes which, when shared in common, assure a happy married life to their owners;

you suit each other, and you would not be dull together in the quietest retreat if your tastes or necessity forced you to retire from the world. You will be the link between two families which should form but one, and which are both dear to France. I therefore predict that you will love each other very dearly and for ever, because the sentiment which springs from conviction is the only lasting one. . . . You know that I have always liked M. Louis. You blamed him once for being a woman-hater; the First Consul, who knows how to find remedies for all the evils under the sun, has in his wisdom chosen the only woman who can cure his brother of this failing. You will be a happy wife, my dear angel; one does not need to be a witch to predict this, but I tell it to you as your dearest friend, who, for more than three years, has had but one wish. Three years ago Colonel Louis said a very strange thing to me one day while you were eating your modest school-fare by my side, and it made me think that he shared my wish. I have not seen the *citoyen* Louis very often, but I know him quite well enough to see that it would be a very difficult matter to find him a suitable wife. *You* are the wife I would order for him if such articles could be bespoken. . . ."

"Louis Bonaparte," says Bourrienne in his *Memoirs*, "allowed other people to choose a wife for him. Hortense had hitherto avoided him on every occasion; her indifference towards him was no less marked than his towards her. These feelings of indifference endured until the end of the chapter."

Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte, however, affirm that their brother Louis was deeply in love with

Josephine's pretty daughter. Louis was always a shy, nervous man, afraid or ashamed of showing his feelings, so perhaps they were right. Be this as it may, Napoleon, having chosen a wife for his brother, clenched the matter by hurrying up the marriage. It was in this same month of October 1801 that the First Consul determined to send his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, for whose miserably unhappy marriage he was partly responsible, on an expedition to San Domingo.

Mlle Ducrest gives, in the following words, an amusing account of how Napoleon brought about another of those lightning marriages which frequently ended in disaster :—

" Bonaparte wished to confide the command of the troops to his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, who had married Pauline Bonaparte. He sent for him to come to his study, and told him his intentions. General Leclerc said :—

" ' I should be happy to serve France again ; but, General, a sacred duty keeps me here.'

" ' Your love for Pauletta ? She shall accompany you, it will do her good. The air of Paris is bad for her ; it is impregnated with coquetry of which she has no need, so she shall go with you. That matter is settled.'

" ' I should be very sorry to have to leave her, but that is not sufficient reason for me to refuse an honourable post. My wife, should she remain here, would be with her affectionate relations. So I should have no anxiety on her account ; but it is for my good sister's sake that I am obliged to decline what would give me the greatest pleasure on any other occasion.

She is young and pretty; her education is not yet completed. I have no dowry to give her. Ought I to leave her without any support, when my absence may be prolonged, unending? My brothers are absent, so I must remain here. I refer the matter to you, you who love your family so dearly—General, *can* I act otherwise?'

"'No, certainly not. We must find a husband for her without more ado—to-morrow, for instance, and then you can start immediately.'

"'But I repeat, I have no fortune and——'

"'Well? am I not here? Go and make your preparations, *mon cher*. Your sister shall be married to-morrow—I don't yet know to whom, but that doesn't matter; she shall be married, and well married, too.'

"'But——'

"'I think I have spoken clearly, so don't make any remarks.'

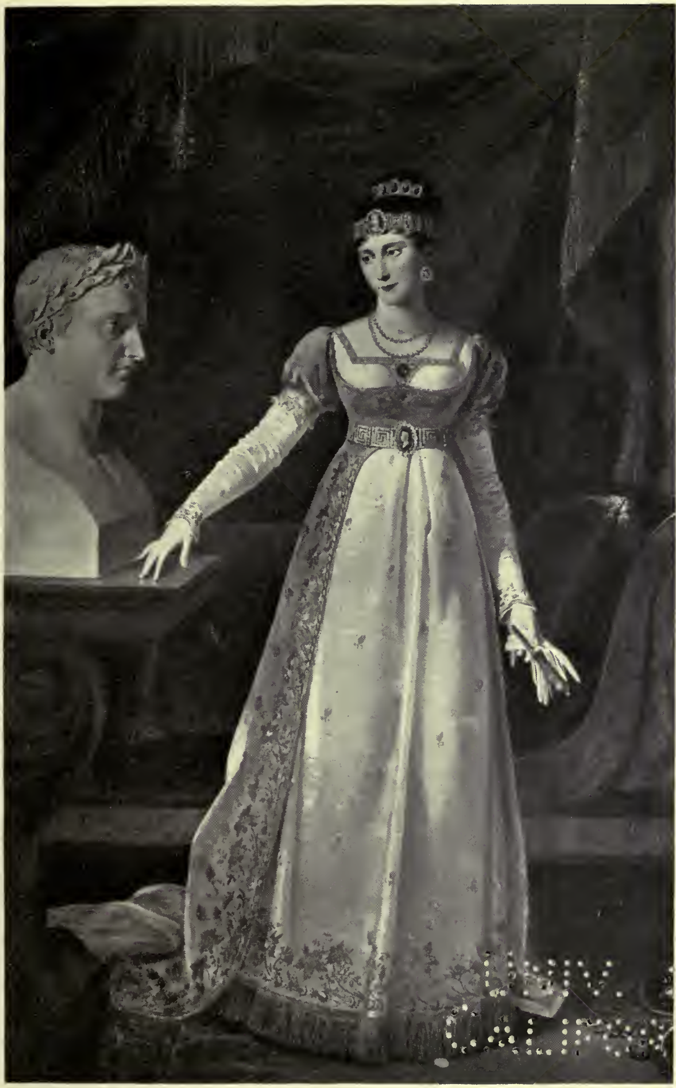
"General Leclerc, accustomed like all the other generals to consider as his master him who, but a short time before, had been his equal, left the room without another word.

"A few minutes later, General Davout entered the First Consul's study, and told him that he had come to inform him of the fact that he was about to be married.

"'To Mlle Leclerc? I think it a very suitable match.'

"'No, General, to Mme——'

"'*To Mlle Leclerc*,' Napoleon interrupted, laying stress upon the name. 'Not only is the marriage suitable, but I *wish* it to take place immediately.'



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PAULINE BONAPARTE.

From a painting by Le Fèvre.

"'I have long loved Mme ——; she is now free, and nothing shall make me give her up.'

"'Nothing except my will,' retorted the First Consul, fixing his eagle eye upon his visitor. 'You will now go straight to Mme Campan's at Saint-Germain, and you will ask to see your future wife. You will be introduced to her by her brother, General Leclerc, who is now talking to my wife. He will go with you. Mlle Aimée will come up to Paris this evening. You will order the wedding-presents, which must be handsome, as I am going to act father to the young lady. I will see about the dowry and the trousseau, and the marriage shall be celebrated as soon as the necessary formalities have been fulfilled. I shall take care that they are simplified. You have heard what I have just said; you must obey.'

"Having finished this long speech, which he uttered very fast in his own particular tone of voice, Napoleon rang the bell and gave orders that Leclerc should be sent for.

"No sooner did he see him than he cried out:—

"'Well! wasn't I right? Here is your sister's husband. Go down to Saint-Germain together, and don't let me see you again until everything has been settled. I hate discussions over money matters.'

"The two generals, equally astonished, left the room in obedience to his command. Notwithstanding his very unamiable and brusque character, General Davout obeyed humbly. On arriving at Mme Campan's he was introduced to Mlle Leclerc, who, probably because she had been flung at his head and because he could not get out of marrying her, he thought very insipid. The interview, as we can imagine, was very solemn, but at last everything was arranged. The marriage took place a few days later."

The bride, Aimée Leclerc, and her younger sister, who afterwards married General Friant, were protégées of Mme Bonaparte. Louise Aimée Julie Leclerc was as pretty as an angel, and her simplicity and modesty remained unchanged through good and evil fortune. Just before her marriage, Aimée, who had gone up to Paris to buy her trousseau, wrote a heart-broken letter to *Maman* Campan, in which she probably hinted that the future looked very black. *Maman* Campan replies :—

"My dear Aimée,—I now perceive how dearly I love you, for I cried most bitterly when I got your letter in which you apprised me of the fact that the date of your marriage had been fixed. People speak very highly of General Davout. Providence probably destined you for each other. You will do well to leave Paris where men have only too much reason to fear for the reputations of their wives and daughters, and to go and live in an atmosphere where you will cherish work and learn to study your own faults ; for you know, my dear Aimée, how anxious I am for you to become acquainted with the human heart and our duties. So I am assured of your success, my good friend ; you are one of those who will realize what people are pleased to call my ideal, that is to say : you will endeavour to please everybody while making one man perfectly happy ; you will use all seemly means to please, but only in order to give your husband the satisfaction of possessing an amiable wife. Common sense united to a kind heart are necessary to ensure fidelity in love. Do you think a husband can ever be unfaithful to a wife whose manners are graceful and retiring, who dresses tastefully but modestly and economically; whose mornings are occupied in attending to household duties and to necessary cleanliness, and who in the evening accords a polite and friendly reception to her friends; who cultivates her mind by reading useful books and divides her leisure between her work-box and her palette; who has no whims and recognizes man's superiority, and only reserves to herself the modest and amiable right to do the honours of her home? . . To live absolutely for the husband of one's choice, to appreciate exterior qualities and charms in order to be more desirable in his opinion, never to display them to the world without thinking of him, that is the road to happiness and a pleasant one along which to travel! . . ." (Oh! *Maman* Campan! *Maman* Campan! how your old heart must have ached as you wrote those lines!) "The general will love you more dearly every day; he knows the world, he has had his own troubles; he will find in you fresh consolation and new pleasures. . . ."

It was said that General Davout did not care for his wife at first and that he made no attempt to do so. However, if it is true that he was contemplating marriage with another lady when General Bonaparte ordered him to espouse Aimée Leclerc, it is a wonder that the lightning marriage did not end in a lightning divorce.

Davout was really a brave, good-natured, kind-hearted fellow—did not Stendhal say of him:

"Marshal Davout was a great man to whom justice has never yet been rendered," and was it not Napoleon who, in a moment of peril, cried: "Ah! if only Davout had been there"? and he probably realized that his young bride was not to blame in the unfortunate affair, for the year after his marriage he wrote her the most charming letters in which he styles himself *ton petit Louis*, calls her *ma petite Aimée* and swears he is jealous—which was a fact and a proof that he loved her.

While on service abroad, he would send her presents of bulbs for her garden, to which she was devoted, muslins, China, etc., and in his letters urged her to purchase jewels and to go out into society more frequently in order to prevent people saying that she lived a life of retirement at his command.

One of Mme Davout's first purchases after her marriage was for her old governess; it consisted of a magnificent China dinner-service. In gratitude for this kindness, Mme Campan had a lock of her own hair set in a ring, which she begged her *chère Aimée* to keep in memory of those peaceful years at Saint-Germain. Davout was fond of saying of himself that he had the brain of a general and the heart of a common *citoyen*; for he hated war both in his own home and abroad, was a most affectionate son-in-law, and always treated his wife's relations as if they were his own.

It is recorded of Mme Davout that she was rather an indolent woman; she had one habit in especial which was most distasteful to her soldier husband: she was never punctual and was always late for meals. After waiting until the soup was cold, General Davout used to send one of his children to tell their Mama that the dinner-hour was past, while he would pace up and down the dining-room looking at his watch and wondering why she could never manage to be punctual. But this was the most he ever did. As soon as his wife appeared, he would give her his arm with an indulgent smile and hand her to her place. Husbands in France are long-suffering creatures.

In November Mme Campan assisted at the marriage of another of her pupils, Félicité Fodoas marrying the *citoyen* Savary; this time it was a love match, for *Maman* Campan wrote to tell Hortense that "the pair were very much in love with one another."

Félicité Fodoas-Barbazan was a distant relative of Mme Bonaparte, who probably had something to do with the girl going to Mme Campan's school. Félicité was a handsome brunette with a fine figure, jet black hair and a generous disposition, which she showed when she refused to neglect Josephine after the latter's divorce. Unfortunately Félicité, soon after her marriage, took it into her head that she should like to become a blonde and so she became one, but with such disastrous results that, when dressed up to appear at the imperial Court, everybody noticed a strong resemblance to Aunt Sally of joyous memory.

In the following month of November, Mme Campan gave a little party in honour of the two brides, Mmes Davout and Savary, when all the pupils drank tea with their former schoolfellows and ate unlimited tartlets and creams. The only men present were the two bridegrooms, Jérôme Bonaparte, Eugène de Beauharnais and Henri Campan.

General Davout's first child was a daughter; he must have been somewhat disappointed, but the only occasion on which he voiced his regret was once when dandling the little child on his knees he kissed her on the forehead saying: "Why were you not a boy?" However, he reprimanded his cousin, d'Avout de Montjalin, when the latter told him that his wife had unfortunately just given birth to a daughter, with the remark that a father should be as fond of his daughters as of his sons. When another little daughter was born in 1802, Davout was the only member of the family who did not call her *Mademoiselle de trop*.

When at last a son was born to the brave Davout, of course he was baptized Louis Napoleon; but he went by the name of *Monsieur Non*, from a baby-habit he had of shaking his curls and crying *Non! non!* Alas! little *Monsieur Non* died while still a babe, as did the two eldest daughters. However, another son, Paul, soon came to fill the empty cradle. In a dear letter to his wife, Davout says: "Kiss Paul's tiny hands and feet. I charge him to embrace his little Mama with all his heart, and to beg her to keep up her courage during the absence of her best friend."

In 1811 the third son, called *le tout petit Louis*, or *Louis Bouton-de-Rose* (Rosebud), was born.

CHAPTER XIII

Mme Campan is able to put aside "a crust of bread" for her old age—Eliza Monroe—The young ladies of Saint-Germain embroider a map of the French Republic—Hortense de Beauharnais marries Louis Bonaparte—The Peace of Amiens is signed—Mme Moreau again arouses the First Consul's wrath—Mme Bonaparte finds a husband for one of Mme Campan's nieces—Birth of Hortense's first child—The happy days of Mme Campan—Another of her nieces marries—The Emperor asks Mme Campan to help him form his Court—The Emperor and the Orphans of Austerlitz—Stéphanie de Beauharnais is married to the hereditary prince of Baden.

In November 1801, Mme Campan wrote to her favourite Hortense the following letter, the first part of which is written in English, and is a very creditable performance, considering the fact that the writer never set foot on the white cliffs of *la perfide Albion*:—

"I send you, my dear Hortense, a book translated from the french of M. Saint-Lambert into english. The translator is one of M. Thompson, who was formerly master of the english language in my school. Saint-Lambert's maxims have been injustly and severely judged by those who disaprove moral principles separated from religious principles, and in his work there is not a word about religion. The man whose heart full with these maxims is knowing perfectly all his duties as a father, as a son, husband, and citizen, is easily convinced of the necessity of being a good Christian. You may then read this work as being one of the best of this age, and your english master will tell you if he thinks it has been translated with exactness and a sufficient eloquence.[1] —I write English fluently, my dear Hortense. Let your master tell you what he thinks of my English, my spelling, and my grammar. I should be very glad to hear his opinion. . . . This morning I had a visit from Lady Care[2] (*sic*). She seems to think that her little girl is too young to come to my school. Reassure her as to this matter, my dear Hortense. I and Mlle Vaucher will devote ourselves to the child. I will undo all the spoiling, and send her home a charming little girl in three or four months; I give you my word. Between ourselves (for I speak to you as if you were my dear niece) it is very important for me that the English, and in fact all foreigners, should learn the way to Saint-Germain, and you will be doing me a great service if you can persuade them to do so. The Parisian schools are always intriguing and are for ever trying to prevent the fact being known that my establishment is the most perfect of its kind; so that I need to be well supported and praised by my faithful pupils, and nobody is better able to do that than my dear Hortense."

The winter of 1801–02 was a terribly severe one. Bread became fabulously dear, "which event," says Mme Campan, "means that my baker's bill will be

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[1] The rest of the letter is written in French.

[2] Mme Campan probably means Lady Cahir, later Countess of Glengall, who was in Paris about this time and whom Miss Mary Berry frequently mentions. Mme Campan displays the same indifference towards the spelling of foreign names as all her contemporaries. The name Kinnaird, frequently mentioned in her letters, is spelt in six different ways: Kynaird, Kinair, Kinnaird, Kinaird, Kennaird, and Kinaid.

2000 *livres* more a year; however, the Peace of Amiens will set matters right."

Notwithstanding this fact Mme Campan was able during the next three years to put aside from 8000 to 10,000 *livres*, "a crust of bread," she calls it, "which has surely been well earned."

In December 1801, General Victor brought his little daughter Victorine to study with Mme Campan. Among her fellow-pupils were Nelly Bourjolie (later maid-of-honour to Stéphanie de Beauharnais when the latter became grand-duchess of Baden); Antoinette de Mackau (later Mme Wathier de Saint-Alphonse); Eliza Monroe, the daughter of the originator of the celebrated Monroe Doctrine,[1] a great friend of Miss Paterson, Jérôme Bonaparte's first wife, and one of Mme Campan's most grateful pupils; Mlle Hervas de Menara,[2] the daughter of a rich banker of that name, and at that time "the prettiest little creature which has ever been confided to my care; she is witty, sensible, and good-natured."

In December 1801 these young ladies embroidered a map of the French Republic, after which Mlle

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[1] *James Monroe* (1758–1831) was a volunteer during the War of Independence; he fought very bravely at the battle of Brandywine and was made colonel by Washington. After the war he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Government, but was recalled from this mission in 1796 by President Washington, who blamed him extremely severely for having submitted too humbly to the overbearing policy of the Directoire. He was, however, sent to London in the same capacity. He was instrumental in obtaining Louisiana for the United States, and in 1817 he was made President of the United States, being re-elected in 1821. He negotiated the purchase of Florida and endeavoured to put an end to slavery.

[2] Mlle Hervas de Menara eventually married Duroc, Hortense's first love, and perhaps the only man for whom Hortense ever really cared.

Célénie Dupuis, the daughter of one of the richest linen-manufacturers of Saint-Quentin, wrote the names of the workers in her best copy-book handwriting behind the map, which was then presented to the First Consul as a token of affection and esteem.

Mme Campan used in her old age to tell an anecdote of how, while walking in the beautiful forest of Saint-Germain with Mr. Monroe and his little daughter Eliza, in those days when France seemed drifting hither and thither at the mercy of any stray adventurer with a gift for despotism, the future President of the United States remarked :—

"Fortune lies in the gutter; anybody who takes the trouble to bend down can pick it up!"

He then went on to say what a much finer country America was than France, whereupon little Eliza burst in with :—

"Yes, papa, but we haven't any roads like this"—pointing to the fine, smooth road bordered with magnificent trees along which they were then walking.

"That's true," replied Mr. Monroe; "our country may be likened to a new house, we lack many things, but we possess the most precious of all—liberty!"

It was on January 4, 1802, that Hortense de Beauharnais and Louis Bonaparte were married in the little *hôtel* in the rue de la Victoire, Paris, formerly occupied by General Bonaparte before he moved to the Petit-Luxembourg; when a religious ceremony united Caroline and Murat at the same time in the bonds of holy matrimony, for the marriage of January 20, 1800, had been merely a civil ceremony. On this occasion Cardinal Caprera blessed the two couples. Mme Campan, who was present, noticed, with many misgivings for the future, that her "Petite Bonne's" eyes were frequently dimmed with tears.

Hortense's marriage made no difference in her affection for her kind friend. It was she who, two days after the signing of the Peace of Amiens,[1] sent the joyful news to Saint-Germain, whereupon Mme Campan wrote thanking her: "You are a little angel to send me news of the signing of the Peace. Long live Bonaparte! will always be the cry of every honest-minded person who loves not only his country, but also humanity. What a position he has taken up! He has brought peace to the entire universe. In the shadow of what a great man you now live! What a glorious name you bear, my dear child! . . . I gave the children a holiday to-day in honour of the Peace. The elder girls had a tea-party with a big *gâteau de plomb*[2] (*sic*). It was a beautiful fête! . . ."

On the occasion of the promulgation of the Concordat in the spring of 1802, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Naturally there was a great demand for seats to view the ceremony, and, as is usually the case on such occasions, those who had the smallest claims to the best places were the most exacting. Mme Campan's former pupil Mme Moreau and her mother, Mme Hulot, being unable to obtain what they considered suitable places, determined to go early so as to take the pick of the unreserved seats. Now the gallery had been reserved for Mme Bonaparte and her numerous suite, so that she would not be obliged to come to the building until quite near the hour fixed for the ceremony. Mme Hulot was the first to remark that the gallery was still empty; so she told her daughter to keep close, and elbowed her way through the crowd until she arrived panting and perspiring at the foot of the stair leading to the delectable land. Here, however, stood a soldier, who refused to allow her to occupy the seats, which he informed her were reserved for Mme Bonaparte and her suite. But Mme Hulot had not played the part of mother-in-law for some years without having learnt some of the tricks of the trade. Words are wasted on such occasions. A well-directed dig in the ribs made the sentry totter for a moment; before he could recover his equilibrium the two females pushed by him, scuttled up the staircase and plumped themselves down on the red velvet chairs reserved for Mme Bonaparte and *Madame Mère.* And here they were still sitting, deaf alike to prayers and threats—the First Consul had heard the scuffling in the gallery—when Mme Bonaparte appeared upon the scene; she was sensible enough to take no notice of the two ill-bred creatures and to seat herself at the end of an empty bench.

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[1] Signed March 25, 1802.

[2] The good lady probably meant plum-cake.

Mme Campan made a rule, after the signing of the Peace of Amiens, to give a gratuitous education to ten poor girls. In this same year (1802) she was able to lay aside 20,000 francs, notwithstanding the fact that she had to have one hundred pupils, each paying 1200 francs a-year, before she could pay all her expenses. That Peace, however, was not of long duration: with the first rumours of war ten English misses who were at Saint-Germain were fetched home by their parents, while some others who had only just landed at Boulogne and Calais, and were preparing to start for Saint-Germain, took the next boat back to England.

Among the handsome women and girls who adorned the Consular Court was Mlle Eglé Auguié, Mme Campan's niece and the daughter of poor Mme Auguié, who had taken her own life rather than perish by the guillotine. The First Consul had given the widower a fairly lucrative post, which enabled him and his two daughters to live comfortably at the *château* of Grignon, near Versailles. Mme Bonaparte took an interest in the girls, and determined to find husbands for them. She had not far to seek for Eglé; for General Ney, miscalled "the Bravest of the Brave," fell in love with the girl's sweet face on their first meeting in January 1802. An invitation to Grignon in the following month was easily obtained; not so the favour of the pretty Eglé, however, for Ney's appearance was against him. First of all, he was not a carpet-knight, and disdained the small-talk which was considered suitable for the ladies of the Consular Court, and then his ploughboy appearance was further spoilt by bunches of red whiskers; these, however, he sacrificed when he discovered that Mlle Eglé did not share his admiration for them.

In the month of May, Mme Bonaparte, with Ney's consent, wrote to M. Auguié, saying that she hoped he would bestow Mlle Eglé's hand on Ney, who was well fitted in every way to be her companion through life. On this occasion, Mlle Eglé's wishes were as completely ignored as those of Emilie de Beauharnais and Aimée Leclerc had been on similar occasions.

Nevertheless on July 27 the marriage-settlement was made and signed. Ney's fortune consisted of the property of La Petite Malgrange, near Nancy, valued at 80,000 francs, besides 12,000 francs in money and furniture; Mlle Eglé possessed a fourth share in land situated in San Domingo, representing an income of 5000 francs, a dowry of 60,000 francs, and a handsome trousseau. When Ney gave his fiancée his first present, always the most valued, he apologized for its meanness in the following touching little speech:—

"I cannot offer you pearls and diamonds, but here is my sword, which I have always maintained should be used to win glory and not riches."

On August 6, the chapel belonging to the *château* of Grignon, decorated under the painter Isabey's superintendence with draperies, flowers, foliage, and candles, was filled with a crowd of distinguished guests assembled to witness the marriage of Eglé Auguié and Michel Ney, the bride being dressed very simply in white, according to the sensible French custom, the bridegroom resplendent in full uniform, and wearing a jewelled sword, a wedding-gift from that most generous friend, Napoleon. A quaint note was struck by the presence of two old farm-servants who were celebrating their golden wedding in new clothes provided by the bride and bridegroom. It had been Ney's wish that these honest souls should share in the festivities, "for," said he, "their fifty years of happy married life would be a good omen for his wedding, and they would remind him of his humble origin."[1]

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[1] *The Bravest of the Brave*, by A. Hilliard Atteridge.

Of course *Maman* Campan, as aunt and governess of the bride, was one of the most honoured guests. Various entertainments, such as dancing, illuminations, fireworks, a concert performed by some peasant-girls, etc., amused the relatives and friends. During a pause in all this merry-making the happy pair were invited to enter a rustic hut in which Isabey and Mme Campan, disguised as gipsies, offered to tell the bride's fortune, which Eglé's aunt prophesied would be as cloudless as the blue dome of heaven above the pair.

In the month of October 1802,[1] Mme Campan learnt that "Petite Bonne" had given birth to her first child, Napoleon Louis. How human is the following letter written by *Maman* Campan, whose heart was not too old to remember how close her own child—alas! the only one—had nestled against her breast:—

" . . . They tell me that M. Louis displayed the greatest graciousness and tenderness for the mother of his dear little one. I was delighted to hear it, as I am sure she was to be the object of such solicitude. He is kind-hearted, and was probably deeply moved —but I know the Mama of the dear Napoleon in the cradle—did she allow him to perceive her gratitude?

"Adieu, my dear angel, I kiss the little one in his cradle. Remember me to his dear Papa. . . ."

In the above letter we find the first hint that matters were not going as smoothly with the babe's parents as they ought to have done; in another letter written soon after, Mme Campan says:—

"Kiss the beautiful Napoleon for me. People already talk a great deal about him; they say that he is prodigiously greedy!"

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[1] Napoleon Louis was born October 10, 1802.

Poor Hortense was always her own enemy. Rumours of the little rift within the lute had already reached the ears of the kind old lady at Saint-Germain, who was beginning to entertain fears for the future of her favourite. Mme Campan was well aware that when once the pupil had spread her wings, good advice had very little chance of being followed; that was why she endeavoured to mould the young characters while they were still malleable.

During the winter of 1802–03, she told Hortense how Stéphanie de Beauharnais, who "has much improved, works hard and gives promise of doing honour to her governess if she continues to persevere," went to see a poor woman who had just given birth to triplets. "We immediately purchased two sets of baby-linen and gave them to the mother with some money. This striking spectacle of extreme poverty is the best way to make young ladies become acquainted with, and love alms-giving." She concludes with a request that Hortense will contribute forty-eight francs and Mme Bonaparte a few *louis* with which to furnish the poor mother's little room.

But the young ladies had other pleasures more natural to their age; picnics have always been a favourite amusement with the French nation, and an expedition to the neighbouring forest of Saint-Germain was looked upon as the most delightful way of spending a long summer day. On June 29, 1803, Mme Campan writes to Hortense, urging her to come and spend the day with her former companions: "Everything shall be ready for Monday, my dear angel; only let M. d'Aneucourt know in good time as to the summer-house; I have chosen this spot because there is a kitchen, a shelter, etc., and because it is the finest part of the forest, and farthest away from the town. I will bring wine and beer; the doctor has promised me some excellent cider; I shall also have ices, a *baba*, a Savoy cake, a quantity of cutlets already prepared so that they can be cooked in the summer-house, new-laid eggs, a chicken, tartlets, and cherries. Carry the rest, my dear children! I have only invited some of the bigger girls whom you knew in the old days and a few little ones who were recommended to me by you or your Mama, viz. Victorine Victor, little Clarke, and Nancy Macdonald,[1] which will make about twenty. I have a *guinguette*[2] for the little ones and for the provisions. The doctor and M. Bernard[3] will come with us; I am bringing M. Béguin with his violin to play us a few waltzes. It will be a real school-picnic, but I shall do my best to make it agreeable; as for me, I could not pass a happier day than when you are with me. If only the weather is fine! Adieu, my dear angel."

We can see the little ones, almost delirious with delight, jumping in and out of the *guinguette* until it is time to start, making voyages of discovery with inquisitive little fore-fingers among baskets filled with delicious things, and wondering whether each particular sweet tooth will get what she likes best; the bigger girls, arm-in-arm, walking on ahead, admiring

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[1] Daughter of Marshal Macdonald (1765–1840), duc de Tarente, who fought for France during the wars of the Republic and the Empire.

[2] A *guinguette* is a sort of omnibus.

[3] The chaplain of Mme Campan's Seminary.

Hortense's pretty clothes and secretly taking hints for their new autumn costumes, asking questions about the beautiful Napoleon in his cradle and wishing that they, too, were out in the world. And then, when the *guinguette*, drawn by two sleek white *percherons*,[1] unexpectedly sets off at a brisk pace, throwing the little ones in a heap on to one of the seats, where they settle themselves after a great deal of patting of starched muslin flounces and pulling out of ringlets from beneath Leghorn bonnets, the green avenues of the forest re-echo with shrill cries, rippling laughter, and snatches of sweet melody.

Many of Hortense's particular friends had already left the nest, but the granddaughters of Mme de Genlis, the demoiselles de Valence, one of whom later became Mme de Celles, and the other the wife of Maréchal Gérard, were certainly there. Mme Campan's niece, Agathe Rousseau, later Mme de Saint-Elme, was still at Saint-Germain, as was probably Eliza Monroe—also the two Mlles de Castellane, whose mother had died in the greatest poverty, leaving three daughters penniless ; Mme Bonaparte, however, had promised the poor mother on her deathbed to look after her children, and had sent two of the three to Mme Campan, and paid for their education. When the Empress was living a divorcée at La Malmaison, she had pretty Louise de Castellane to reside with her, and eventually married her to M. Fritz de Pourtalès, formerly an officer on Berthier's staff, descended from a French Protestant family which had emigrated to Switzerland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, gave her a dowry of 100,000 francs, together with jewels, and a trousseau suitable for a princess.

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[1] Horses from the French province of Le Perche, noted for their beauty and strength.

Unfortunately Hortense did not always content herself with such innocent amusements, for she imitated *Maman* Campan's former mistress in that she was fond of going about masked, and the Folies-Beaujon, Frascati, and the Pavillon d'Hanovre were frequently visited by Mme Louis Bonaparte and her party of noisy friends.

It was not long before Mme Ney's sister, Antoinette Auguié, found a husband in the person of M. Charles Gamot, about whom little is known, except that he was a good husband, and, although he accepted the post of prefect of Yonne from the hand of Louis XVIII, flew to the Emperor's side when Napoleon returned from Elba—for which act of gratitude M. Gamot was told to give up his post when the king returned from his visit to Ghent. Soon after her marriage, Mme Gamot had a serious illness which would probably have ended fatally had not the First Consul's physician, the celebrated Corvisart, been called in. Her aunt writes :—

"Mme Gamot is very ill ; her life has been in danger ; her condition even now is not very reassuring. She has seen Corvisart, whose advice has been of the greatest benefit. When her friends first proposed that she should consult him, she exclaimed : 'I would rather die than see that cross-grained wretch.' This polite speech was repeated to the doctor, who, when he saw that his patient was getting better, told her that all the Paris newspapers had reproduced her speech. The poor woman was so overcome that she covered her head with the bedclothes. In short, the doctor has been so kind that she no longer calls him a 'cross-grained wretch.'"

In the early spring of 1804 Mme Campan was a frequent visitor at La Malmaison; she was in high favour with the family of the First Consul, Caroline Murat even going the length of lending her former governess her cook when Mme Campan wanted an especially good dinner prepared for her pupils' parents on prize-giving day.

Mme Campan, seeing how popular she was with her former pupils, thought that she might obtain a post for her son Henri, whose talents she considered were wasted at Marseilles. With this idea in her mind she wrote to Hortense:—

"I am going to beg the First Consul to be so kind as to obtain for my son, Henri, a position which will suit his tastes and make for my happiness; this is the first time I have ever dared to ask for anything for myself; the post is a humble one, suitable to his years. . . . Tell your dear Mama what I am going to do, and ask her to plead for me. I want to get my son the position of inspector in the new financial company which is being inaugurated; the place is suitable for a young man; appointments in the customs, post-office, etc., are usually given to men of his age."

When Napoleon in May 1804 made himself Emperor, Mme Campan took yet another step higher up the social ladder. Comte Fédor Golowkine says:—

"Napoleon found he needed a Court, whereupon he immediately instituted one; this was an easy matter, but it was not so easy to make that Court refined and polished. He sent to ask the advice of the princesse de Chimay, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, who was living in retirement in Paris. Her reply to Duroc was short but noble: 'Tell your master that I only remember the queen's kindness towards me.' As he could get nothing out of the lady-in-waiting, he had to content himself with Mme Campan. The latter, only too delighted to push herself and her nieces forward, replied very cautiously: 'My position in the queen's household did not allow me to judge of the manners at Court. The only thing which struck me was that the ladies of quality were very dignified; they never raised their voices, and used very few gestures.' This made such an impression that, at the coronation, the self-styled princesses and their maids-of-honour would scarcely move, lest their elbows should be seen sticking out, and they hardly dared open their mouths to reply to any questions. . . ."

One historian sums up the matter thus: "Mme Campan's establishment at Saint-Germain," says he, "was the hyphen, so to speak, between the courtly Past of Versailles and the brilliant Present of the Imperial Court."

Napoleon, realizing this fact, turned to Mme Campan to help him arrange his Court. No wonder that lady, writing to Hortense, says:—

"Thanks to my former position, and to the present kindness of your august family, I have lately received at least sixty petitions or letters begging me to undertake the education of various little girls; I have been obliged to write polite refusals."

Many of Mme Campan's former pupils were now adorning the Imperial Court with their presence, and of these Hortense was naturally the most popular. M. Hector Fleischmann, in his *Dessous de Princesses et Maréchales de l'Empire*, tells an amusing anecdote of Hortense, whose talent for music and painting were quite remarkable for a princess. It is true that, *à propos* of the first-named art, General Thiébault very unkindly remarks: "The Songs of Queen Hortense; words by Forbin, melodies by Plantade, accompaniments by Carbonnel"; nevertheless Hortense really loved music for its own sake. It seems that she was very proud of her long, pink, almond-shaped finger-nails, and that she spent some time every day polishing and trimming them. Now when she, as an Imperial princess, wanted to take lessons on the harp from the celebrated d'Alvimare, she was horrified to hear him call them "claws," and beg her to cut them, or she would never be able to play really well. To which she replied that she could never find courage to spoil their shape. However, her love for music got the better of her, and after a good deal of persuasion she sent for a pair of scissors, closed her eyes and told her master to consummate the sacrifice, whereupon Alvimare set to work and soon cut the "claws" to a suitable length.

In October 1804 another of Mme Campan's pupils was married from the Seminary at Saint-Germain. The bride was Mlle Benezech, the daughter of a former Secretary of State for the Home Department, while the bridegroom was Colonel Marx, a Belgian. Great must have been the disappointment of the little pupils when it was announced that "as the colonel had invited several generals to witness his marriage, it was not thought seemly for any of the young ladies to be visible on that occasion." It would have been very remarkable, however, if some of the dozens of inquisitive little Eves who inhabited *Maman* Campan's Eden had not managed, by dint of concealing themselves behind curtains, or bribing servants to leave doors open, to get a first-rate view of the happy pair and their whiskered, ear-ringed military guests.

For some time past Mme Campan had been nourishing a plan by which she hoped to get her establishment officially recognized as an Imperial Educational Institution. In January 1805 she begs Hortense "not to forget this project; remember that it would give pleasure to the entire army, that it would shed glory on, and be a source of much interest to, your dear Mama and your Highness, and it would make me inexpressibly happy."

The Emperor seems to have approved of the plan, for a month later she writes again :—

"You need only insist upon the fact that the chief establishment must remain at Saint-Germain. According to his Majesty's scheme, there would be a principal establishment for the daughters of military men or functionaries; they would pay 300 francs per annum, so that they would not be quite penniless girls; in the departments of France there would be four gratuitous establishments conducted on different lines for penniless girls; the girls in my house who paid 300 francs a-year would receive the surplus of their pension from the Government. I myself should prefer to remain at Saint-Germain, where the air is very pure, where I am loved and considered necessary to the well-being of the place. . . . But my house is not large enough to serve as an Imperial Educational Establishment, and it is as much as I can do to lodge one hundred boarders in my rambling old abode. I could never find room for two hundred and sixty. As the Emperor has not used the Lycée of Versailles, and as the building is superb and all ready for habitation, people cry: 'Mme Campan is coming!' The principal walks up and down his vast dormitories alone; he is disconsolate, fears that the rumour may be only too well founded, and will surely do his best to prevent me obtaining the convent at Versailles. . . . Perhaps my request will be refused; however, it is better for the inhabitants of Saint-Germain that I should obey the Emperor. If I remained here, the hôtel d'Harcourt would have to be purchased, which would cost 100,000 francs, and 200,000 francs would have to be spent on building; one cannot accomplish grand things with bad tools."

However, Mme Campan was not to leave Saint-Germain for some months.

Hortense was a good friend, not only to her former schoolmistress, but also to her former schoolfellows. Mme Campan's niece, Agathe Rousseau, now the wife of a tax-collector, M. Bourboulon de Saint-Elme, had cause to be grateful to Mme Louis Bonaparte, who obtained for her friend's husband an important position at Laon.

Some of Hortense's friends, however, expected her to do too much for them; great was Eliza Monroe's disappointment when she discovered that Hortense could not get her an invitation to the balls given by Caroline Murat at her *château* at Neuilly, because her sister-in-law was a great respecter of etiquette, and, as the sister of an Emperor, could not be expected to receive the daughter of an honest Republican.

During the spring of 1805 the reputation of one of Mme Campan's nieces very nearly suffered owing to the Empress's stupid jealousy. Josephine had discovered that her husband was engaged in an intrigue with some lady unknown; she took it into her head that the object of his affections was Mme Ney, although that lady's behaviour had always been above reproach. Now the person who had attracted the Emperor's fancy was Mme Duchâtel, with whom Caroline Murat had not so long ago fancied, rightly or wrongly, that her husband was in love. After slighting Mme Ney on every occasion, and making herself and everybody else miserable, Josephine plucked up courage and had an explanation with the supposed culprit, when Mme Ney was able to convince the Empress that, far from being flattered by Napoleon's attentions, they had only terrified her, and made her feel utterly miserable.

Mme Campan, knowing her niece's disposition, could have had but little fears for her reputation; however, there was another young person about whom she was really anxious, and that was Stéphanie de Beauharnais, who, in April 1805, went to stay with her cousin Hortense at Saint-Leu, where she enjoyed herself so much that Mme Campan had to write "Petite Bonne" the following letter before the young lady would consent to return to the fold:—

"I beg your Highness to send Mlle de Beauharnais back as soon as possible; the Emperor will question her on his return, and, although I am quite innocent, I shall be blamed for her ignorance. Kindly remind her of the advantages to be reaped from a good education, and to listen to me. . . . I could make a charming woman of this young girl, but not if she remains at Saint-Cloud. So, if you can, try and arrange so that Stéphanie is left with me until she marries; by so doing, you will be a benefactor, not only to her, but to me also, for I shall surely be accused of having spoilt her education by the Emperor, who, with his penetrating glance, says: 'That's right!' or 'That's wrong!' but has no time to examine the reason thereof."

Stéphanie de Beauharnais' progress was said to be hindered by that other Stéphanie, Mlle Tascher de La Pagerie, whose feeble constitution made her indolent and prevented her working, and who was altogether a bad example to her cousin.

In the spring of 1805 another little pupil was brought to Mme Campan's establishment by a no less important personage than the Prince of Nassau-Siegen. This child, named Pholoé, was reported to be the prince's natural daughter; but Mme Campan was given to understand when she took charge of the little thing that she was the child of an officer of illustrious birth, belonging to one of the oldest families in Lacedæmon.

Mme Campan promised the child's self-imposed princely guardian to bring up little Pholoé to be a useful member of society, so that she would avoid the pitfalls into which the celebrated beauty Aïssé, the history of whose birth and education was somewhat similar, had fallen. In one of her letters *Maman* Campan prays Heaven that she may be able to preserve this child, whom she calls "too pretty," from all evil.

Mme Campan's friends about this time included the wily Talleyrand; in this same year he actually condescended to visit her establishment, and, what was more important, express his approval of her method of teaching.

Those were the days of France's glory. An amusing story is told of one of Mme Campan's little pupils who was struggling through the history of her fatherland; on hearing of fresh victories, nearly a daily event, the little maid heaved a deep sigh of pity for the future students of that history, and remarked: "What a lot the poor little things who come after us will have to learn!"

On the morrow of the battle of Austerlitz (December 2, 1805) Napoleon definitely accepted the plan which Mme Campan had cherished for so many months, by signing a decree by which he adopted the daughters of the brave fellows who had won that battle for him, promising to have them educated and taught to earn their living, if necessary.

At first Mme Campan was anxious that the *château* of Saint-Germain should be used as the educational establishment for the daughters of the Legion of Honour, with herself as directress, for which post her experience in matters of education, hygiene, and economy had qualified her. She writes to Hortense in January 1806:—

". . . The Emperor will soon be back. Be so kind as to display the same interest which you have hitherto taken in my fate. How happy I should be supposing our hero were to consider me capable of carrying out his design! If he says to you: 'Mme Campan's proposal does not suit me,'—tell him, I beg you, the truth. 'She proposed this in order to please you, her one idea was to carry out your orders, and she will obey you no matter what those orders may be. Accomplishments, or no accomplishments, it is all the same to her; she can either give the orphans the simplest or the most brilliant education.' . . ."

It seems strange to think that Mme Campan, notwithstanding her credit at Court, should have continually been in quest of a suitable post for her son, Henri. In February 1806 she writes to Hortense that she hopes to obtain "a position as auditor for her son; this expectation, which is practically certain to be realized, will compensate him for the eight nominations which have lately been made. He is now twenty-two years of age, and it is very natural that he should wish to be somebody, and occupy some honourable position."

In this same month she obtained an interview with M. Daru, before that gentleman started for Berlin, where he was to occupy the post of Minister Plenipotentiary. At first M. Daru seemed inclined to think that the education given to the orphans of Austerlitz by Marie Antoinette's former waiting-woman would not be sufficiently practical, whereupon she hastened to reassure him:—

"Do not imagine," said she, "that I should teach the girls to dance gavottes and sing comic opera airs; only those whom the Emperor designated would receive instruction in music and dancing; the rest of the education would be practical and religious; they would learn dressmaking, needlework, would make the household linen, embroider furniture for the Imperial family——"

"Well," remarked M. Daru, still unconvinced, "and then what would they do when their education was finished?"

"We would make good and virtuous wives of them; with a dowry of 500 or 600 *livres* we could marry them to business men, soldiers, etc."

This was a conclusive argument.

Two months later Stéphanie de Beauharnais left Mme Campan's kind care in order to marry the hereditary prince of Baden, whom Napoleon, by the Treaty of Presburg, had deprived of his fiancée, the charming princess Augusta-Amelia, giving her to his adopted son, Eugène de Beauharnais.

Mme d'Abrantès speaks thus of Stéphanie, at that time seventeen years of age: "I have seen few women who have seemed to me more pleasing than Mlle Stéphanie de Beauharnais was at that time. Not only did she possess all the advantages necessary to a woman of the world, but she was also endowed with everything which pleases: graciousness, good manners, a charming face, and an elegant figure. She pleased every one with her pretty features and prepossessing manner. She was vastly admired by gentlemen, for which fault the ladies forgave her because she was always kind and ever ready to be obliging."

Mme d'Abrantès draws the bridegroom in a very unfavourable light: "He was the most disagreeable person I have ever met. He looked like a naughty boy in disgrace, besides which he was not at all handsome. In short, he was a most disagreeable prince, and above all, a very disagreeable lover."

The Emperor gave the lovely Stéphanie a magnificent wedding; when he took her hand to lead her to the chapel, a murmur of admiration at her splendid jewels and dress, the gifts of Napoleon and Josephine, arose from the assembled guests.

M. Frédéric Loliée gives an amusing account of the bridal procession to the chapel, when Napoleon hurried the bride along far too quickly to please Talleyrand, who had to head the *cortège*, and could hardly hobble on account of his lameness, to the great disgust of the Empress, who wished to look her best, and the guests who formed the tail of the procession, and wanted to see the effect of their fine clothes on the crowd. In vain did the chamberlains urge the head and tail to keep in step with the bride and the Emperor, who was in a hurry to "get it all over as soon as possible." But alas! Talleyrand and the guests would not be hurried, so that the procession was constantly dislocated.

A magnificent wedding-breakfast was afterwards given at the palace of the Tuileries.

The prince was really very much in love with his bride. Soon after the wedding he paid a visit to Mme Campan. "He stayed half an hour talking to me," she tells Hortense; "he said such flattering things concerning my system of education and my own person that I dare not repeat them, and he seemed so delighted with his young wife that I feel I ought to tell your Majesty. 'Every day,' said he, 'I feel more satisfied with the princess, and I wish to tell you, Madame, that she possesses genuine principles of virtue, piety, modesty, and an immense fund of wit; in four years' time she will be a perfect princess.' He then added: 'Her destiny is indeed an astonishing one, but she is fit to fill the position, as she will prove.' In short, he sees her with the eyes of a lover; she must be very happy."

When Stéphanie went to her new home she took with her, as her ladies-in-waiting, two of her schoolfellows, Mlles Nelly Bourjolie and Antoinette de Mackau.

The prince of Baden at first did his best to please his wife; however, he soon discovered that the pretty Stéphanie had only accepted him for his title and fortune, and that she was a born coquette into the bargain. Napoleon and Josephine were frequently called in to make peace between the unhappy creatures.

Stéphanie had five children, three daughters and two sons, not including the mysterious Kaspar Hauser,[1] if indeed he was her son. Stéphanie's two legitimate sons both died very suddenly; the death of the eldest one was particularly painful, owing to the fact that his mother was not allowed to see him while he was dying, nor even when he was dead.

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[1] The mysterious boy, Kaspar Hauser, when discovered at Nuremberg in 1828, could scarcely speak, did not know his name or his age or from whence he came, and apparently seemed to have lived the life of a recluse. He held in his hand a letter addressed to an officer at Nuremberg, in which it was said that he was born in 1812, and that his father was in a Bavarian cavalry regiment. Kaspar was confided to the care of a schoolmaster, his board and education being paid by charity. Lord Stanhope displayed much interest in him. On two or three occasions mysterious attempts were made to murder him, and in 1833 he was so cruelly wounded by some person unknown that he died. During his last moments he frequently called out: "Mother! mother! come to me!"

CHAPTER XIV

Extravagance of Napoleon's *cuisinières*—The Emperor deputes Mme de Lavalette to curb Josephine's passion for spending—Hortense becomes queen of Holland—Mme Campan's plans appear likely to miscarry—She is appointed directress of the Establishment of the Legion of Honour at Ecouen—A girls' boarding-school during the Empire.

EXTRAVAGANCE was a failing from which many of the beautiful women at the Imperial Court suffered; two of Napoleon's *cuisinières*, Mmes Savary and Maret, spent from 50,000 to 60,000 francs a year on their toilette during their reign of prosperity. Even Mme Ney, whose husband, the *Lion rouge*, had about one million francs a year, managed to get rid of 4000 francs' worth of underclothing in twelve months, while Caroline Murat spent 30,000 francs at the shop of M. Leroy, the self-styled *Empereur du bon ton*, in the space of a few months.

In 1806 Napoleon, anxious to curb Josephine's ever-increasing extravagance, appointed Mme de Lavalette to act as housekeeper to his wife. After spending some time in Berlin and Dresden, where Mme de Lavalette, notwithstanding her rather shy manners, had won all hearts, M. de Lavalette had lately returned with his family to France, when he was given the post of steward. Mme de Lavalette had one little girl born in 1802, and named Josephine[1] after her successful cousin, who, however, treated the child and her mother as if they were poor relations. Emilie de Lavalette had nearly lost her life at the birth of her little daughter, and in fact she never really recovered her health, so that the long hours of standing about in the heated rooms of the Tuileries soon became a positive torture to her. And it must be confessed that the Emperor was not always very sympathetic; for when Mme de Lavalette was obliged, on account of a sick headache, to remain absent from any of those brilliant ceremonies which he liked to see adorned by Emilie's lovely face, he would say to Josephine:—

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[1] This little Josephine afterwards became the baronne de Forget.

"Is she *always* going to be ill? . . . Well, well! send her to get strong at Nice!"

Now although Mme de Lavalette was an economical housekeeper, and capable of brewing an excellent *pot-au-feu*, she was quite unable to make any alteration in Josephine's habits, being handicapped from the very beginning by another of the Empress's ladies, Mme Hamelin, who encouraged her mistress to be extravagant on every occasion.

When, in June 1806, Louis Bonaparte was made king of Holland by his wonderful brother, Mme Campan wrote volumes of good advice to Hortense, including a brief history of the country over which her favourite was about to rule, recommending her not to believe Anquetil,[1] who in his work upon Holland says: "That land is inhabited by the demon of gold, crowned with a wreath of tobacco leaves, and seated on a throne made of cheeses."

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[1] *Anquetil, Paul* (1723–1806), an author of some note, director of the College of Rheims and a member of the *Institut de France.*

Hortense was certainly a good friend to her old schoolfellows; in the midst of her splendour she found time to procure a lucrative post for the father of Eliza de Lally-Tollendal. This gentleman, suspecting that his daughter's schoolmistress had had something to do in the matter, wrote to Mme Campan:—

"I shall no longer go to bed with the thought: If I die of apoplexy during the night, I shall leave my child without a *sou* in the world."

Hortense, who had had a hand in the marriage of Eglé Ney, *née* Auguié, which marriage had turned out most happily, now endeavoured to find a husband for Eglé's sister, Adèle, who, her good aunt rather unkindly remarks, "has no time to lose."

Maréchal Duroc promised to look about for a suitable party. After a good deal of "looking about," and various embarrassing "interviews," Mlle Adèle expressed herself willing to marry the maréchal de Broc, Grand-Marshal to the Court of Holland, and thus she became lady-in-waiting to her friend Hortense.

Hortense was also so kind as to invite little Pholoé to come and visit her in her new home, whereupon Mlle Pholoé got out her prettiest notepaper and wrote, in her best copy-book style, to little prince Napoleon, his first letter, in which she "presents her respects to the baby prince, and says she hopes to come to Holland next spring."

In 1806 Mme Campan inherited the sum of 8000 francs from an old friend, M. Chaumaurié, with which she purchased a little farm in the pretty valley of Chevreuse, "very close to the Muses, for my garden gate is just opposite that of M. de Boufflers, where the Abbé Delille often goes into retirement in order to compose his tuneful verses and polish his sparkling tirades."

During the winter of 1806–7 Mme Campan's son spent some months in Berlin seeking for the long-expected position which at one time seemed likely to await him in Poland; but in February 1807 he was back in Paris, where his mother hoped he would obtain the post of auditor, when she proposed to make him a yearly allowance of 6000 francs.

In this same month Mme Campan, fearing that Napoleon was not going to appoint her directress of the Imperial Educational Establishment which he was about to create at Ecouen as she had hoped he would do at one time, had serious thoughts of retiring into private life, for she wrote to Hortense asking her to obtain a pension of 2000 francs a year for her, so that she could cultivate her little farm, and pay visits to her "Petite Bonne" and princess Stéphanie of Baden; she adds that she would prefer to devote the last years of her strength to "the education of one of the royal princes, or to an Imperial Establishment."

She tells Hortense that, during the twelve years she has been keeping school, she has only had eighteen months of real prosperity, owing to the continual wars, so that she now finds herself in debt to the amount of 30,000 francs. "If peace were declared, everything would go well with Saint-Germain. The effects of this inestimable blessing, which we should owe to the sublime mind and the magnanimity of our Emperor, would daily make themselves felt. As it is to my interest not to allow an establishment which has caused me so much anxiety and such great expense to fall to pieces, I have had some more prospectuses printed, which leave no doubts concerning my teaching of religious subjects and the simplicity of our pupils' costume. I can assure your Majesty that I am more than ever attentive to the educational part of my establishment. M. Isabey has brought back his daughters, whom he had taken away from me because he was chagrined that they had obtained no prizes. . . ."

Among other pupils under Mme Campan's care about this time were Christine Kosowska, a young Polish girl, Alix and Josephine d'Audiffrédy (the latter the Empress's goddaughter), natives of Martinique, and Elisa de Courtin, later the wife of Casimir Delavigne.

As the months glided away, poor Mme Campan became more and more uneasy lest the Emperor should not appoint her to manage the Imperial Establishment at Ecouen; she began to imagine that she was no longer a *persona grata* with the Imperial family, although Caroline Murat frequently invited her to dinner, and although Josephine was most gracious to her when she had her to lunch at La Malmaison, "where" she declares, "I no longer have any friends, not even among my old pupils. The advantages enjoyed by my nieces have won me many enemies. . . . At this time when his Majesty is about to create the Establishment of the Legion of Honour, interesting himself in female education, when what he has deigned to say concerning his plans for my future has been circulated not only in Europe but even in America, from whence my brother has written to congratulate me, may I not hope that he in his wisdom and justice will find a way to employ me? Do not let your Majesty in your kindness imagine that I am not competent to accomplish the task; I should only dread the false opinions of intermediate agents, but I should find support in the Emperor's justice and in Marshal Duroc's old friendship for me. . . ."

That Mme Campan had a good opinion of her own talents is shown by the following letter, dated April 2, 1807, and written to the queen of Holland:—

"The Establishment of the Legion of Honour is now being organized; posts are being given to the daughters of prefects and generals of division; if I were condemned to remain here, the establishment would suffer a genuine loss. . . . I was afraid that your Majesty had chosen an inopportune moment in which to write to the Emperor, but as he has found time in the midst of the noise and bustle of camp life to nominate many little girls for his schools, why should he think it presuming of your Majesty to mention the person he chose to bring up the princesses, then to form an establishment, and who has had the honour and the happiness of educating the queen of Holland and the two grand-duchesses?"

Mme Campan had ever been a good friend to her poor relations, and now that it was in her power to repay her for some of her many acts of kindness, one of her nieces, Adèle Auguié, the day before her marriage to the maréchal de Broc, wrote the following letter to Queen Hortense, in which she strives to use her influence with her old schoolfellow and future mistress:—

"PARIS, *April* 10, 1807.

"I send you my aunt's letter, my dear Hortense; her joy at my marriage has enabled her to forget her troubles for a few hours; but you must realize, I am sure, her cruel position. Do something for her, my good Hortense, and you will make me very happy. I have just received your wedding-present; I have never seen anything prettier; I am only grieved to think what a lot of money it must have cost. Adieu, Hortense; to-morrow is the great day; you will think of me, won't you? ADÈLE AUGUIÉ."

When a rumour reached Mme Campan's ears that Napoleon was about to appoint a lady-abbess as directress of the Establishment of the Legion of Honour, she exclaimed:—

"This is what I have always dreaded most of all, because opinions, or rather religious intrigues, are all-powerful; for I do not think that enthusiasm over politics usually goes with great devoutness. Our Emperor, however, is not easily influenced; and if such be his desire, we may be sure that he thought the presence of an abbess would make the establishment more stately, more imposing. Other rumours mention the name of Mme de Genlis, but these I do not believe. Why should the Emperor prefer the governess of the Bourbon branch to her who has had the honour of educating several members of his family? Lastly, many people assert that I shall be chosen. If I am not chosen, if, after having admitted me to the First Consul's society, after having been honoured with four visits from him, chosen by him to educate his family, I remain where I now am, my health will become undermined by my trials, and I shall not long survive this unmerited affront. . . . If he nominates any other person than myself to Ecouen, let him organize a similar establishment at Saint-Germain; tell him that the opening of an Imperial Educational Establishment at Ecouen would complete the ruin of my present house, which has never recovered from the effects of these continual wars, and has forced me to run into debt."

At last, after long months of anxiety, Mme Campan heard in September 1807 that the Emperor, in consideration of her past services, had appointed her to be directress of the Imperial Establishment at Ecouen.

This *château*, situated on a hill with a fine view about four leagues from Paris, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, was originally built by Anne de Montmorency, "the second Bayard," during the reign of François II; it afterwards fell into the hands of the Condés, and it was here that Henri II, in 1559, passed sentence of death on all his Protestant subjects.

Poor Mme Campan could scarcely believe that her dream had come true: had the Emperor really chosen her, the governess of the Bonapartes and the de Beauharnais, to direct the establishment at Ecouen? were her troubles really at an end? In her delight she wrote to Hortense:—

"Madame, yesterday I went to Ecouen; I spent six hours making plans and arranging various matters. The *château* is in good repair, but one can see that it was not built to serve as an educational establishment; however, the dormitories are big, the refectories spacious, the position healthy and situated amid the prettiest scenery around Paris. There are no grated parlours, and yet nothing is more necessary in order to show that the pupils are cloistered, and prevent their relatives seeing them without permission. There must be three such grated parlours: one for the servants and the tradespeople, one for the pupils, and one for the princesses. The grating must open in the middle on hinges, and be so arranged that the male relatives of the pupils cannot see the girls without permission: *Messieurs les chambellans* and the equerries will not like this rule, but it is indispensable where the pupils are cloistered.

"The chapel is magnificent; it has not yet been restored; but this work must be done before we move in, for it would never do for an army of workmen to be in the same building with the young ladies. The architecture of the altar, which was respected by the revolutionists, is in keeping with the chapel. The *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum* shall be sung by clear voices and pious lips. Your Majesty will come and hear them. Nothing makes a deeper impression upon youth than to see great and powerful personages kneeling in prayer. I will say no more to your Majesty concerning Ecouen, where I do not desire to obtain success — the term is too worldly, and reminds me of the spite and jealousy found in that world—but one word of praise and then I shall die content."

But 1808 was to dawn before Mme Campan could move into her new home. The dormitories, baptized *dortoirs Julie, Zénaïde, Charlotte, and Cathérine*, after members of the Emperor's family, were soon arranged; but the repairs to the chapel necessitated great expense and much time. The architect had made out an estimate for 20,000 francs, which included bringing the high altar and the stained-glass windows from the church of the Petits Augustins in Paris, whither they had been removed, and where the altar had been used as a sort of pedestal for the statues of Anne de Montmorency and his wife, the authorities refusing to give back the altar and windows without an order from the Emperor. Napoleon having given the order, the stone high-constable and his good wife were placed on another and a more suitable pedestal, "which will not hurt the dead high-constable," adds Mme Campan.

Charlotte Bonaparte did not accompany her kind governess to Ecouen. In 1804 her father, having received the title of prince de Canino from his friend Pius VII,[1] had gone to reside at Viterbo. In 1807 Napoleon tried, while at Mantua, to obtain a reconciliation with his brother; but Lucien had never forgiven his powerful brother's attempts to make him divorce his second wife, had taken Lolotte away from Mme Campan, brought her home rejoicing to Italy, and resisted all Napoleon's efforts to make friends, although the Emperor had promised to find a princely husband for Lolotte in the person of the prince of the Asturias, whose father, he declared, "had craved her hand for his son." Napoleon was apt to forget such unimportant matters as the ages of his victims whenever he had any fresh plans for lightning matches; but it was somewhat of a surprise to him when Lucien wrote rather scornfully that "Lolotte was only twelve years of age."

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[1] Pius VII was Pope from 1800 to 1823; he signed the Concordat, and crowned Napoleon Emperor of the French.

"Dear me!" remarked Napoleon, "I thought she was older than that!"

Lucien did not attempt to hide his disgust from M. de Girardin: "Why does he want to make friends after all those years? He came twice to Rome without seeing either me or my children, and yet they are his nephews and nieces."

In December 1807, Napoleon made one more attempt. He wrote to Lucien telling him either to bring Lolotte himself to Paris or else to send her with a governess, as he wished her to share the benefits which he was showering upon all his other relatives —and alas! so often only reaping ingratitude in return.

Lucien took no notice of this invitation.

When the repairs at Ecouen were nearing completion, Mme Campan, always anxious to be up to date, went to the Emperor and begged him to let her have some firemen to protect the building from fire. Napoleon remarked:—

"Your supervision ought to be sufficient."

"Yes, Sire," replied Mme Campan, flattered by the compliment, "it might do so, but can I prevent fire falling from the skies?"

"You are right," concluded the Emperor, and he immediately ordered that Mme Campan should be given three firemen to protect the house from fire.

What were *Maman* Campan's feelings when she said good-bye to the old Hôtel de Rohan, where she had spent ten busy years teaching, educating little girls, many of whom were to become celebrated women? She was no longer young, being over fifty years of age. In future she would be the directress of a huge establishment — which meant that she would see less of her pupils, that she would cease to mother the little ones. Hitherto she had always taken her meals with her pupils, but now this would be impossible. The class of pupils was also about to change, for the princesses could not be expected to send their daughters to a public school for three hundred girls of all ages, from the little one learning its alphabet to the marriageable young miss of eighteen, "whose father can easily find her a husband if he is an honest man, or if she is possessed of a considerable fortune."

Mme Campan had the entire management of the establishment of Ecouen; she was aided in her task by the comte de Lacépède, at that time chancellor of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon insisted upon all the plans being submitted to him for approval; nothing was too insignificant; such commonplace subjects as furniture, dress, and food were examined carefully by this wonderful man. Saint-Germain was to serve as a model for Ecouen—but a slightly altered model, however, for Napoleon did not approve of "showing off the young belles," and accomplishments were to be limited.

In one of her reports Mme Campan suggested that if Mass were said in the chapel belonging to the school twice a week, on Sundays and Thursdays, it would be quite sufficient; Napoleon returned the report with this remark scribbled in his own handwriting: "*It must be said every day.*"

And yet the clergy did not look with favour upon Ecouen, and for many months did everything they could to prevent the faithful sending their daughters to live under Mme Campan's roof. The cause is not far to seek; it lay in Napoleon's determination to think for himself and to keep free from the trammels with which both Catholic and Protestant clergy would gladly have bound him. Napoleon respected all religions. Did not Harry Heine's father always remember with gratitude how, on one occasion, when the Emperor was in Germany, that most wonderful man spoke most kindly to "the poor Jew boy"? The clergy showed their animosity on every occasion. When the Bishop of Metz, after many pressing invitations, consented at the command of Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to go to Ecouen and confirm some of the orphans of Austerlitz, he was obliged to express surprise at "the universal and simple piety displayed by the pupils of a secular establishment." Of her own religious convictions, Mme Campan said: "I dearly love the simplicity of my own faith; I revere it, but I hate anything approaching fanaticism." She was religious in the very best sense of the term. A woman who had no religion would never have said as she did:—

"As soon as a little child can speak clearly, teach it to pray to God. Let it learn to love Him and thank Him for His kindness; later, when you teach it Bible History, you can teach it how to fear Him."

Mme Campan's work, *Lettres de deux jeunes amies*, describes the daily existence of the children of the Legion of Honour. The would-be pupils and their relatives, on being ushered into Mme Campan's parlour, were expected to produce their papers of identification, after which a young lady carrying a huge bunch of keys, appeared and took the pupils to be introduced to their future companions.

"As I had caught cold in Paris," relates the heroine of the above-mentioned work, "my mother, on reaching Ecouen, had requested that I might be put to bed in the infirmary. I am now quite well again, and I sleep in a dormitory close to the bell which gives the signal for lessons to begin. At six o'clock this morning I heard a prodigious noise; I was vastly alarmed; however, I thrust my head under the blankets and quickly fell asleep again. But I soon heard somebody calling me by my name; I put my head out and beheld the lady-superintendent, fully dressed, standing at the foot of my bed. My companions were already up and ready to go into school. So there was nothing for it but to dress myself, which I did with one eye open and the other shut; in my haste I put on my pinbefore inside out, for which act I had the satisfaction of seeing my comrades burst out a-laughing at me. A second ringing of bells gave the signal for prayers, whereupon we are made to walk sedately two by two to our classroom. I was so bold as to ask the lady-superintendent why she made us walk in such a ridiculous procession; she replied that, without this precaution, the children would knock themselves against the doors and might even hurt themselves. After prayers, the bell rang again, this time for Mass. All my comrades went to a cupboard to fetch their prayer books, after which we were again made to fall into line. Mass finished, the bell rang for breakfast; but what a breakfast! With the exception of those in delicate health, to whom the nurses carried chocolate, we were given milk; another day we shall have either jam or fruit. Would it not be much nicer if each one could have what she prefers, either coffee, chocolate, or jam? But we are even deprived of the satisfaction of having money in our possession, for we cannot buy what we like.

"To-morrow I shall have to get one of my comrades to wake me, for I have been told that I shall have to wash and dress Victorine (her little sister). I have had to mark all my linen; I was sent to the matron's room to make my own frocks, pinbefores, velvet bonnet and cap. I did not expect to become a dressmaker, and it seems to me that the parents' wishes as to their daughters' education are not consulted. That cruel bell has just rung again; it never ceases to ring for some lesson or the other; I could forgive it for its vile noise if it would only ring a little oftener for recreation. It rings ten minutes before dinner, so that we, like common serving-wenches, may fulfil the agreeable task of dusting our desks and sweeping out the classrooms; then it rings for dinner, supper, and bedtime; but the most horrible of all its ringings is when it wakes us in the morning. Everything here goes by clockwork. Oh! how I regret my little room at Valence, so quiet, so removed from all street-sounds. How silly I was to grumble at the poor cock which, it is true, awoke me most mornings, but at least allowed me to turn over and go to sleep again! Here three hundred persons have to behave like one, and to obey one command given by one person.

"There are other revolting and fidgety rules. Would you believe it? If we want to go anywhere and we are not walking in procession, we have to hold in our hand a little label on which is written the word: matron's room, linen-closet, music-room, or wherever else we want to go. If a governess meets a child without this passport, she can seize it by the hand and take it off to *Madame la directrice*; you can imagine that a visit, under such circumstances, is not attended with much pleasure."

In her book, *De l'Education*, Mme Campan explains her reason for making her pupils walk two by two. At first the children at Saint-Germain were allowed to go in and out of the classrooms as they liked, but one day after dinner a showman with some performing dogs asked permission to enter the courtyard of the Hôtel de Rohan, whereupon all the little ones rushed to the door in order to look at the four-footed actors. One of the babies stumbled and fell to the ground without her schoolfellows noticing what had happened; several others pressed forward so eagerly that they stepped on the prostrate little one, hurting it very severely. In future the children had to walk two and two.

There was one rule at Ecouen which was calculated to develop the maternal instincts: each big girl had to take care of a little one, and, as the children were sent as young as possible to the establishment, it frequently happened that the child was scarcely more than a baby, which the big girl had to get up in the morning, wash, dress, and tell what it had to do during the day; then in the evening the big girl had to ask the little one how it had behaved, blame or praise it, as the case might be—in fact, act the part of a mother. For Napoleon's intention, in founding the Imperial Educational

Establishment at Ecouen, was not merely to give the orphans of his brave servants a comfortable home, but to provide wives for his future heroes. Was not dear *Madame Mère* married at fourteen years of age and the mother of four spirited children before she was twenty—and very proud of the fact? Mme Campan held that a wife should know how to manage her household: "The cares of the home concern women; a good housewife should take pride in providing her husband with excellent food. A man who works all day cannot attend to such matters; and if the wife neglects them, she will ruin her home, and will force her husband to pass his time in wine-shops." The pupils at Ecouen had to learn to cook, to sweep out their classrooms, make their own clothes, wait at table, give out the clean linen, etc.

The costume—it is practically unchanged to-day at the sister-establishment of Saint-Denis—consisted of a black stuff frock with a white collar; each class wore a distinctive sash: the older girls wore red and white; those who had not yet mastered their grammar wore blue, while the tiny ones (and they must have been specially dear to *Maman* Campan's heart) wore green sashes until they had learnt the difference between M and N.

The children's relations were permitted to visit them on Sundays and Thursdays, when Mme Campan proudly writes: "There are sometimes as many as fifty visitors in the parlours!" So strict was the watch kept over the pupils that they were not allowed to write to their girl-friends without permission, and such luxuries so dear to the hearts of little girls as rose-coloured note-paper adorned with cupids or perhaps a portrait of the Great Napoleon, were at once confiscated.

When a child had given special satisfaction to her teachers, she was allowed to go in state with her comrades to the park, where she solemnly planted a young tree which in future was to bear her name and to be tended by her hands alone. Long years afterwards, when the master-mind which had conceived this institution had been extinguished, some of *Maman* Campan's former nestlings, now wives and mothers themselves, paid a visit to the old school at Ecouen and tried to evoke the past; they found the gravel walks down which they had bowled their hoops, played hide-and-seek, and chased the many-coloured butterflies, covered with moss; the park was full of dead branches, untidy undergrowth, and ugly weeds, while the trees which had borne the pupils' names had either disappeared or were hidden under shrouds of ivy. Gone was the happy playground, the lost bower of childhood:—

"I affirm that since I lost it,
Never bower has seemed so fair—
Never garden-creeper crossed it,
With so deft and brave an air—
Never bird sung in the summer
As I saw and heard them there."

The rule at Ecouen was: "Be quicker to praise than to blame." Punishments were not to be over-frequent. Mme Campan had a wholesome dread of severity where little girls were concerned: "Cold water thrown in the face of a naughty child," said she, "is a sure but dangerous cure for a fit of temper. I knew a gentleman who did this to one of his daughters, whereupon she was instantly seized with an attack of hoarseness from which she suffered for the rest of her life."

Mme Campan was fond of relating the following anecdote :—

"A little girl of nine years having gone with her parents to spend the fête of Corpus Christi in a country house near Paris, was tempted to steal a watch belonging to one of her little friends ; she yielded to the criminal desire. The watch was sought for everywhere ; it was found, and the thief discovered. The poor parents, overwhelmed with grief and shame, condemned the little culprit to walk in the procession of Corpus Christi carrying a board on which these words were written : *I stole a watch.* The terrified culprit submitted to this fearful punishment. She returned home with her parents without having uttered a single word or shed one tear. Having crossed a poultry-yard where she found a serving-wench to whom she said : 'Adieu, Marianne, I am disgraced,' she entered a thicket in which there was a pond, flung herself into it and was instantly drowned."

Another and a less tragic anecdote, evoking the charming but frivolous Court of Versailles, was often related by Mme Campan to those of her friends who could remember the *ancien régime.* The maréchale de Beauvau, the daughter of the duc de Rohan-Chabot, had been educated at the convent of Port-Royal, whither the most illustrious families in France sent their daughters. A little girl of six years of age having been so wicked as to steal an *écu* worth six francs, the nuns had a grand confabulation in order to punish the culprit so that she would never forget.

The little girl was sentenced *to be hung*, that is to say, she was placed in a wicker basket, which was then suspended from the ceiling of the classroom. While she was thus imprisoned, her governesses and schoolfellows entered the room and walked to and fro under the basket chanting the *De Profundis*. When it was little Mlle de Rohan-Chabot's turn to approach the impromptu prison, she turned up her face and called out: "Are you dead?" whereupon the unrepentant sinner replied through the twigs of the basket: "Not yet!"

And when in after years the maréchale de Beauvau met the little heroine of this incident in the gilded salons of Versailles, she never failed to greet the *pendue* with this question: "Are you dead?" that she might hear the cheery reply: "Not yet!"

Mme Campan found that as a rule it was quite sufficient punishment to make the pupils eat their meals alone on a little wooden table without any tablecloth, with a label above to show what fault had caused this humiliation. On such occasions the offender was served at the same time as her companions, but tears usually took away her appetite. Such a punishment was meted out to any pupil who had been given twelve bad marks during the course of two or three days. Temporary confiscation of the coloured sash was found efficient in the case of more trifling faults. But the worst punishment of all, truly a horrible one, was only once employed during Mme Campan's reign at Ecouen.

Napoleon had decreed that any pupil convicted of a very serious fault should be deprived of her coloured sash in the presence of all her fellow-pupils and teachers, and never allowed to wear it again. On the one and awful occasion when this punishment was inflicted, the three hundred pupils, fifty governesses, and all the servants having formed into a square in the courtyard of the building, the culprit was brought and made to stand, pale and trembling, on the black marble cross on the pavement, representing the cross of the Legion of Honour, when Mme Campan appeared and gravely unfastened the child's sash to show that she had ceased to be worthy of the Emperor's protection—whereupon the unhappy little creature fell to the ground in a swoon.

In order to cure untidy habits, Mme Campan recommended surprise visits to the pupils' chests of drawers and wardrobes. At first she planned to teach the girls how to make preserves and wash and iron their own linen; however, she soon found that more fruit went down the children's throats than into the jam-pots, and that when muslin pinafores and caps come in contact with over-heated irons the results are apt to be disastrous.

It is to be feared that the good dame's ideas concerning personal cleanliness would be considered quite prehistoric by a modern schoolmistress.

"For a dormitory containing thirty beds," says she, "six foot-tubs should be provided, so that every morning six children can wash their feet; in this manner each child takes a foot-bath once in five days. The hands and teeth should be cleaned in the morning, the face and the neck before going to bed. The face should never be washed in the morning, as exposure to the outer air after applying water is apt to crack the skin." (Apparently it was considered unnecessary to wash the "altogether" in Mme Campan's establishment.) "The hair should not be allowed to grow long until after the age of twelve. Schoolmistresses sometimes experience difficulty in persuading mothers to sacrifice a fine head of hair which has been carefully brushed and combed from the cradle; but when the reason has been explained to the parents, they usually give their consent."

"A proper dormitory," she says, "ought not to contain more than thirty beds. The bed of the superintendent of each dormitory ought to be raised several feet on a sort of platform, and so placed that she can see all the pupils' beds at a glance; she will give a bad mark to any pupil who, seized with some stupid fear, is found in a schoolfellow's bed. . . . Children of three and four years of age, gifted with a lively imagination, are often troubled with visions before falling asleep. They must not be scolded for being frightened; they see, or think they see, strange and awful-looking creatures pass before their gaze. In this case we must not punish them unjustly, but try to reason with them; they must not be left alone in the dark. . . . From April 1 to October 1, the hour of rising is fixed at 6 a.m.; from October 1 to April 1, the hour is 7 a.m. . . ."

After rising, prayers had to be said and the epistle and gospel read aloud. Every week a pupil was chosen to teach the little ones their alphabet. Before each meal a pupil had to climb up into a sort of pulpit and recite the Lord's Prayer, after which a rap on the table gave the signal for the pupils to sit down and eat their soup; another prayer closed the performance.

Sunday, a delightful day, began with Mass;

Vespers and Benediction were said in the afternoon, and then the pupils were free to work in the garden and play games. During the long dark winter evenings some of the pupils took turns to play the pianoforte—an instrument which Mme Campan recommended should be learnt early—while the little ones danced. The elder girls always spent Sunday evening in Mme Campan's parlour, where they read aloud or listened to the conversation of the directress and her friends. The smaller girls were at times allowed as a reward to take a dish of tea with the directress, which must have been a great honour; or else they were admitted to her own little garden, where she regaled them with fruit and whipped cream.

The pupils were always in bed before ten.

A sort of brief examination was held every quarter, when, each girl having produced a drawing and a composition, prizes were awarded; at the end of the year they underwent a severer examination, when they were expected to give a good account of what they had learnt during that time. The highest award was the medal, which M. de Lacépède pinned on the breast of the lucky winner.

CHAPTER XV

The queen of Holland pays a visit to Ecouen—Stéphanie Tascher de La Pagerie marries the prince d'Arenberg—The Emperor's birthday is kept by the Orphans of Austerlitz—Napoleon comes to inspect his protégées—The queen of Holland is made patroness of Ecouen—Napoleon's divorce—Lolotte Bonaparte returns to France—Mme Campan meets with a serious accident—Napoleon and Marie Louise visit Ecouen—France is invaded.

One of the first visitors to Ecouen was Mme Campan's favourite pupil, the queen of Holland. She was received with great ceremony at the door of the chapel by the directress, the governesses, and the chaplains; after having heard Mass, when the pupils sang the *Domine Salvum*, she lunched in Mme Campan's private sitting-room, had a long chat over old times, and presented the governess who had helped Mme Campan to do the honours of the establishment with a ring. When lunch was over, she asked to witness the distribution of bread and meat to twenty-four poor women belonging to the village of Ecouen, which took place four times a week and was paid for by the pupils. Hortense was so touched by the spectacle of two pupils, their black dresses covered by white aprons, ministering to the poor, that she, on saying good-bye, left 600 francs to be spent in a similar manner.

The month of March 1808 saw the last of Napoleon's lightning marriages, the marriage of another of Mme Campan's former pupils—but not to

M. de Chaumont-Quitry, to whom Stéphanie Tascher de La Pagerie, Josephine's cousin and god-daughter, had been engaged for two years. That honest fellow, Rapp, had asked for her hand during the Consulate and been refused by Mme Bonaparte, who had not considered him a sufficiently good *parti.* Mlle Tascher had to thank Napoleon for a very bitter experience, for, as in the case of her cousins Hortense and Stéphanie de Beauharnais, her marriage was to prove an utter failure. The prince d'Arenberg, at that time a colonel in the French army, was rather a favourite with Napoleon. The latter one day sent for the prince and, having assured him of his friendship, delivered himself of this astounding piece of news :—

"You shall marry to-morrow!"

"Sire," replied his astonished visitor, "I regret to say that I am not free to marry, for my affianced bride expects me to keep my word : we are pledged to one another for life."

But this excuse was as useless and empty as when employed by Davout on a previous and similar occasion.

"Well, get disengaged!" remarked Napoleon. "I expect you to marry to-morrow. If you refuse, we shall send you to the fortress of Vincennes."

As the prince had no desire to become familiar with the topography of that depressing place, he obeyed.

Napoleon did his duty to the bride when he gave her a trousseau valued at 40,000 francs. The bill of the then fashionable dressmaker, Mme Lenormand, included such items as 25,000 francs worth of underclothing, 627 francs for gloves and hosiery, and several dresses embroidered in gold and silver, each costing from 5000 to 6000 francs.

The marriage took place, according to Napoleon's orders, on the morrow at midnight in the Luynes-d'Arenberg mansion,[1] the festivities concluding with a ball at which the whole Court assisted, when it was remarked that, although Napoleon opened the ball and danced several times with the bride, he never once invited the Empress to dance.

An unexpected and unrehearsed scene caused consternation among the guests when the bride, having bowed stiffly to her bridegroom, retired and locked herself into her own apartment.

The prince d'Arenberg's respect for, or rather dread of, his wife's relatives did not prevent him later murmuring at the way in which she had treated him, a married man with no rights or power over his wife. However, when Napoleon, too, was deprived of his rights and power, the princess d'Arenberg got her marriage annulled by Rome, and married her former fiancé, the comte de Chaumont-Quitry.

The routine at Ecouen was varied by several fêtes. Carnival was kept according to tradition. For many days previous to Shrove Tuesday, the young ladies spent every spare moment in cutting out and gluing costumes in multi-coloured paper. On the great day, the pupils, dressed as wild Indians and Esquimaux, were given an excellent dinner of fat capons,—which had likewise been preparing for Carnival,—tartlets and creams in the Salle Hortense, specially illuminated and decorated for the occasion, after which the girls marched round the hall and then danced quadrilles until midnight.

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[1] Some authors assert that the marriage was celebrated in Louis Bonaparte's *hôtel* in the rue Cerutti, Paris.

Corpus Christi was another feast; this fête, which takes place in June at a time when all Nature is singing the praises of the Creator, is the most charming in the Church year. An altar was always erected at one end of the garden. The procession was headed by the servants, dressed in neat black dresses, carrying the crucifix; then came the banner of the Virgin Mary, borne by girls chosen for their good conduct, wearing blue sashes: the canopy was carried by girls in crimson and white sashes, while fifty of the youngest pupils, wearing white muslin veils and wreaths of cornflowers on their heads, scattered *Maman* Campan's sweetest blossoms before the Holy Sacrament. Mme Campan and the chancellor, M. de Lacépède, followed, together with the governesses and the other pupils, singing hymns.

The birthday of the Emperor, to whom the little pupils owed this pleasant home, was celebrated on August 15 by a grand Mass, at which the bishop of Troyes, the Emperor's own chaplain, and the six chaplains belonging to the establishment, officiated. A magnificent dinner—including the inevitable tartlets and creams—was then given to the pupils, attired in their best clothes, Mme Campan inviting fifty ladies to dine with her, when the Emperor's health was drunk with enthusiasm. The *château* was illuminated in the evening, and the pupils and some of the younger governesses danced to the sound of a piano and a violin.

It was a sad anniversary that of the battle of Austerlitz, when so many of the pupils had been orphaned, which was kept on December 2 by order of the lord-chancellor, M. de Lacépède. After hearing Mass, the whole establishment walked in procession to the park, where the head of the senior class and the head of the junior class solemnly planted two young trees ornamented with the colours of the Legion of Honour.

In February 1809 an epidemic of measles broke out among the pupils at Ecouen; as more than one hundred children were ill at one time, several dormitories had to be turned into hospital wards. So carefully were the children nursed by *Maman* Campan and her assistants, that only three died. One of these belonged to the *classe violette*—that is to say, she wore a violet sash. When the dead girl's little sister heard that her big sister was no more, she was heart-broken, and gathered up several articles which had belonged to the dear dead one, wept over them, and refused to be parted from them.

Ever since the establishment had been opened, Mme Campan had been hoping that the Emperor would come and see for himself how she had acquitted herself of the task confided to her motherly heart. Another extract from *Les Lettres de deux amies* describes a surprise visit which was made, March 4, 1809:—

"*Madame la directrice* was walking in the garden when she saw a page and several grooms wearing Napoleon's livery approach the house; somebody ran to summon her, whereupon she hastened to the wicket-gate. The page informed her that the Emperor was coming to Ecouen, and that he would arrive in a few minutes; upon hearing which all the ladies flocked round Mme Campan, asking what they were to do. Were they to dress the children? Where were they to stand? What were they to do? There was no time to make the children put on their best clothes. '*To the classrooms, and every lady to her post!*' was the word of command. The chancellor, whom Napoleon had only informed at eleven o'clock that morning that he was going to Ecouen, luckily arrived a few minutes before his master.

"At half-past twelve the Emperor's carriage entered the courtyard; he was accompanied by the prince de Neufchâtel,[1] the other members of his suite occupying a second carriage. His Excellence the chancellor and *Madame la directrice* received the founder of Ecouen under the great porch. He first walked through the refectories and the classrooms on the ground floor; he put some very easy questions to several of the little ones, to which they replied very nicely, displaying scarcely any timidity. Napoleon examined the stockings which the little pupils were knitting, opened them, slipped his hand into them and turned them inside out, just as if he were a good housewife. While Napoleon was inspecting the dormitories, the studio, the infirmary, and the dispensary, we were made to take our places in the chapel; the clergy then walked in procession, carrying the crucifix, to meet him outside the porch, and make a speech. The head chaplain's discourse was simple and deeply touching. Napoleon then went and knelt in the place reserved for him; he rose from his knees when we began to sing a hymn which he had never before heard sung by so many fresh young voices, and which seemed to give him pleasure.

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[1] Berthier.

"On leaving the chapel, our benefactor went to look at the north terrace. We were then made to stand in two long rows, reaching from the *château* to the park.

"'I do not often assist at such reviews,' remarked Napoleon; 'these young people all look in good health.'

"When somebody replied with reason that it was due to the pure air, Napoleon added :—

"'And to good care!'

"This remark was repeated by the ladies, who felt much flattered. When he to whom we owe so much reached the end of the path, *Madame la directrice* asked him if he would allow some of the pupils to dance in his presence, as we were accustomed to do on fête-days.

"Certainly!' replied he; 'let them dance, by all means.'

"The pupils immediately began to dance all along the path. Mlle Caroline de R—— sang a solo, which the pupils then repeated in chorus.

"Napoleon listened attentively to the following verses :—

"'Cette plume qui donna
Dès lors à l'Europe entière,
Dans un règlement traça[1]
Nos devoirs, notre prière,
Quand de son nom belliqueux
Il fait retentir la terre,
Ici nos plus simples jeux
L'intéressent comme un père.'

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[1] In reference to a fourteen-page memorandum concerning his plans for the education of the daughters of his brave soldiers, which Napoleon, one evening after winning a battle in Poland, had dictated to one of his aides-de-camp.

"The word *father*, uttered by a multitude of children who owed to Napoleon that inestimable benefit, a good education, and this assembly of young girls, the fathers of many of whom had already terminated their career or who still served under the flag, seemed to make a deep impression upon him; his face betrayed his emotion.

"The dance over, Napoleon ordered *Madame la directrice* to give him the names of the four most obedient and most industrious pupils. She was visibly embarrassed; such a matter is both difficult and pleasing; however, we all applauded her choice.

"'I give each of these young ladies,' said he, 'a pension of 400 francs as a proof of my pleasure.'

"The pupils then went to dinner. Napoleon entered the refectory and went and stood beneath the pulpit, when the pupil who had to read that day finished the Lord's Prayer with a special prayer for him. He looked up at her, and was so kind as to bow to her. He then asked several questions concerning our meals; he asked what treats we were given on fête-days. *Madame la directrice* replied that we were allowed either tartlets or creams.

"'Well, then,' replied he, 'next Sunday you must celebrate my visit by giving them both tartlets *and* creams!'

"Just as Napoleon was about to get into his carriage, he deigned to inform his Excellence the chancellor that he was going to attend to the organization of other educational establishments for the daughters of knights of the Legion of Honour, and that our house was only a temporary institution. This remark must have delighted his Excellence, who, for the last two years, has been working with zeal and perseverance at a very different task to that which usually occupies his time. . . . I have just been interrupted by loud cries and the clapping of many pairs of hands ; on going to ascertain what was happening, I saw all the girls assembled in the courtyard ; they were gazing in rapture at a number of baskets containing at least twenty different kinds of jams and sugar-plums sent by Napoleon to *Madame la directrice* for Sunday's feast. . . . The little ones are really vastly entertaining : one of them, on seeing the first basket of sugar-plums unpacked, cried : 'Oh ! what a fine thing it must be to be a conqueror ! he must be able to eat as many sugar-plums as he likes !' . . ."

Napoleon had put a very poignant question to Mme Campan on taking leave of her and her children.

"Why," asked he, "did the old system of educating girls in France prove a failure ?"

"It was because they lacked good mothers !" quoth *Maman* Campan.

"Well said," exclaimed Napoleon, himself the son of a good mother ; "let our Frenchmen owe to you the education of the future mothers of their children !"

Before many weeks had elapsed, Napoleon had decreed the formation of five other educational establishments for girls, viz. : Saint-Denis and Mont Valérien, both outside Paris ; Les Loges, at Saint-Germain ; Les Barbeaux, near Melun ; and Pont-à-Mousson, in the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle.

As at Saint-Germain, Mme Campan gathered round her all the best teachers of the day ; from London she summoned a well-known pianist and harpist, a certain Frenchwoman of the name of Laval, who, although able to earn £1200 a year, was always in debt; when inviting this lady to return to her native land, Mme Campan said that she could not afford to pay her a very high salary, but that she hoped, as living was less expensive in France, Mme Laval would accept her offer. Let us hope that Mme Laval turned over a new leaf, and was not like some of Mme Campan's teachers, who had to be dismissed lest their bad example should corrupt the little girls' morals.

In April, Napoleon appointed Mme Campan's former pupil, the queen of Holland, as the patroness of Ecouen.

Mme Campan, with a salary of 15,000 francs, was now on the topmost wave of prosperity. The establishment at Ecouen became one of the "sights" of the day and was visited by people from many lands, including the king of Bavaria, the viceroy of Italy (Hortense's brother Eugène), and Caroline Murat, now queen of Naples, who, on returning to their own countries, founded similar institutions.

The number of girls' schools in and around Paris had grown enormously during the last few years; many of these were day-schools. Mme Campan held that boarding-schools for young ladies ought to be situated outside the city, and not, as was frequently the case in those days, in the upper floors of a big building inhabited on the entrance floor by a notary employing several clerks, with possible and very probable consequences—flirtations between romantic misses and underfed quill-drivers, in the throes of calf-love and with a taste for poetry.

Mme Campan proposed that the number of girls' schools should be limited:—

"The two sexes would then no longer study together, and girls would only be taken as day-boarders until they had made their First Communion. Little girls ought not to be allowed to run about the streets of a capital which offers such dangers to morality. Day-schools exist in Philadelphia and New York, but boarding-schools are unknown. Schools for all classes of society ought to be opened. The poorer classes would pay four francs a month; the richer would pay twelve francs or twenty-four francs; for the latter class, drawing, writing, and dancing masters would be provided."

Many of these smaller schools had failed on account of the dearness of such necessities as bread and vegetables; in some cases the pupils' clothes and trinkets had been seized to pay the debts contracted by the schoolmistresses, and Mme Campan herself rescued a friendless girl of fifteen from a school while the sale of furniture, etc., was actually taking place. It was for this reason that she said that thirty boarding-schools kept by nuns or private persons ought to suffice for Paris and the suburbs, and sixty day-schools for the capital only.

Mme Campan's prosperity was in no wise injured by the divorce of the woman to whom she owed so much of that prosperity.

Napoleon, immediately after his divorce, which took place in December 1809, again wrote to his brother Lucien, begging him to reconsider his decision, and send Lolotte to Paris, where he could easily find a suitable husband for her, having now two eligible *partis*, the prince of the Asturias and the grand-duke of Würzburg, on hand. At last in February, Lucien, unwilling to spoil his daughter's prospects, sent Lolotte with her cousin, Mme Gasson, to Paris, where she was to lodge with her grandmother.

On March 8, *Madame Mère* wrote to her son Lucien :—

"Lolotte has arrived in good health. As soon as her wardrobe is in order, I shall take her to see the Emperor, and I am convinced that she will be received very kindly; I will tell you all about it on the morrow. Please Heaven I may be enabled to announce to you the only thing which I now need to make me perfectly happy—namely, your reconciliation.

"VOSTRA MADRE."

Madame Mère was mistaken. Contrary to his usual habit, Napoleon treated Mme Campan's former pupil rather sternly; it must be allowed that she, alas! did nothing to earn his affection: she laughed at her suitors, and made very outspoken remarks concerning her uncle's Court.

It was with difficulty that Lucien had been able to force himself to send this child—Lolotte was only just fifteen—up to Paris. He considered the two marriages proposed by his powerful brother unsuitable. Before Lolotte had been many days in Paris, her father, dreading lest Napoleon should conclude another of his disastrous lightning marriages, wrote to the match-maker: "Send her back to me, or I will set your commands at defiance and come and look for her in the *salons* of the Tuileries."

Napoleon took no notice of this threat.

Imprudent in her behaviour and conversation, poor home-sick Lolotte was likewise imprudent on paper. Unfortunately for her, Napoleon, like Queen Marie

Caroline of Naples, was fond of opening other people's letters; so when he came upon this effusion from Mlle Lolotte: "Oh! my little papa, how wise you were not to come here! America would be a thousand times nicer, I am sure"—he cried, in anger that his kindness had met with such ingratitude:—

"She shall go! I never want to hear her name mentioned again! She must leave Paris within twenty-four hours."

No sooner said than done. Mlle Lolotte's pretty new clothes were flung anyhow into her trunk, and before another twenty-four hours had elapsed she had shaken the dust of Paris off her feet.

On clasping the wanderer to his heart, Lucien cried:—

"My child, I have made a great mistake; but I have got you back again, so the harm is repaired."

In the autumn of 1810 the young ladies of Ecouen embroidered a magnificent Court costume and train for the new Empress, who had already shown an interest in the establishment by begging Mme Campan to admit as a pupil a member of a very old French family, Mlle de Maillé de Brézé (later Mme de Monthiers).

It was about this time that Mme Campan met with an accident; while driving with her son on the road to Saint-Germain, the horse ran away and the occupants of the carriage were flung into a ditch. Mme Campan escaped with a few bruises, but her son was so badly hurt that he did not recover from the accident for three years.

Mme Campan's ambition was perilously akin to that of the Emperor when she now suggested that all the girls' boarding-schools in Paris and in the department of the Seine should be abolished by January 1, 1818, and the pupils sent to Ecouen and the other Napoleonic educational establishments. Alas! before that date the founder of those establishments had been "abolished," and directresses and pupils driven from their magnificent abodes. However, Napoleon wisely took no notice of her suggestion.

Mme Campan was much exercised about this time concerning the fate of one of her pupils, a penniless Mlle Bernelle, who nevertheless could boast that nine members of her family had obtained the coveted cross of the Legion of Honour; this young lady had been engaged for several months to a Captain Guerdin of the Imperial Guard. Now Napoleon had lately given commands that no officer in this regiment was to marry any lady who had not at least one hundred *louis* income. Mme Campan interceded for the lovers, and, after many rebuffs, at last obtained the Emperor's consent to their marriage. She was less successful when she endeavoured to find a position for her son Henri, who, should she die suddenly, would be penniless; and yet he was not wanting for friends: did not Savary say of him: "There is not a public functionary more esteemed and beloved than he"?

Mme Campan had another anxiety in the person of the "all too pretty" Pholoé, whose protector was now dead, and whom *Maman* Campan for the last two years had fed, clothed, and educated at her own expense. Talleyrand had promised the prince de Nassau-Siegen to look after the child's interests. This promise, like many others, he promptly forgot, and did not even take the trouble to see that the legacy of 20,000 florins bequeathed to Pholoé by her guardian was paid to her. Realizing that her son Henri and the poor little orphan would be almost friendless at her death, Mme Campan begged Hortense, who had displayed much interest in Pholoé, to act as the child's guardian, and to continue to pay to Henri, after his mother's death, the salary which she had lately been in the habit of receiving.

On July 1, 1811, Napoleon and Marie Louise paid a visit to Ecouen. This time the Emperor came with a numerous retinue, consisting of Mmes de Montebello, de Montmorency, and Talhouet, the prince de Neufchâtel, the ducs de Frioul and de Vicence, maréchal Mortier, and the comtes de Beauharnais, de Nicolaï, and de La Briffe.

Mme Campan, having been warned of the visit, had had time to prepare herself and her pupils. The latter, attired in stiffly starched muslin aprons and caps, walked in procession through the *Salle de l'Empereur* to the entrance to the chapel, where Mlle Momet spoke an address to the founder of the imperial establishment, who afterwards accorded her a pension of 600 francs.

"This was the only address," says Mme Campan. "I was afraid that he would think me presuming if any of my own verses were recited."

The performance of the *Domine Salvum*, sung by all the pupils, so pleased the Emperor that he had the singing-teacher summoned to his presence, when he praised her so that she nearly fainted with emotion. He then made a speech beginning with these words: "Daughters of my brave soldiers, I salute you!" after which he asked Mme Campan several questions concerning the funds in hand.

M. Fontaine, the celebrated architect, happened to be among the Emperor's suite. This gentleman, having remarked that Mme Campan's apartment was small and dark, Napoleon gave orders that another wing should be constructed with a suitable lodging for the directress, where she could receive her friends, upon hearing which that lady made bold to ask the Emperor to order a new pump for the *Fontaine Hortense*, which he immediately did.

The Emperor then asked her to name her four best pupils. At first Mme Campan managed to evade a reply; but Napoleon, after the pupils had repeated the dances which had pleased him so much on the occasion of his first visit, returned to the subject, and this time she was obliged to name not four but eight of her best pupils, one of whom, Mlle Hortode, was in great distress at that time, as her father had been taken prisoner at Guadaloup, and was now in an English fortress.

The Emperor was in high spirits. He praised everything and everybody. How did the successor to the Creole, who always knew what to say, behave? Mme Campan says:—

"Her Majesty the Empress made no speeches. Although she is a great princess, she seems shy, as I could see for myself. I made bold to speak to her quite simply as if I had already had the honour of meeting her; she replied graciously. I told her that I had prepared milk, fruit, and brown bread for her, knowing that her Majesty liked such things; to which she replied:—

"'Another time I will come and partake of some refreshment, but not to-day, for I have a headache; I thank you for the kind thought.'

"She then told me that she was pleased with the six ladies whom I had sent to her from Ecouen.[1] . . . The children were crazy with delight. They kept putting their little feet on the steps and on the stones over which the Emperor had walked. Even those who cannot sing in tune, and whose voices are never heard in chapel, wanted to join in the *Domine Salvum*; I really thought that the roof would have come off!"

Although Mme Campan for once does not mention the inevitable tartlets and creams, we may be sure that both these delicacies were included in the pupils' menu on that glorious day, when the children welcomed "their Father," as they called him, to the pleasant home provided by his bounty.

Mme Campan was naturally flattered by the new Empress's visit to Ecouen, but she did not forget her old friends.

Hortense, about this time, had a road made from her estate at Saint-Leu to Ecouen, so that she might see her "second mother" with greater ease. Mme Campan was also invited by the ex-Empress to La Malmaison, where she found Josephine surrounded by her faithful friends and enjoying the companionship of her two eldest grandsons, Napoleon,[2] who was afterwards massacred during a riot at Forli, and Louis,[3] to be known to history as Napoleon III.

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[1] Six of Mme Campan's ex-pupils were in the new Empress's suite.

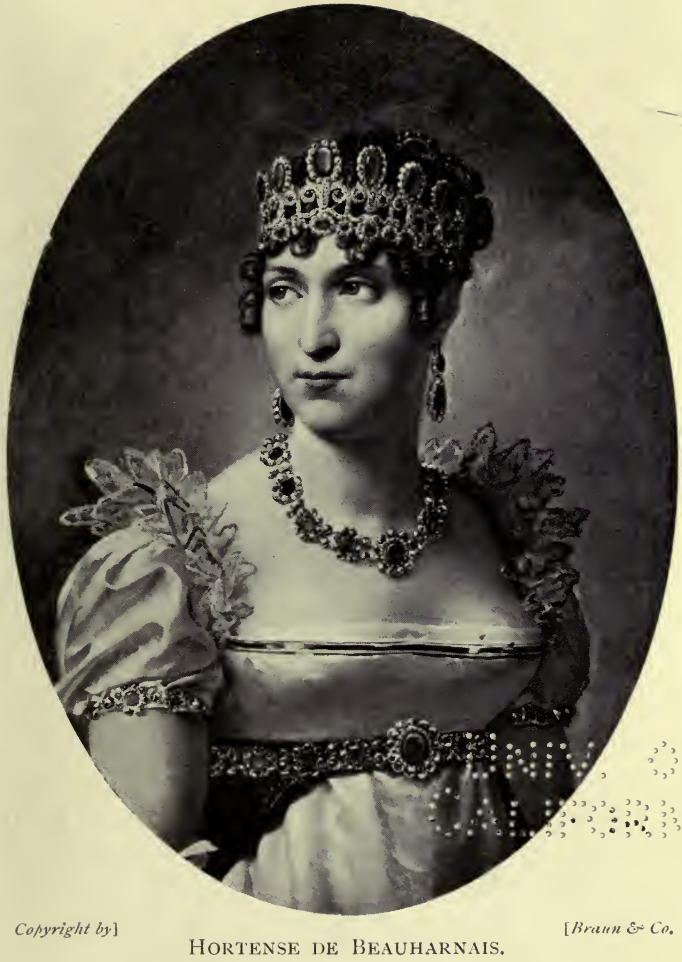
[2] Napoleon-Louis, 1804–1831.

[3] Charles-Louis-Napoleon, 1808–1873.

"The Empress was most kind and quite charmed me," wrote Mme Campan to the boys' mother, "I must confess that I never imagined that such grace and sensibility could be united to so much common sense. She lives surrounded by a Court which is as devoted to her as it can be; if she no longer shines like the sun, at least she resembles the sweet, calm star which follows it. I found the princes at La Malmaison. Prince Napoleon recited a scene from Racine for me; he took the part of Achille; the exactness of his intonation reminded me of your Majesty when you were a child; his memory is prodigious and his manner of speaking is a sure proof of his intelligence. As for prince Louis, who had lately been told the story of *Puss-in-Boots*, he had thrust one of his little legs into a cardboard boot and, whip in hand, was bent upon imitating the hero of that romance; so excited was he, that he ran through all the rooms, and would listen to nobody. He is really charming with his vivacity, his fresh colour, and his resemblance to your Majesty."

This letter concludes with a request for 100 francs that she may buy a layette for the child of a poor English lady, *née* Cameron, married to a needy *émigré*, and already the mother of three children: "This lady is very virtuous, is an excellent mother, is still pretty, and one can see that she is accustomed to good society. Some relatives of mine knew her in London nearly twenty years ago."

The year 1812 was uneventful for *Maman* Campan and her children, except for a visit from Hortense, when the latter distributed as a reward to some of the best pupils several handsome medals, enamelled with



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HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

From a painting by Régranet.

a portrait of the beloved Emperor. These visits were the source of as much pleasure to Hortense as to the pupils. So warm was the welcome, so truly did the children's wishes come from the heart, that Hortense, speaking in 1831 of those visits, said: "That is the only royalty I ever regretted."

At last, in June 1813, Mme Campan seemed about to obtain for her son Henri the long-desired position. The Emperor, in fact, had actually nominated Henri prefect of Amiens, when M. de la Tour-du-Pin Gouvernet, backed by some influential persons at Court, was given that post in order to compensate him for another appointment which he had been promised, but had not obtained. And so poor Henri, the son of "the celebrated Mistress Campan," as she was called in the London and New York newspapers of the day, found himself no nearer obtaining a suitable position than he had been five years ago.

On June 10, 1813, Mme Campan's niece, Mme de Broc, *née* Adèle Auguié, was drowned owing to her own imprudence while on an excursion with Hortense and several other ladies to the cascade of Grésy, in the valley of Sierroz, near Aix-les-Bains. Mme de Broc had been warned not to go too near the river, as the bank was steep and slippery; but brushing aside the guide's proferred hand, she bounded down the bank; suddenly her foot slipped and, before her companions could save her, she fell into the torrent and was swept away. Hortense wept bitterly for her beautiful young friend; when the body, after much difficulty, was recovered from the mountain-torrent, Hortense had a little monument (which can still be seen) erected to her memory over the spot where poor Mme de Broc lost her life, with the following inscription :—

ICI
MADAME LA BARONNE DE BROC
ÂGÉE DE VINGT-CINQ ANS, A PÉRI,
LE 10 JUIN, 1813.
O VOUS
QUI VISITEZ CES LIEUX,
N'AVANCEZ QU'AVEC
PRUDENCE SUR CES
ABÎMES !
SONGEZ À CEUX QUI
VOUS
AIMENT !

Mme Campan, who had acted as mother for so many years to the poor young woman, wrote a sad letter to Mlle Cochelet, Hortense's *lectrice* :—

“ My dear Louise, nothing can describe the despair of her family. Reason, strength of mind, and resignation can alone alleviate the pain ; but the wound will never close as long as we live. I am writing to the queen (Hortense) to-day to beg her to resign herself to the severe decrees of Providence. May her health, her precious health, suffer no harm, is now my prayer. That angel who devoted herself to her while on earth, now prays for her in Paradise. Ah ! my dear friend, strength fails me to write any more. — Your affectionate friend, GENEST CAMPAN.”

The year 1813 brought Mme Campan other sorrows, which she pours out to Hortense thus :—

"The Emperor imagines me to be rich, and fancies that I have lied to him. . . . My first earnings at Saint-Germain enabled me to buy some furniture, for my house had been burnt and pillaged. I paid my husband's debts to the amount of 30,000 francs. War was the ruin of my establishment, and during the last five years there I lost 12,000 francs every year. When I went to Ecouen I had 60,000 francs of debts. Thanks to the kindness of your Majesty and the princesses, I have been able to pay off 25,000 francs during the last three years, but I still owe 35,000 francs. I have certain bills which must be paid before January 1, 1814. I am going to beg your Majesty to anticipate your usual New Year present of 6000 francs and to give it to me now, so that I may pay off some of that debt."

The winter of 1813–14 was a terrible one for the founder of Ecouen and its directress. The Battle of the Nations had driven the Emperor back to France; but although forced to resist the allied armies of Europe, his genius and the *furia francese* still sustained him. On January 27, 1814, he beat the invaders at Saint-Dizier.

The sub-prefect of Pontoise having invited all good patriots to make lint for Napoleon's soldiers, the mayor of Ecouen paid a visit to Mme Campan and enlisted her help and sympathy; the usual school tasks were laid aside. Mme Campan and her "little bees," as M. Méjan so prettily terms them, worked so hard that they soon had a huge store of lint, to which Hortense, the patroness, was begged to contribute by sending all her old linen to Ecouen, so that the girls might convert it into bandages and dressings.

On February 11, Napoleon won a brilliant victory over the Allies at Montmirail; Mme Campan depicts her delight in the following letter to Hortense:—

"ECOUEN, *February* 13, 1814.

"Notwithstanding all my precautions, alarming news was brought to our secluded abode by the pupils, but it in no wise troubled our calm existence. The lessons went on with the greatest regularity; not a single governess left the institution; we might have been miles and miles away from Paris. I had laid in a store of vegetables, flour, eggs, and prunes sufficient to last two months in case of any emergency. The whole country-side for two leagues round was quite convinced that the enemy would inflict the pain of death upon anybody daring to trouble the peace of these shelters for youth. I myself started that rumour; I was delighted to hear the peasants repeat it, for I feared thieves almost as much as I dreaded the Cossacks. M. de Lacépède was so kind as to write his approval of my conduct. *Our position has much changed; joy is universal. The Emperor and his brave fellows have accomplished miracles,* and I no longer have any fears for you, Madame, nor for my beautiful country. By placing our heads near the ground we could hear the cannons thundering; I think we owed this painful privilege to the vicinity of the hill, but we afterwards heard something much grander, and that was the guns at the Invalides—a sound which delighted our hearts. We continue to make lint for the department; we have already made more than eighty pounds, but we must now think of rejoicings, and I am going to have your Majesty's kind present of a roundabout put in order. . . ."

Alas! the victory of Montmirail was soon to be followed by the siege of Paris, and that most cruel blow, the treachery of so many of those friends who had sworn to be faithful to their Emperor—and perhaps had meant it—in the days of prosperity! During those horrible months when France was smarting with humiliation for her children's treachery, Hortense composed a patriotic song with a refrain :—

> "Entends le cri de tous les cœurs :
> Il faut défendre la Patrie !"

This song became a great favourite with the populace, the Emperor's most faithful friends. Mme Campan's son was instrumental in introducing it to the town of Toulouse, where he had been given a small post. He taught it to some young girls, who sang it with such success in one of the chief theatres that the prima-donna, to whom he had refused to act as singing-master because she was fifty years of age and her voice "two or three lustres older than that," as Mme Campan quaintly puts it, threatened to put poison in his coffee if he ever dared to show himself at the *café* which she kept, and where she was always to be found when not at the theatre endeavouring to reach C in alt.

Mme Campan did her best to be cheerful during those weeks of anxiety ; but the presence of marauders armed with the dead soldiers' weapons, who hid by day in the woods around Ecouen and came out to help themselves to what they could find at night, did not reassure her. The peasants formed themselves into patrols ; but, as Mme Campan remarked : "A picket of mounted soldiers would have been far more efficacious than our peasants armed with pikes and sticks. It is the chancellor's duty to protect our establishment, and it is mine to warn him when protection is necessary, to remain at my post and to care for my pupils."

It would seem as if Mme Campan was fated to suffer with France. During the Revolution she had seen her house burnt and everything in it stolen or destroyed; she now heard that her little farm, "all the property I had in the wide world," had been the scene of a horrible battle, and that the dear animals she loved so well, the agricultural implements, all the produce—everything had been burnt by the invaders.

"I must learn to be resigned," she remarks; then pushing aside her own troubles, she writes to Hortense: "The hospitals are in need of lint; your Majesty must send some more old linen to the two institutions (Ecouen and Saint-Denis). I have sent sixty pounds of lint to the hospital which is now being organized at Pontoise. I hear that your Majesty is also making a quantity."

CHAPTER XVI

Abdication of Napoleon—The Emperor Alexander pays a visit to Mme Campan, and makes a strange confession—The queen of Holland as duchesse de Saint-Leu—Mme Campan bids farewell to Ecouen—She suffers for Napoleon's favours—She obtains an audience with the duchesse d'Angoulême—Generosity of "Petite Bonne"—The Hundred Days' Wonder—The Silver Lilies give place to the Golden Bees—Napoleon finds time to review his "little bees"—Farewell to France—The White Terror claims its victims.

On April 11, 1814, Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau. The day before the "Father" of the daughters of the Legion of Honour signed away the power which he had won by his own prodigious talents, Mme Campan, unaware of the tragedy which was about to be enacted, wrote to Hortense, who had gone to stay with the ex-Empress at La Malmaison:—

". . . As for us, Madame, we very nearly received a visit from the Cossacks who pillaged Sarcelles; luckily I had dispatched a letter on April 1 to General Sacken by the hand of a trusty friend. He sent me three men belonging to the Russian army and a safeguard written in that language. I had it copied and affixed to the gates. We did not see a single Cossack. . . . I saved many terrified ladies, who are now lodging in the institution. Saint-Denis has been besieged; canons were placed on the top of the garden-walls. Never would the chancellor have been able to persuade *me* to remain with children and women-folk in a wretched village with cannons going off all around us; he would have been very angry with me, but I would never have given in to him. Had any harm come to those children, he would have been held responsible. Luckily they got off with a few shells and bombs which fell into their garden, and they had to learn their book in damp cellars. Here our little ones knew nothing of what was happening."

Mme Campan soon felt the consequences of the Emperor's departure. Before another month had elapsed she was writing her last letter addressed to her Majesty Queen Hortense:—

"I have so little money to spare for other people, that I don't know which way to turn; for I have to wash and feed, dine and sup, three hundred and sixty persons. As for me, I have not got a *sou*, and my son is lying ill at Montpellier."

No sooner had Napoleon left France than the capital was invaded by hordes of inquisitive foreigners; Mme Campan received visits from *Anglais et Anglaises* who had heard of the splendid institution at Ecouen; she writes to Hortense:—

"They all display interest in your statue and portrait when I tell them that the latter represents a person who is as amiable as she is virtuous. One of them, a commodore or a captain in the navy, whose name I do not know, said to me in English: 'We know she is a very accomplished lady, and her mother the best-hearted lady in the universe' (*sic*). . . ."

The Emperor Alexander of Russia paid several visits to the woman whom people were pleased to call "Napoleon's victim," the Empress Josephine and her daughter, now to be known as the duchesse de Saint-

Leu. He also went to see Mme Campan at Ecouen, when she thanked him for having sent three Russian soldiers to protect the daughters of the Legion of Honour; she invited him to stay to lunch, after which she took him to see the chapel with the old stone pew in which the Constable de Montmorency and his wife used to hear Mass, and then they walked up a hill overlooking the country where she told him she had stood and watched the Battle of Paris; after listening to her in silence, the Emperor made the following confession:—

"Had that battle lasted two hours longer, we should not have had a single cartridge left; we were afraid that we had been misled, for we had been in too great a hurry to reach Paris—and then we had not counted upon such stubborn resistance."

On bidding his hostess farewell, the Emperor of Russia promised to send the pupils some sugar-plums. As the days passed by and no sugar-plums appeared, the children probably drew comparisons between *their* Emperor, who had always kept his promises to them, and the invader.

However, the postmaster of Ecouen had overheard that promise, and when, some time after this visit, Alexander stopped to change horses at Ecouen on his way to the seacoast, where he was to embark for England, the honest postmaster came to the door of the Emperor's travelling-carriage and said:—

"Sire, the pupils of Ecouen are still waiting for the sugar-plums which your Majesty promised them."

The Emperor excused himself by saying that he had ordered Sacken to send them; however, as the children never got the promised treat, it is probable that the Cossacks ate them instead.

In July 1814, Mme Campan wrote the first letter addressed to the duchesse de Saint-Leu; it is a sad one, for it contains the first mention of the rumour that Ecouen, like its founder, was about to become a thing of the past:—

"All my poor ladies," says she, "are terribly anxious until their fate is decided; and there are some who, on leaving Ecouen, will literally have to beg their bread, and others who have not a bed or a pair of sheets. My heart is breaking. What an end to come to after all I have endured! However, I am well, Madame; I am learning to be resigned. I realize that these troubles are the outcome of two revolutions in twenty-five years, and the hot passions which have raged over our land."

A month later and she is writing her last letter from Ecouen. Her career of teaching is over; during the years of labour unrequited and the months of success, she had brought up and married her nieces, two of whom had become *maréchales* and duchesses *à la mode de Napoléon*; she had educated 1200 little girls, some of whom had made grand marriages. Those glorious days of the Empire were already as dead and gone as if they had never existed, as if France had never shone like a beacon in the world of art and science. And Mme Campan, like many another, found herself looked upon with suspicion and dislike because she had faithfully served that marvellous man who had saved her native land from anarchy and ruin. She was accused of having *barbouillé*[1] herself with the Bonapartes. So many of those returned *émigrettes* who had put their pride in their pockets and left France in such a hurry when the old régime first showed signs of falling to pieces, and had lived as titled sycophants at all the European Courts, turned up their aristocratic noses at Napoleon's *maréchales*, whose husbands had earned their fortunes and titles on the field of honour, and not on the back-stairs of a palace, and remarked loud enough to be heard:—

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[1] *Se barbouiller*: to smear oneself with anything.

"We do not know those women—they are only *maréchales*!"

Mme Campan knew what was in store for her when she wrote to "Petite Bonne":—

"Because I served the king and Marie Antoinette most faithfully, and was loaded with benefits, I found that I had won many enemies. I am now ruined. I shall endeavour to lead a quiet but useful life. You, by your kindness, your fame, of which I little dreamt when I received you into my home and mothered you—you have aroused a whole army of enemies against my poor person. The envious, who love neither brilliant talents nor Fortune's favours, nor victorious courage nor the manifestations of beauty in art, cannot forgive me for having one niece a *maréchale*, another a duchess. . . . Some blame me for having professed revolutionary opinions, whereas I have never ceased to regret the excesses of the Revolution; others blame me for having brought up the beautiful women who adorned Napoleon's Court. I shall see the comte de Blacas to-morrow, for all Paris must know that my sovereign acknowledges me to be an honourable woman; he *must*, for I deserve it, and kings should be just to their humblest subjects."

Mme Campan had to care for other people than herself, for she had to provide for the orphan Pholoé, who was still waiting for the legacy which the prince of Nassau-Siegen had bequeathed to her. Mme Ney had been very kind to the girl, inviting her to her house on many occasions. In the spring of 1814, Mlle Pholoé made the acquaintance of a Russian diplomatist, Boutikim by name, which acquaintance, carefully fostered by Mme Ney, in whose house the young people had met, ripened after a few months into love.

A good deed is never wasted; the seed of kindness which Mme Campan had scattered with such a generous hand in prosperity, blossomed and brought forth fruit in the hour of trial. All her friends rallied round her; foremost among these were M. de Lally-Tollendal and Eliza Monroe's father, both of whom interceded for her to Louis XVIII.

While waiting for her fate to be decided, Mme Campan took rooms in a little house outside the walls of the Imperial Establishment over which she had once ruled as queen; here she stored what remained of the wreck of her fortunes; it was not much: a cracked porcelain cup out of which Marie Antoinette had often drunk, a rickety writing-table which had stood in her royal mistress's boudoir at Versailles, a muslin dress, yellow with age, made from stuff presented to the ill-fated queen of France by Tippoo Sahib.[1] And here she sat for long hours waiting.

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[1] Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore in 1782, resisted the English invader, and perished at the siege of Seringapatam in 1799.

Wherever she looked, both within doors and without, she was surrounded by the Past—by her side the frail relics of a dead youth; on the other side of the garden-wall, Ecouen, with its old chapel and stately park, the once busy hive where Napoleon's little bees had learnt their lessons under her motherly eye.

On hearing that the duchesse d'Angoulême, *la petite Madame*, as Mme Campan had often called that unfortunate princess in her childhood, had returned to the Tuileries, the old lady, undaunted by the cool reception accorded by the duchess to Adèle de Boigne, one of Hortense's fellow-pupils at Saint-Germain, rather imprudently begged for an audience. The duchesse d'Angoulême's first words were gracious enough:—

"I have never forgotten your devotion to my mother; I know that you were faithful until the end, and that your prayer to be allowed to follow her to the Temple was rejected; I have never believed any of the slander uttered against you."

However, when Mme Campan, after describing her struggle with poverty at Saint-Germain, went on to speak of the difficulties she had experienced, and the losses she had sustained while at Ecouen, the princess stopped her short with this remark, uttered in a peculiarly acid tone:—

"You would have done better if you had remained at Saint-Germain!"

Whereupon the audience came to an abrupt conclusion.

Then the "Petite Bonne" of the days of Montagne de Bon-Air came to the rescue, sold some of her jewels, and, with the proceeds, gave her old friend the first instalment of the pension which she continued to pay until the day of her second mother's death.

In June 1814 Mme Campan's health necessitated a course of waters at Aix-les-Bains, after which she paid a visit to the grandmother of two of her former pupils, Alix and Josephine d'Audiffrédy.

In the autumn of 1814 Mlle Pholoé went to Vienna in order to be present at the Congress; here she found Boutikim, who acted as her cicerone, and presented her to the Emperor of Russia. Before she left Vienna, Boutikim asked her to marry him, a proposal which Pholoé, whose fortune consisted of vague expectations, was delighted to accept; the marriage was celebrated quite as quickly as if Napoleon had had the management of the affair.

Boutikim's influence at Court enabled him to obtain the money due to his wife, who now found herself possessed of a handsome fortune, some of which she might have sent to the lady who had acted as mother to her for so many years; but Boutikim forbade her to hold any communications with her old friends in France.

The return to France of *Louis le Désiré* did not produce all the wonderful things which the nation had been promised. Too many of the Emperor's faithful servants still remained to deplore either openly or in secret the departure of their chosen sovereign. Even the little pupils of the Legion of Honour Establishment at Saint-Denis, which, unlike the sister institution at Ecouen, had not been abolished, manifested their love for their absent Emperor so loudly on the occasion of a visit from the duchesse d'Angoulême, that she vowed she would never again cross their threshold.

It was the poor and the humble, those who had suffered most for, and reaped less from, the Empire, whose joy was most sincere when they learnt that the people's Emperor, the soldiers' Emperor who once said: "Each wound adds another quarter to the escutcheon"—meaning thereby that the titles won by bravery on the battlefield were the only ones worth having—was once more on French soil.

> "Bon! bon!
> Napoléon
> Va rentrer dans sa maison!"

cried a humble *cantinière* on hearing that Napoleon had escaped from his gaolers. And the *vieux grognards* beat time on their knees as if already on the march as they echoed:—

> "Nous allons voir le grand Napoléon
> Le vainqueur de toutes les nations!"

A blue-stocking at Nancy, in a patriotic frenzy, seized her pen and flourished off an ode ending with the following apostrophe:—

> "Reviens! reviens! C'est le cri de la France
> Pour terminer sa honte et sa souffrance!"

M. Henri Houssaye, in *1815: Les Cent-Jours*, paints such a vivid picture of the scenes enacted at the Tuileries when the Emperor returned to his own again that we can almost see the expressions on the faces of the actors in that drama. Faith in Napoleon's star, fear lest they should be punished if they stayed away, remorse for having accepted favours from his enemies, had brought many to the palace; there were

Davout, Maret, Lebrun, Daru, none of whom had yet been made peers by the Bourbons; Savary, whose loquacity later erased the memory of his bravery; Gaudin, afterwards made governor of the Bank of France; Lavalette, the true; Thibaudeau, a former *conventionnel*, whose exile in consequence of this act of fidelity was to last until the Bourbons again left France; Decrès, the admiral; Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély, who served the eagle and the eaglet with equal devotion; the comte de Ségur, Déjean, Lefèvre, Exelmans. . . . While these gentlemen were waiting for their Emperor to appear, the *Salle des Maréchaux*, the *Galérie de Diane*, and the *Salle du Trône* were suddenly invaded by a troop of fair women (many of whom had been brought up by Mme Campan) wearing their most beautiful clothes, jewels, and laces; they included the princesse d'Eckmühl (Aimée Leclerc)—who said to her husband when, on the return of the Bourbons, he found himself hated for his brave defence of Hamburg: "Never have I been prouder of the fact that I am your wife"; the gentle duchesse de Plaisance, *née* Sophie de Marbois; the duchesse de Rovigo, the heiress Félicité Fodoas; the comtesse Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély; the comtesse de Lavalette, *née* Emilie de Beauharnais, of whom Napoleon said at St. Helena: "She, by her conjugal love, has become an illustrious woman."

On reaching the *Salle du Trône*, one of the ladies remarked that the silver lilies on the carpet seemed as if they had been appliquéd and not woven into the design; bending down, she gave a pull at the Bourbon lily, which came off in her hand revealing the Napoleonic bee. With cries of delight the ladies tore off their gloves, knelt down in their silks and satins, and set to work to restore the carpet to its former state; in less than half an hour not a silver lily was to be seen, and every golden bee stood out clearly on the crimson ground. Their task was just finished when a roar of *Vive l'Empereur!* was heard in the distance.

Napoleon's carriage had scarcely entered the courtyard of the Tuileries when the Emperor was seized by his arms and legs, torn from his seat, carried to the door, and borne to the foot of the staircase, while the men, who only two minutes ago had seemed as if they were still under the influence of some evil dream, cuffed and kicked one another, fought like tigers in their fierce longing to touch the Emperor's person or his clothes. Caulaincourt, fearing lest the returned exile should be crushed to death, shouted in terror to Lavalette, who was a broad-shouldered, powerful man:—

"For God's sake, stand in front of him!"

With a few well-directed blows, Lavalette forced his way through the crowd to the foot of the staircase, when he turned round with his face to the Emperor, and began to ascend the staircase backwards, crying as he did so: "It is you! it is you! it is you!" as if trying to convince himself that his idol had really returned, while Napoleon, with closed eyes, a fixed smile on his pale face, and his arms hanging down as if he were asleep, was borne up that staircase to live the Hundred Days' Wonder.

The meeting with his faithful Rapp was touching in the extreme. The Emperor flung his arms round the neck of the hero of Danzig, held him tightly, while he kissed him over and over again, and then, with a final pull at the brave fellow's moustache, released him with this remark :—

"*Allons!* A brave fellow who had gone through Egypt and witnessed Austerlitz could not desert me."

And then he added :—

"You and Ney are among the few who are true as steel."

Alas! he was mistaken in the case of Ney.

Nobody was forgotten during that brief gleam of splendour; Mme Campan's old heart was filled to overflowing when she received a formal promise from the man who kept his promises that Ecouen should be restored to its former state with "Petite Bonne" as the patroness, and all the 375 little girls who loved their second mama so dearly, and the 40 ladies, their governesses, "who loved her so little," as she herself remarked. He even found time to go down to Saint-Denis, where the "bees" tumbled over one another, pushed and jostled each other in a most unladylike manner in their endeavours to get near their "Father," and, with little cries of ecstasy, fingered his coat, stroked his sword, and smoothed the nap on the legendary hat. In fact they became so riotous that Mme Lozeau had to order them to display their joy in a more seemly manner. But Napoleon checked her, saying :—

"Let them alone, don't stop them; their cries may make the head ache, but they warm the heart. . . ."

The Hundred Days had come and gone. . . .

Louis XVIII was swifter to show his rancour than his gratitude. On July 18, ten days after Napoleon had left France for the second time, Lavalette, the bravest of the brave, who had been warned of what was in store for him, was arrested while dining with some friends, and placed in solitary confinement at the Conciergerie. His crimes were unpardonable: he had refused all favours from the hands of *Louis le Désiré*; on learning that his Emperor had returned to France, he had gone to the Hôtel des Postes, ordered the director Ferrand, in the Emperor's name, to give up his post to him, and had furthermore offended the director by presenting him with a passport for Orléans, whereas Ferrand wanted to join Louis XVIII at Lille. Lavalette's affection for his wife and child had alone prevented him granting Napoleon's request when the Emperor, at La Malmaison, asked him to go into exile with him. Lavalette, in refusing, had given this reason :—

"I have a wife, and a daughter of thirteen. My wife is expecting another child; I cannot make up my mind to leave her. Give me a little time and then I will come to you wherever you are. I was faithful to your Majesty in the days of prosperity, so you can count upon me. Besides, if my wife did not require my presence, I should do well to leave France, for I have melancholy presentiments for the future."

Napoleon understood; far from being offended or wounded by his friend's refusal, he only seemed to think more highly of him.

One author asserts that "people demanded the heads of Ney, La Bédoyère, and Lavalette."

What people? Certainly not *the people*, always ready to recognize a noble deed. The "people" in this case were returned *émigrés*, ultra-royalists, courtiers of the chameleon species.

Ney, arrested soon after Lavalette, occupied a cell just over that of his rival in the Emperor's affections, which was close to the stone-paved prison in which Marie Antoinette ate the bread of tears. From eight o'clock in the morning until seven at night, Lavalette was deafened by the shrieks and oaths of women-prisoners in their prison, which was only separated from his cell by a wall, The gaolers were frequently obliged to part the viragoes. Sometimes Lavalette would burst into tears on hearing the strains of the flute which Ney, who was passionately fond of music, was allowed to play in his cell. This consolation was soon taken from him, for Ney's gaolers turned prudent and confiscated the flute.

Mme Ney, once the light-hearted Eglé Auguié, and her four sons were indeed to be pitied. Mme Campan, too, was in sore trouble; her son had fallen ill at Montpellier; she herself was driven from Paris, where food and lodging were too expensive for her meagre funds, and forced to go to Bercy. But philosophy came to her aid.

"The noblest and richest, the humblest and poorest alike, can content themselves with a cottage. Why should we regret the world?" she asks herself. "One thing alone can make us quail, and that is the fear of not having enough to buy our daily bread. But a soft bed, a good fire, a warm room, a plain meal, good books, and two or three friends to prevent one finding oneself too often face to face with one's own thoughts, which are not always very pleasant companions, with fairly good health, one can say:

'There is a thunderstorm somewhere over the horizon, but I cannot see the lightning, I cannot hear the thunder, the hail cannot harm me'—and that is much. A philosopher once said: 'Let us learn in misfortune to appreciate small blessings.' . . ."

It was well known that the duchesse d'Angoulême had great influence over her uncle Louis XVIII; it was therefore to this strange creature that Mmes Ney, de la Bédoyère, and Lavalette, heart-broken at the cruel sentence passed on their husbands, determined to apply. The case of Lavalette had aroused much sympathy; Baron Pasquier had endeavoured to save him, and had assured the duc de Richelieu that the king would do his own cause more harm than good by executing him. But the duchess was inexorable. Lavalette's attitude during his trial had been calm and manly; on hearing sentence of death passed upon him, he said to his weeping friends:—

"*Mes amis*, this is but a cannon-shot!"

But when he found himself back in his horrible cell, his courage gave way, and he could scarcely find strength to write to his friend of former days, Marmont, now in favour and obliged to choose his acquaintances, begging that he might not be guillotined but shot by soldiers. On December 7 his gaoler informed him that Ney, his old comrade-in-arms, was to be shot on the Place de Grève. Again he wrote to Marmont:—

"We old soldiers think little of death, we have faced it so often on the field of honour, but on the Grève—oh! that is too horrible! In the name of our old friendship, do not allow one of your old comrades-in-arms to ascend the scaffold. Let a picket of grenadiers finish me off. At least in the throes of death, let me imagine that I am about to fall on the field of honour!"

His request was refused. In order to accustom himself to the idea of being guillotined, Lavalette made his gaolers describe how the victim ascended the scaffold, how the neck was bared, how the body was tied to the plank, how long the knife took to do its work. . . . He soon had his nerves under control, and would say to his wife, who during his trial had given birth to the child for whose sake he had remained in France, and which had died almost immediately: "Why do you weep? An honest man may be assassinated, but his conscience supports him on the scaffold."

Emilie de Lavalette, although at that time so feeble that she had to be carried in a sedan-chair to her husband's prison, determined to save him; she provided him with some of her own clothes, and took his place in his cell, when he was able to escape to the house of a friend. When Mr. Bruce,[1] a generous-hearted Englishman who had already tried to rescue Marshal Ney, but had failed, heard of her courage, he swore that it should not be wasted, and that he would do his best to smuggle her husband out of France, which he did, and thus enabled Lavalette to reach Bavaria, where Eugène de Beauharnais sheltered him until he was able to return to France, where he found that his brave wife's brain had given way under her afflictions.

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[1] Mr. Michael Bruce was the nephew of the celebrated English explorer. He was afterwards arrested and condemned to three months' imprisonment.

Ney, like Lavalette, had been warned to leave France; money had been offered to him, but he had preferred to remain in his native land. He was soon discovered in hiding in a friend's house, was arrested and tried, the celebrated Dupin being his counsel. As his comrades-in-arms declared themselves incompetent to form a court-martial, his case was taken to the *Chambre des Pairs*, which of course condemned him. The Duke of Wellington nobly took his part, protesting that the sentence was contrary to the amnesty made at the capitulation of Paris. Mme Ney was even less successful in her efforts to enlist the duchesse d'Angoulême's sympathy than her former schoolfellow had been; the "Petite Madame" refused even to see the "Petite Auguié," as she had once called her. It was said in her excuse that she, the motherless, childless Orphan of the Temple, was jealous of Mme Ney's four fine children.

Ney met death very bravely. When, at half-past nine on the morning of December 7, 1815, the Abbé de Pierre entered the condemned man's cell with the comte de Rochechouart and two gendarmes, Ney greeted him thus:—

"Ah! *Monsieur le curé*, I understand. . . . I am ready!"

The Marshal looked up at the grey sky as he was led out to the carriage which was to take him to the place of execution, a spot close to the garden-gate of the Observatory of Paris instead of the Place de Grève as was first arranged, and remarked in a calm tone:—

"What a horrible day!"

It was one of those cold, misty winter days in

Paris, when the dampness seems to penetrate through the thickest clothing.

Ney made the good Abbé get into the vehicle first; "for," said he "I shall presently have to get out first."

Well protected by soldiers lest the populace should try to rescue the prisoner at the last moment, the carriage stopped a few feet from the Observatory wall, when Ney exclaimed:—

"What! are we already there?"

He had been given to understand that he was to be executed on the plain of Grenelle as La Bédoyère had been.

Two hundred persons had assembled to see the execution.

Ney having alighted first, the Abbé followed. The Marshal then handed the ecclesiastic a gold box with a request that he would take it to poor Eglé together with some money for the poor of Paris. The Abbé wept bitterly as he embraced and blessed the condemned man, after which he retired some paces away, flung himself upon the ground, and began to repeat prayers for the dead. With the greatest calmness Ney asked the adjutant how he was to stand, and then told the soldiers to aim at his heart. He only displayed emotion when the adjutant appeared anxious to bandage his eyes and make him kneel down to meet Death. Such an indignity was more than one of Napoleon's *braves* could stand.

"Do you not know, Monsieur," said he, "that a soldier should not fear Death, but should meet it erect?" He took off his hat—a broad-brimmed beaver in Jérôme's picture, *The Death of Marshal Ney*—and, placing his hand over his heart, began in a clear, distinct voice :—

"Frenchmen! I protest against my condemnation. My honour——"

The still air, which had hitherto only been filled with the drip, drip of falling raindrops, the twittering of sparrows in the garden of the Observatory, and the *Miserere nos* of the Abbé praying for the soul of the Marshal, was disturbed by twelve shots. Ney fell dead in the mud at the foot of the garden wall.

A man stepped out from among the silent crowd and dipped his handkerchief in the Marshal's blood; others followed his example. The corpse lay in the mud for a quarter of an hour while the Abbé continued to pray for the erring soul which had gone to its Creator. M. Gamot, Ney's brother-in-law, now appeared, washed the blood from the poor disfigured face, and had the corpse carried to the neighbouring hospital of La Maternité. All sorts and conditions of people, including five hundred Englishmen and many of Ney's old comrades-in-arms, came to look at the body lying on a white sheet surrounded by lighted tapers and watched by Sisters of Charity.

The broken-hearted Eglé Ney retired with her children to her late husband's property of Les Coudreaux. "Poor Eglé is horribly altered," wrote her aunt, Mme Campan, to Mme Ney's former schoolfellow, Hortense; "her grief surpasses anything you can imagine."

During the winter of 1815–16 Mme Campan's son also experienced persecution at the hands of the Bourbons, being arrested at Montpellier and thrown into prison, where he languished for three months and suffered such privations that his health was never the same again. Luckily his poor mother knew nothing of what had befallen him until he, thanks to M. de Lally-Tollendal's intervention, had been liberated.

In February 1816 Hortense, who was now at the *château* of Arenenberg, invited her old governess to come and open a girls' school near her, promising to supply her with funds, and to use all her influence to make it a success. But Mme Campan, still suffering from the disappointment of having to sell the land upon which her pretty farm had once stood in order to pay her debts, replied :—

"It is too late to begin anything new now that the end is so near."

CHAPTER XVII

Mme Campan moves house for the last time—Her son comes to live with her—Her last pupils—Illness and death of her only child—She pays a visit to "Petite Bonne"—The finger of Death touches her—One of Napoleon's *braves*—She lays down her burden.

In March 1816 Mme Campan took a tiny house at Mantes, where one of her former pupils, Mlle Crouzet, had married a Dr. Maigne, and where she hoped to spend her last years working in her garden, tending her hens and chickens, and comforted by her faithful (companion, Mme) Voisin.

In the following month Mme Campan had the consolation of receiving a letter, nominally from the duchesse de Tourzel, but probably dictated by the duchesse d'Angoulême, whose heart perhaps had been touched on hearing of the "Petite Auguié's" terrible grief:—

"I can quite understand, Madame, the pain you feel whenever doubts are cast upon your attachment and fidelity to the august princess (Marie Antoinette) whom you had the honour to serve. It is with great pleasure that I do justice to you by saying that during the three years I was with our great and all-too-unhappy queen I always saw you eager to show your respect and affection. I witnessed the truth that she gave you special proofs of her confidence, and that you showed discretion and fidelity in divers circumstances. You gave her proofs on the occasion of that unfortunate journey to Varennes, and certain rumours concerning this event were most unjust. I saw you at the Feuillants on the night of August 10 present to the queen your homage of grief, although you were not on duty at that time. I am glad to render you this justice, and I should esteem myself happy if my letter in some measure could console you for the anguish with which your heart is filled.—I remain, Madame, yours, etc.,

"CROY D'HAVRE, DUCHESSE DE TOURZEL."

Soon after settling at Mantes, Mme Campan had the pleasure of welcoming her son, who, having been ill ever since his release from prison, came to try to recover his health in the pure air of that little town. Like all Frenchmen, his idea of happiness was to possess a garden, be it no larger than a pocket-handkerchief; so, as soon as he felt a little stronger, he set to work to dig, plant, rake, prune, and sow as if his life depended upon it. Indeed, he worked so hard that he had a relapse, and had to take to his bed. Mme Campan had her hands full nursing her son; her eyes gave her much pain about this time, but she bore all her troubles bravely, and wrote to Mlle Cochelet: "Why should I complain? My son, my friends, the sunshine, the country air which I breathe, life itself, mental and physical pleasures, make me forget my pains and anxieties; and when the moment comes for me to bid farewell to all, and to sink into that slumber which we long for in the hour of trial, we shall exclaim like the woodcutter:—

"'Give me back my faggot!'"[1]

From a message to the Abbé Bernard, once her chaplain at Saint-Germain, now tutor to Hortense's sons, we learn that Mme Campan is not so fond of church-going as many of her sex are, but she promises to go more regularly. One thing she dreads, and that is gossip, which she expects to find as rampant at Mantes as in Paris.

In the following letter to her "Petite Bonne" she draws a graphic description of the evening of her life:—

"MANTES, *April* 28, 1816.

"We have now been at Mantes for a month; not an hour passes that my son does not endeavour to please me, amuse me, make me forget my sadness. He reads aloud better than I ever read even in my best days. We, good Voisin, he and I, finish our evenings round a little table. My house is small but pretty, and adorned with the portraits of my dear pupils, so pleasant to my eyes, because they remind me of such happy days. I keep my little refuge scrupulously clean, although I only have one servant; luckily my good Voisin helps me keep house. My garden is in proportion to the house, but fairly pretty, and I shall have at least sixty pears and eighty peaches this summer. The town is very pretty; you used to pass through it, Madame, on your way to Navarre, and I love to think that your eyes have gazed upon this bridge and the banks of the Seine. The inhabitants of Mantes, that is to say, the poorer classes, are kind and gentle-mannered. One does not hear wrangling on the market-place; one does not see women pulling off each other's caps, no cruel mother smacking her son on the doorstep and punishing him without telling him the why or the wherefore. . . . As for the fashionable folk of Mantes, I have thought it better not to try to find out if I am to their taste or not. I have only paid official visits. The cathedral is magnificent. William the Conqueror, during one of his little fits of temper, burnt it down, but then repented and had it very handsomely rebuilt. . . . If I had not to think about the horrible remains of the debts contracted at Saint-Germain, which my son's non-advancement has prevented me paying off, I should no longer have any worries as to my expenses here; but I have so little left, and these illnesses have cost me so much money that I am very hard up. I never could have remained in Paris. . . . Alas! for old affections. Alas! for old acquaintances. The century in which we live has robbed us of all we loved, even of the privilege of living near our dear ones, and of the hope of meeting again. I work, I sew, I write, I make tapestry. I send you by Elisa some little mats to preserve mahogany and marble-topped tables from tea-stains; they are invented by my sister Rousseau, who is very particular about such matters. . . ."

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[1] An allusion to the well-known fable of Death and the Woodman, translated into French by La Fontaine, J. B. Rousseau, and Boileau.

Mme Campan's old age was brightened by the friendship of thirty years' duration of the good Mme Voisin, whose education seems to have been somewhat neglected, "for," says her mistress, "she reads aloud while I sew, and sometimes she says, like the old duc de Laval, Plutarch instead of Petrarch or even *patraque*,[1] and that without any wish to ridicule the author; but I have got so completely into the habit of changing the words mangled by my reader that these little alterations do not put me out in the least, because the tone of her voice is very pleasant to hear."

Mme Voisin shared her mistress's worship for "Petite Bonne," for Mme Campan says: "Good Mme Voisin impatiently awaits your portrait; she was so touched by your letter that she shed tears, and she says that she shall immediately have it mounted as a breast-pin, 'for,' says she, 'her hands are much too ugly to wear any jewellery'—but what a kind heart those ugly paws belong to! . . ."

In a letter signed *La Vieille de la Cabane*, an echo of the days of Ney's marriage to her niece, when Hortense had been one of the merriest of the merry guests, Mme Campan says that she has been obliged to go up to Paris for medical treatment, where, "during the space of two months, she has had to spend eighteen francs every morning in baths, douches, and medicines before she swallows her early cup of chocolate!"

On recovering her health, Mme Campan, with a view to earning a little money and at the same time satisfy her passion for educating young people, took two young English girls, *deux charmantes miss* [sic], into her house with the understanding that they were to remain with her for five months, during which time she would teach them French.

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[1] *Patraque* is said of a person worn out by illness, also of a worn-out machine.

"Oh! happy days!" she writes in July 1817, "when I used to go into my garden at Saint-Germain and call: 'Hortense! Eglé! Alexandrine! Adèle! Where are you?' . . . I and my son feel quite lost. . . . My heart feels the need of being surrounded by young people. Youth represents hope; young people only live, only exist for hope! This sentiment is the sweetest of all, and experience teaches us that hope contains the germ of every happiness."

"Die Hoffnung führt ihn ins Leben ein,
Sie umflattert den fröhlichen Knaben,
Den Jüngling begeistert ihr Zauberschein:
Den beschliesst er im Grabe den müden Lauf,
Noch am Grabe pflanzt er die Hoffnung auf."

Mme Campan now proposed to realize what remained of her capital in order to pay off the debt of 30,000 francs still owing, thereby leaving herself with a similar sum to invest for her son who, with his bad health and advancing years, had given up all hope of obtaining a remunerative position.

Poor Henri Campan was fated to be disappointed; in order to help his mother, he took the trouble to translate *Rob Roy* into French; he had just accomplished his task when he learnt from a newspaper article that the book had already been translated.

When in 1818 one of her former pupils, Mlle Kastner, opened a boarding-school for little girls, *Maman* Campan wrote to her: "Take a tender interest in all the poor little things confided to your care. Look upon the children with a mother's eye. Say to yourself when tending the very little ones: 'This one has lost her mother!' or: 'That one's mother is depriving herself of necessaries for her good,' and then add: 'I will act the part of a mother to her!' . . ."

In this same year Mme Campan heard that her widowed niece, Mme Ney, was anxious to settle in Rome with her children; this plan the aunt did not approve of, but recommended her to send her children to a Swiss or German school, where they would learn German, which would be more useful to them than Italian.

Mme Campan spent much of her time making little presents for her beloved Hortense; many were the small packets sent from Mantes to Arenenberg: footstools in the hideous worsted-work of the day, knitted quilts, pots of home-made preserve, and recipes for puddings, which she thinks "Prince Oui-Oui"[1] will find toothsome.

Eliza Monroe, now happily married in America to a Mr. Hay and the mother of a little daughter baptized Hortense Eugénie after Eliza's two play-fellows at Saint-Germain, did not forget her old governess, and many were the letters which she wrote to Mantes, although she found that, for some reason or the other, they frequently miscarried or were intercepted.

"Tell my dear Hortense and my poor Eglé," writes she after a request to Mme Campan to send her a portrait of her old governess, "that my thoughts have often been with them in their troubles. Tell the former that nine years ago I gave birth to a little daughter, who is luckily much prettier than her mama, for she has my mother's eyes and features. Tell her that we consider that the greatest honour we can show a person is to ask them to be sponsor to our children; at the time of my child's birth, my father and mother took upon themselves to act for my daughter as if they had already obtained the permission of my dear schoolfellow and her estimable brother. The child bears their two names. We, at the same time, sent Mr. Morris with dispatches from our Government to pay our respects, and inform them of what we had done; but we received no reply. . . . My little daughter often talks about her godfather and godmother. I have ventured to ask them to send me good copies of their portraits, which shall belong to my child. Times have changed, not so my affection; friendship should remain untouched by the things of this world, and my daughter will be honoured for ever on receiving these two portraits, which will be the most beautiful ornament in her room. . . ."

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[1] Hortense's second son, Napoleon-Louis.

It was at Eliza Monroe's request that her father wrote to M. Hyde de Neuville begging him to interest the duc de Richelieu in favour of Mme Campan's son; but again the past of Marie Antoinette's former waiting-woman rose up and stood in the way of advancement.

Although the memory of Ecouen was fatal to Mme Campan's interest in some quarters, this was not always the case; for she found that her former teachers were in great request, as were her pupils, many of whom were now forced to earn their daily bread. "Ah," said she, "how my heart bled when I heard that one of the little girls whose petticoats I once used to mend and whose religious and moral principles I once carefully guarded, was covered with a pauper's rags!"

During the spring of 1820, Mme Campan learnt that Louis XVIII was about to bestow several small pensions of 2000 francs upon Marie Antoinette's former chief waiting-women; her endeavours to persuade the duchesse de Luynes to speak for her met with no response. Was not Mme Campan too fond even now of asserting with pride: "I educated nearly all the imperial princesses!"?

In August, Henri Campan had a slight stroke of paralysis which greatly alarmed his mother, and forced her to acknowledge that, even supposing he ever obtained the long-expected appointment, he would probably not be able to accept it. Needless to say that the efforts of Davout, Macdonald, and M. de Lally-Tollendal to obtain for him the post of librarian at one of the three public libraries in Paris came to naught. Thinking to comfort their old friend, Hortense and Eugène promised to continue to pay to Henri after her death the pension which she owed to their generosity. But Fate was to annul that promise.

Early in January 1821, Henri went up to Paris, where he caught a bad chill which settled on his lungs; enfeebled by his late illness he, at the end of four or five days, had only just sufficient strength left to scribble off a few lines to his mother—his last letter, for two days later he was dead.

Dr. Maigne, the husband of Mme Campan's former pupil, gives an account of the scene enacted in the little house at Mantes when *Maman* Campan learnt that the son who had never given her a day's anxiety or caused her to shed a single tear, had gone to prepare the way.

"I have never beheld," says he, "a more heart-rending scene than that which I witnessed when the maréchale Ney, her niece, and Mme Pannelier, her sister, came to tell her the terrible news. She was still in bed when they entered the room. All three immediately uttered piercing shrieks. Her two visitors flung themselves on their knees and began to kiss her hands. They had no time to tell her anything; she read in their faces that she no longer had a son. Her big eyes began to roll, she turned pale, her face became distorted, her lips white. From her mouth issued broken phrases, accompanied by piercing cries. She seemed to lose all control over her limbs and speech. Every particle of her being was racked with grief. This unhappy mother seemed on the point of suffocating. Tears alone were able to calm her agony and despair. The impression I received that day will last as long as I live."

In future her one desire was to join her son in Paradise. Can anything be sadder than this letter written by her to one of her friends?

"You knew the kind, good son for whom I am now weeping. Alas! our habits, our lives become very mechanical. . . . He was often away from home; sometimes I fancy he is still in Paris; then the illusion suddenly fades and I cry: 'Not absent, but lost! lost for ever!' And then I remember that I shall go to join him. Oh! my God!"

She found consolation in gazing at the portrait of her lost child. "Genuine sorrow," said she, "finds consolation in contemplating the portraits of our dear ones. I do not believe in the grief of those who refuse to do so."

Three days after his death she herself wrote to tell Hortense, who was then at Augsburg, what had befallen her :—

"MANTES, *January* 29, 1821.

"MADAME, I am still alive, and yet I have lost him for whom I lived! I ceased to be a mother on the 26th of this month. Behold my sorrow! but my broken heart still loves. . . . Alas! I call Henri; he no longer hears me, he no longer replies. He sleeps side by side with the brave fellow (Ney) who has already been joined by his father-in-law, his brother-in-law, his cousin. Henri had just spent six months with me; he was about to return home altered, crushed, but as intelligent as ever, and having cultivated his mind beyond anything you can imagine. What a loss I have sustained in my old age! He was the ever-vibrating chord in my heart and soul. How perfectly we understood one another! How dearly we loved one another! Tell the prince (Eugène) that he has lost a faithful and enlightened friend. Rank and education do not prevent us appreciating our true friends—*you* know that, Madame. Strength fails me to write more. Eglé and Mme Pannelier are with me. I send you my love and my respects."

Before many months had passed Mme Campan felt the first symptoms of the disease—cancer—which was to re-unite her to her beloved son. She guessed what was the matter with her, for she wrote to Hortense: "I still hope that Providence will spare me those dreadful pains which always terminate in a horrible death."

The doctors recommended a cure at Baden; the prospect of combining a visit to "Petite Bonne" with that cure kept her occupied until the month of July.

"I have many little parcels for you, Madame," she writes to Hortense, "and also for princess Augusta (Eugène's wife); they have been packed very carefully. I am grieved to keep you waiting. A pretty umbrella standing in my room makes my heart ache when the rain begins to patter against the window-pane, for nothing could be more seasonable. . . . Mme Lacroix has brought me some more articles; all the light ones are already stowed away in a box which is suspended beneath my chariot; but I vexed the poor creature by refusing two dozen chemises. A very painful operation has been performed on my leg with a view to dispersing the humours, and my limb will have to get a little better before I can think of starting. You can guess what is the matter with me. Alas! they are anxious to keep my old machine in working order, and I am thankful to think that it can still carry me as far as Baden."

The physicians had recommended that Mme Campan's leg should be cauterized in order to reduce the inflammation in her breast, where cancer had declared itself. As soon as she was strong enough to travel she went to Baden in Switzerland, where the cure was brightened by the presence of Hortense, who, when the baths were finished, took her old governess to Arenenberg, and kept the invalid with her until October. The memory of those happy hours was to brighten *Maman* Campan's last moments. She left Arenenberg in better spirits than she had been since Henri's death; from Schaffhausen she wrote quite cheerily:—

"I saluted Arenenberg from the opposite side of the lake. I cried: 'Oh, peaceful spot, I shall look upon you again some day!' This thought alone prevented tears from making an unwelcome appearance. . . . I met Mme de L—— and her children, who happened to be changing horses just as I arrived at the first stage after Constance. They stopped like me at the Boat Inn, but they went off without dining. They were quite English in their behaviour and bawled out: 'Bring us a dinner at forty *sous* a-head in our own rooms, or we will go to another inn.' Whereupon the waiter replied in a calm voice: 'Well, then, be off with you!' However, they are an agreeable family. The English travel for three reasons: firstly, because they want to economize; secondly, because they want to be amused; thirdly, because they wish to learn; it is quite proper that they should attach the greatest importance to the first reason, economy, which in most cases is the cause of their presence abroad. Mme de L—— seems determined to spend the winter at Augsburg; she and her children will make very pleasant drawing-room furniture!"

In another letter Mme Campan gives an account of a very strange meeting with the cousin of the generous Englishman, Bruce,[1] who had helped Emilie de Lavalette to save her husband: "I slept last night at Laufenburg in a very pretty inn. A few minutes before sitting down to supper, the innkeeper's wife came to ask me if I would allow two Englishmen, whom I had just seen arrive in a very elegant equipage, to sup at my table. I accepted. We sat down to table. The oldest asked the youngest: "What do you think of that old lady?' in English. I immediately said to them in the same language: 'Gentlemen, I think I shall be obeying the rules of good society when I tell you that I have spoken your language since my childhood.' Whereupon the Englishman began to rattle off his English as quickly as we French rattle off our language. I asked where they were going; the eldest replied to Munich or to Florence; and I saw by his indifference as to where he went that he was tormented with the mania for travelling from which those dear English (*sic*) suffer. However, all roads lead to Rome, and they can get there quite well via Saint Petersburg. The younger Englishman reminded me of Mr. Bruce, only he was much handsomer. I mentioned that gentleman's name, whereupon the elder said: 'This gentleman is the cousin and friend of Mr. Bruce.' I begged him, when he saw Mr. Bruce again, to give him the best wishes of a Frenchwoman who is deeply attached to him. Other remarks made me think that the elder gentleman was tutor or paid guide to the younger: the latter is Scotch and his name is Mr. Cuningham; the former is English and is named Conway."

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[1] See page 350.

The return to the little home at Mantes was very painful to Mme Campan. Soon after her return she was advised by the doctors, who still hoped to cure her, to have her other leg cauterized. This treatment having had no effect, Mme Campan was informed in November by Dr. Voisin, a celebrated surgeon and a namesake of her faithful companion, that she would have to undergo the horrible operation so touchingly described in *Rab and his Friends.* It was in the deepest mental and physical distress that she wrote to tell her beloved pupil :—

"Madame, before you receive this letter I shall have undergone an operation which I could not avoid without running the risk of a cancer in the breast. The gland has hardened and become more painful ; we must not give it time to form into an abscess, which would mean certain death. We women-folk can only show heroism in our homes ; we can only hope to earn praise by being resigned, and by not pushing ourselves forward. I shall have need of all my courage ; I *will* be brave. It will be a hard morning's task, but Voisin assures me that I shall soon be well again. He considers that the malady was caused by the great shock, and that it was not in the blood. The operation lasts two or three minutes. He thinks that my health has been much improved by that charming visit, and indeed he is quite right : the good which it did to my spirits has influenced my whole existence. . . ."

She longed yet dreaded to see her tumour, "that horrible stone in my garden" as she called it, removed. Poor Mme Voisin, the faithful companion of so many years, was quite broken by her friend's illness, and could neither sleep nor eat, so that Mme Campan became seriously concerned for her health.

Poor Mme Campan was trying hard to walk in the footsteps of those *braves* who had so often faced death, "her comrade," as she called the Last Messenger, "whom we will chase away!"

The weather becoming suddenly very cold, the surgeons decided to postpone the operation. During those days of waiting the invalid received a visit from the comte Christian de Nicolaï, the husband of one of her former pupils, to whom she, realizing that the end was near, gave one of her most precious souvenirs—a lock of the great Emperor's hair. In December her mental anguish nearly brought on an attack of brain fever, and again the dreaded operation had to be postponed. But twenty leeches and as many blisters reduced the fever, so that on the last day of the old year (1821) she was able to scribble a few lines to Hortense:—

"I should like to write to the prince (Eugène), but I am not strong enough. My illness has been very severe; the leeches, the blisters, and especially the quinquina, pulled me round. They promise me that I shall recover. I must end now, for the buzzing in my head has begun again."

The day before undergoing the operation Mme Campan confessed and received Holy Communion, after which she wrote to Hortense begging her, "in case heaven should dispose of me," to see that Mme Voisin did not come to want, and ending with a prayer that her dear pupil would take care of her health and not strain her eyes.

Up to the last minute she was conversing calmly with her doctors, MM. Voisin and Maigne.

"Gentlemen," said she, "I much prefer to hear you talk than to see you at work. The time has come to give battle; I think my head is quite clear.

I shall see what a strong will can do, and whether pain will be able to quell my spirit. It was my spirit which forced me to remain in the Tuileries on August 10. The blood and the cries terrified me, but I kept cool, and I could have given some very good advice during the siege. . . . Come, don't let us be behindhand; everything is ready. Set to work. I long to be able to speak of the operation as of something that is past and over."

Her sister, Mme Pannelier, her good friend Mme Voisin, as well as one of her nieces, were with her during the operation, in the course of which she turned pale as death and showed slight signs of the cruel pain she was enduring, but not a cry or groan escaped her lips. Indeed M. Heymès, one of Napoleon's *braves* and formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, who assisted at the operation, seemed much more affected than her, and at one time appeared on the point of fainting.

After the operation, M. Maigne remained with his patient until nightfall. When her doctors hinted a few days later that she might have to take some sulphurous baths to complete her cure, she worried herself as she lay in bed wondering whether she would be able to pay for them. On February 17, 1822, she dictated the following letter, her last, to her "Petite Bonne":—

"Madame, dear, good, amiable, adored and adorable Madame, I cannot yet write to you, but I can dictate, and that is a great deal. I am still on my back drinking whey and—for a pleasant change—a little chicken broth. I have just fought a terrible battle on the borders of life. I had guessed what it would be, and I needed courage. The operation was very cleverly done, but it was extremely painful. I needed an example of physical and mental strength, so I got a colonel in the artillery, M. Heymès, to hold me. The poor fellow was bathed in perspiration. He said that he would far rather have assisted at four battles; I can quite believe him. . . . They all try to see who can cosset me the most. I should suffer very little if the wound had not been attacked by rheumatic pains. . . . I fancy I see Arenenberg again, but I also see you starting for Italy in September while I return along the road to Mantes. They are scolding me for dictating such a long letter; but I still want to say something more. If you see the prince (Eugène) I beg you, Madame, to speak of me to him, and tell him that I am *une brave*, that I saw my blood flow without fainting, and that I have submitted to a régime of lint and bandages just like all those poor *braves* who gathered so many laurels under his commands. I know how that dear little 'Prince Oui-Oui' has felt for me in my pain and suffering; I can see his little eyes full of tears—they have soothed my wound. Adieu, Madame, they are screaming at me, they are scolding me; but I hope in a fortnight to be able to do what I want, and that will be to adore you and to tell you so until my last hour."

The letter is unsigned. Scribbled at the bottom of the page are these words: "*Mme Campan cannot sign her name.*"

"*Toutes les heures nous blessent, la dernière nous tue.*"

The wound healed, but complications appeared, and very soon the patient's breathing became laboured. Knowing that she had not long to live, she made her will. To two servants, Chénier and Geneviève, who, she said, had become like members of the family, she left presents of money, while to Mme Voisin she bequeathed her dearest possession, a portrait of "Petite Bonne."

Mme Voisin's grief was pitiable to behold. "Be brave!" the dying woman whispered to her, "death cannot part two such true friends as we have been!"

On the day of her death she begged for the window to be opened. It was one of those mild days in March when all Nature seems to rejoice at the approach of spring. The sky was as blue and the air as sweet and fresh as it had been at Arenenberg.

"Ah!" she murmured towards nightfall to Dr. Maigne, "the air to-day reminds me of Switzerland. 'Tis the evening of a beautiful day, troubled but by few clouds. How glad I am that I went to Switzerland! I spent two months of perfect happiness there. Hortense has a beautiful disposition; we understand one another so perfectly!"

Her last message was for "Petite Bonne."

She died the same evening (March 16, 1822). She was laid to rest in the cemetery of Mantes, a monument consisting of a white marble column surmounted by an urn in the style of the period bearing a simple inscription being erected by members of her family.

Mme Voisin wrote immediately after her friend's death to Hortense, telling her that *Maman* Campan was no more:—

"She loved you dearly, Madame, and until she drew her last breath her eyes never ceased to gaze at your portrait which stood at the foot of her bed."

Mme Voisin soon followed her old friend and was buried in the same grave.

"Death arrives graciously to such as sit in darkness or lie heavy burthened with grief, . . . to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and dethroned kings; to them whose fortune runs back and whose spirits mutiny—unto such death is a redeemer and the grave a place for retiredness and rest."

INDEX

d'Abrantès, duchesse (Mme Junot), 197, 211, 214, 222, 285.
Adélaïde, Mme de France, 10–11, 14–23, 38, 61, 81, 90, 124, 183.
d'Agoult, M., 78.
Aïssé, Mlle, 282.
Albanesi, M., 14.
Alberoni, Giulio, 3.
Alexander I, Emperor of Russia, 336–337, 342.
d'Alvimare, Martin Pierre, 278.
Anacharsis, 45.
d'Aneucourt, M., 273.
d'Angoulême, duchesse (Madame Royale), 53–54, 64–65, 92–93, 128, 165, 175, 342, 349, 351, 355–356.
Anquetil, Paul, 289.
d'Arenberg, Prosper-Louis, prince, 312–313.
d'Artois, Charles Philippe, comte, 37, 88–89, 92, 131, 179, 183.
— comtesse, 38, 51.
Asturias, prince of the. *See* Ferdinand VII of Spain.
d'Aubier, M., 142.
d'Audiffrédy, Alix, 292, 342.
— Josephine, 292, 342.
Augereau, Pierre François Charles, 205.
Auguié, M., 47, 160, 172, 177, 188–190.
— Adélaïde, 47, 94, 96–97, 128, 130–131, 160, 171–174, 177–178, 188–190, 269.
Auguié, Adèle (Mme de Broc), 190–192, 195, 206, 216, 218, 223, 290, 293–294, 329–330, 360.
— Antoinette (Mme Gamot), 190–192, 275–276.
— Eglé (Mme Ney), 190–192, 195, 269–271, 281, 288, 290, 340, 348–349, 351–353, 355, 359–361, 364–365.
Augusta-Amelia of Bavaria, 285, 366.
d'Aumont, Alexandre, 109.
— Jacques, 109.
d'Aux, Mme. *See* Eliza de Lally-Tollendal.
d'Avout de Montjalin, M., 262.

Baden, Charles Louis Frederic, grand-duke of, 285–287.
Bailly, Jean Sylvain, 107.
Balivière, Abbé de, 92.
Baret, Father, 10–11.
Barnave, Pierre Joseph Marie, 115, 132–133, 140, 144, 149–150.
Barras, Paul François Jean Nicolas, 195.
Barry, Mme du, 31.
Barthe, Nicolas Thomas, 13.
Barthélemy, comte E. de, note, 21.
Baudeau, Abbé, 38.
Bavaria, Maximilian-Joseph, king of, 320.
Béarn, Jeanne Louise de, 4–8.
Beauharnais, Claude II de, 244–246.

INDEX

Beauharnais, Emilie de (Mme de Lavalette), 195, 198, 207–215, 234, 269, 288–289, 344, 347–350, 367.
— Eugène de, 195–196, 198, 209, 249, 261, 285, 320, 350, 363, 365, 370, 372.
— Fanny de, 207, 245.
— Hortense de, 32–33, 45, 195–198, 203–209, 215–217, 219, 222–226, 235, 240–243, 246–247, 249, 253–255, 261, 263–264, 266–267, 271–284, 286, 289–296, 311–312, 320, 327–336, 338–339, 341–342, 346, 354, 357–363, 365–367, 369–374.
— Stéphanie de, 244–247, 265, 272, 281–282, 285–287, 291, 312.
— Claude, comte de, 325.
— marquis de, 205.
— Mme de, 207–208, 212–213.
— Joséphine de. *See* Josephine.
Beaumetz, M. de, 95, 119–121.
Beauvau, maréchale de, 217, 306.
Béguin, M., 273.
Belle-Isle, Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, maréchal de, 8.
Benezech, Mlle, 278.
Bernard, Abbé, 273, 357.
Bernelle, Mlle, 325.
Berthier, Alexandre, 274, 325.
Bertholet, Pierre, 34.
Bertin, M., 27.
— Rose, 40–41, 51, 247.
Bertrand, M., 206.
Blacas d'Aulps, Casimir, comte de, 339.
Blennerhassett, Lady, 22.
Bœhmer, M., 66–77.
Boigne, Adèle de, 123, 341.
Bonaparte, Caroline (Mme Murat), 196–198, 205, 207, 210, 220–222, 224–225, 229, 266, 276, 281, 288, 292, 320.
Bonaparte, Christine Charlotte, 231–234, 250, 297–298, 321–323.
— Christine Egypta, 231.
— Elisa (Mme Baciocchi), 231, 358.
— Jérôme, 198, 241, 261, 265.
— Joseph, 231, 254.
— Louis, 207, 210, 253–255, 266, 271, 289.
— Lucien, 230–231, 234, 241, 254, 297–298, 321–323.
— Madame Mère, 197, 231, 268, 322.
— Napoleon. *See* Napoleon.
— Pauline (Mme Leclerc), 196–197, 205, 255.
Bonesi, M., 224, 226.
Bossuet, Jacques Bénigne, 200.
Boubers, General, 252.
Boufflers, Stanislas, Chevalier de, 290.
Bouillé, François Claude, marquis de, 116–117.
Bourgogne, Louis, duc de, 200.
— Marie Adélaïde, duchesse, 18–19, 22.
Bourjolie, Nelly, 265, 287.
Bourrienne, Louis Antoine, 254.
Bourset, M. de, 84–85.
Boutikim, M., 340, 342.
Boyer, Christine (Mme Lucien Bonaparte), 230–232.
Breteuil, Louis Auguste le Tonnelier, baron de, 73, 75, 78.
Brienne, Etienne Charles Loménie de, 30.
Briffe, comte de La, 325.
Briges, M. de, 165.
Brinvilliers, marquise de, 113.
Broc, maréchal de, 290, 293.
— Mme de. *See* Adèle Auguié.
Broglie, maréchal de, 92.
Broves, vicomte de, 170–171.
Bruce, Michael, 350, 367–368.

INDEX

Cahir, Lady, 264.
Calonne, Charles Alexander de, 86–88, 138.
Cameron, Miss, 328.
Campan, M. *père*, 35–37, 39, 43–45, 54–55, 66, 73, 93, 96, 98, 127, 129–132, 135–136, 179–180.
— M., 33, 36, 56–57, 92–93, 191.
— Mme, birth and education, 2–14; accepts her first situation, 15–28; becomes *lectrice* to the Dauphine, 32; marries, 33; becomes waiting-woman to Marie Antoinette, 36; birth of her only child, 79; goes to Mont Dore, 129; loses her father-in-law, 135; visits the royal prisoners at the Feuillants, 173; is arrested, 189; released from prison, 190; opens a seminary at Montagne de Bon-Air, 192; receives many pupils, 194; is appointed directress at Ecouen, 295; loses her post, 338; death of her son, 363; her own illness and death, 365–374.
— Henri, 79, 83–84, 128, 179, 195, 250–251, 261, 277, 284, 291, 323–325, 329, 333, 336, 353–354, 356–357, 360, 362–365, 367.
Camus, Armand Gaston, 173.
Canino, prince de. *See* Lucien Bonaparte.
Caprera, J. B., Cardinal, 266.
Carbonnel, M., 278.
Cardon, Mlle, 5–8.
Castellane, Louise de, 275–276.
Castellux, Mme de, 124.
Catherine, Empress of Russia, 111.
Caulaincourt, Auguste Louis, marquis de, 345.
Cayla, Mme du. *See* Zoé Talon.
Celles, Mme de, 274.
Chamant, comte de, 39.
Chamilly, M. de, 178.
Champcenetz, chevalier de, 39, 54.
Charles I, king of England, 154–155.
Chaumaurié, M., 290.
Chaumont-Quitry, comte de, 312–313.
Chénier, M., 373.
— Marie Joseph, 117.
Chimay, princesse de, 277.
Choiseul, Etienne François, duc de, 9, 217.
Civrac, duchesse de, 22.
Clarke, Henri Jacques Guillaume, 244.
— Mlle, 244, 273.
"Clotilde, la Belle," 244.
Cochelet, Louise, 330, 356.
Collot, M., 220.
Collot d'Herbois, Jean Marie, 116–117.
Condé, Louis Joseph, prince de, 92.
Conti, Louis François Joseph, prince de, 92.
Coquille, Mlle, 208.
Corvisart-Desmarets, Jean Nicolas, 275–276.
Courtin, Elisa de, 292.
Craufurd, Quentin, 140.
Cromwell, Oliver, 121.

Damiens, Robert François, 11–13.
Daru, Pierre Antoine Noël Bruno, comte, 284, 344.
Davout, Louis Nicolas, 256–262, 312, 344, 363.
— Louis Napoleon, 262.
— Paul, 262.
— Mme, 206, 255–262.
Decrès, Denis, 344.
Decret, M., 149.
Déjean, M., 344.
Delavigne, Casimir, 292.

INDEX

Delille, Jacques, 290–291.
Desmoulins, Camille, 106.
Diet, M., 168–169.
Dubreuil, Dr., 227–229.
Duchâtel, Mme, 281.
Duclos, Charles Pinot, 14.
Ducrest, Georgette, 255.
Dumouriez, Charles François, 145–146.
Duphot, Léonard, 244.
Dupin, André Marie Jean Jacques, 351.
Dupont de Nemours, Pierre Samuel, 117.
Dupuis, Célénie, 266.
Durfort, marquise de, 22.
Duroc, Michel, 241–243, 277, 293.

Edgeworth, Maria, 238.
Elisabeth, Mme de France, 18, 22.
— Mme, 102, 110, 133, 159–160, 163–168.
Esterhazy, comte, 54.
d'Exelmans, Isidore, comte, 344.

Favras, Thomas Mahi, marquis de, 107–108.
— Mme de, 107–108.
Fénelon, François de Salignac de Lamothe, 199–202.
Ferdinand III, grand-duke of Tuscany and grand-duke of Würzburg, 321–322.
— VII, king of Spain, and prince of the Asturias, 297, 321–322.
Ferrand, Antoine François Claude, 347.
Fesch, Joseph, 198, 300.
Fleischmann, Hector, 278.
Fleury, André Hercule de, 19.
— comte de, 39.
Fodoas-Barbazan, Félicité (Mme Savary), 253, 261, 288, 344.
Fontaine, Pierre François Léonard, 326.
Forbin, M., 278.
Fouché, Joseph, 228–229.
Fouquet, Nicolas, 8.
Francis II, Emperor of Germany, 144.
François II, king of France, 295.
Friant, Louis, 258.

Gamin, François, 157–158.
Gamot, Charles, 275, 353.
— Mme. *See* Antoinette Auguié.
Gasson, Mme, 322.
Gaudin, Michel Charles, 344.
Gauthier, M., 137.
Genest, Edmé Jacques, 3–9.
— Edmond Charles, 2, 96, 137–139, 143, 147, 186–187.
— M. *père*, 3–15.
Geneviève, 373.
Genlis, Mme de, 2, 274, 294.
Gentil, M., 154.
Georgel, Abbé, 78.
Georges, M., 252.
Gérard, Etienne Maurice, 274.
Girardin, Stanislas Xavier, comte de, 298.
Goldoni, Carlo, 14.
Golowkine, Fédor, comte, 276.
Gorsas, M., 125–126.
Gougenot, M., 180–185.
Gouges, Olympe de, 185.
Grasset, M., 204, 226.
Gueffre, Mme, 216.
Guerdin, Captain, 324.
Guistal, princesse de, 28.
Gustavus III, king of Sweden, 62–63.

d'Haga, comte. *See* Gustavus III, king of Sweden.
Hamel, Ernest, 95, 97, 161, 187.
Hamelin, Mme, 289.
Hardivilliers, Mlle, 35.
Hauser, Kaspar, 287.
Hay, Hortense Eugénie, 361–362.

INDEX

Hay, Mr., 361.
Heine, Heinrich, 300.
d'Henin, princesse, 217.
Henri II, king of France, 295.
Henriette, Mme de France, 18.
d'Hervilly, Louis Charles, comte, 165.
Heymès, M., 371–372.
l'Hôpital, Mme de, 227–229.
Hortode, Mlle, 326.
Houssaye, Henri, 343.
Hue, François, 178.
Hulot, Mme, 248–249, 267–268.
— Eugénie. *See* Mme Moreau.

d'Inisdal, comte, 109–110.
Isabey, Jean Baptiste, 204, 215, 270–271, 292.
— Mlles, 250, 292.

Jadin, Hyacinthe, 226.
Jérôme, M., 352.
Joseph II, Emperor of Germany, 41.
Josephine, Empress of the French, 43, 195–199, 205–208, 212, 223, 225–227, 232–234, 241–242, 245–247, 253, 258, 261, 267–269, 273–274, 276, 279, 281, 286, 292, 312–313, 327–328, 335–336.
Junot, Mme. *See* duchesse d'Abrantès.

Kastner, Mlle, 360–361.
Kosowska, Christine, 292.

La Bedoyère, Charles Huchet, comte de, 347, 349, 352.
— Mme de, 349.
Lacépède, Etienne de la Ville, comte de, 299, 310, 314–316, 318–319, 332, 334–336.
La Chapelle, M. de, 147–148, 157.
Lacroix, Mme, 366.
Lafayette, Marie Joseph Paul, marquis de, 87, 96–97, 107, 115, 119.
La Ferté, M. de, 160–161.
La Harpe, François de, 60.
Lally-Tollendal, Eliza de, 244, 290.
— Gérard, marquis de, 217, 244, 290, 340, 354, 363.
— Thomas Arthur, 244.
Lamartine, Alphonse Marie Louis de, 22.
Lamballe, Marie Thérèse de, 47, 104, 121, 132, 146, 178.
Lambesc, Charles Eugène de Lorraine, prince de, 92.
Lameth, Alexandre de, 111, 133, 144, 183.
Lamotte-Valois, Mme de, 76–79, 101, 140.
Langlé, François Marie, 204.
Lannes, Jean, 205.
Laporte, Arnaud de, 136, 143.
La Roche-Aymon, Mme de, 175.
La Rochefoucauld - Liancourt, François Alexandre Frederic, duc de, 88.
La Tour-du-Pin Gouvernet, M. de, 329.
Laval, duc de, 359.
— Mme, 319–320.
Lavalette, Marie Joseph Chamans de, 210–214, 234, 344–345, 347–351, 367.
— Mme de. *See* Emilie de Beauharnais.
— Joséphine de, 288–289.
Leblond, Anna, 244.
Lebrun, Charles François, 344.
Leclerc, Victor Emmanuel, 205, 255–257.
— Louise Aimée Julie (Mme Davout), 206, 255–262, 269, 344.
Lefebvre - Desnouettes, Charles, comte de, 198.

INDEX

Lefèvre, François Joseph, 344.
Léger, M., 205.
Lenormand, Mme, 312.
Léonard, M., 40–41, 58, 102–105.
Leopold II, Emperor of Germany, 144.
Leroy, M., 288.
Lezay-Marnésia, M. de, 246.
— Mlle de, 245.
Loliée, Frédéric, 286.
Lolive, Mlles, 221.
Louis XV, king of France, 2, 9–13, 16–19, 22, 26–29, 34–35.
Louis XVI, 30–31, 38, 58–62, 66–68, 75–81, 86–89, 94–98, 102, 108–112, 122–123, 130, 133–137, 140, 142–143, 146–150, 152–163, 171, 174, 178–186, 199, 339.
Louis-Joseph, first Dauphin, 58–62, 65, 82–85.
Louis XVII, second Dauphin, 121–122, 128, 133, 152, 165, 167–168, 175–176, 187, 198–199.
Louis XVIII (Monsieur, comte de Provence) 2, 37, 79, 107, 110, 183, 275, 340, 342, 346–347, 349, 363.
Louis, Abbé, 132.
Louise, Mme de France, 17, 19, 25, 27–29, 64, 80.
Lozeau, Mme, 346.
Lully, Jean Baptiste, 14.
Luynes, duchesse de, 175–176, 217.

McDermott, Father, 195.
Macdonald, Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre, 363.
Mackau, Antoinette de, 265, 287.
Maigne, Dr., 355, 363, 364, 370, 373.
Maillé de Brézé, Mlle de, 323.
Malesherbes, Lamoignon de, 183, 185–186.
Malseigne, M., 116.
Mandat, M., 164–165, 172.
Manherbes, Clémentine de, 234–235.
Marat, Jean Paul, 31, 126.
Marbois, Sophie, 244, 344.
Marchand, M., 125.
Maret, Hugues Bernard, 344.
— Mme, 288.
Marie-Antoinette, 2, 29–32, 34–35, 57–77, 79–115, 117–122, 127–169, 171–179, 181, 183–184, 187–189, 192, 194, 207–208, 217, 277, 284, 339–340, 348, 355–356, 362–363.
Marie Caroline, queen of Naples, 322–323.
Marie Christine, archduchess, 150.
Marie Leczinska, 15, 31, 35.
Marie Louise, Empress of the French, 323, 325–327.
Maria Theresa, 31–32, 38, 75, 103.
Marie-Thérèse-Félicité of France, 18.
Marmont, Auguste Frederic Louis Viesse de, 349.
Marmontel, Jean François, 14.
Marsilly, M. de, 151.
Marx, Colonel, 278–279.
Masson, Frédéric, 192.
Maurepas, Jean Frédéric Phélippeaux, comte de, 86.
Maury, Abbé, 125.
Méjan, Jean, 331.
Menara, Hervas de, Mlle, 265.
Menou, Jean François, 125.
Mercy - Argenteau, Florimond, comte de, 38.
Mesmer, Franz Anton, 55–58.
Mirabeau, Honoré Gabriel Riquetti de, 159, 183.
Miséry, Mme de, 39.
Molleville, Bertrand Antoine marquis de, 151.
Momet, Mlle, 325.

INDEX

Monroe, James, 265–266, 281, 340, 362.
— Eliza, 265–266, 274, 280–281, 340, 361–362.
Montebello, Mme de, 325.
Monthiers, Mme de. *See* Maillé de Brézé.
Montmorency, Anne de, 295, 297, 337.
— Mme de, 325.
Montmorin de Saint-Hérem, Armand de, 124, 134–135, 143, 183.
Moreau, Victor, 205, 248–249.
— Mme, 248–249, 267–268.
Morel, M., 173.
Morris, Mr., 362.
Mortier, M., 325.
Mozin, M., 206.
Mun, comte de, 241–242.
Murat, Joachim, 205, 220–222, 266.
— Mme. *See* Caroline Bonaparte.

Napoleon Bonaparte, 43, 145, 195, 199, 205–206, 209–213, 216–223, 227–231, 241–243, 245–249, 252, 254–257, 259–260, 266–270, 275–277, 279–289, 291–300, 303–305, 311–327, 329, 331–333, 335–336, 339, 341–348, 352, 370.
Napoleon Louis, 271–272, 274, 290, 327–328, 361, 372.
Napoleon III, 203, 327.
Narbonne, Louis de, 22–23, 124, 126.
— Mme de, 22–23, 124.
Nassau-Siegen, Carl Heinrich, prince von, 282, 324, 340.
Nattier, Jean Marie, 24.
Naundorff, 199.
Necker, Jacques, 107.
Nérac, M. de, 197.
Neuville, Jean Guillaume, Hyde de, 362.
Ney, Michel, 269–271, 288, 346–353, 359, 365.
— Mme. *See* Eglé Auguié.
Nicolaï, Christian, comte de, 325, 370.
— comtesse de, 232, 370.
Noailles, Alfred de, 197.
— Léontine de, 197.
— Mme de, 31, 39–40.
Nord, comte du. *See* Paul I of Russia.
Noue, M. de, 115–116.

Orange, prince of. *See* William Frederick.
d'Orléans (Louis Philippe II, Philippe Egalité) duc, 91.
— duchesse, 49.

Pagerie, Stéphanie Tascher de La, 247, 282, 312–313.
Pannelier, Mme, 194–195, 364–365, 371.
Pâris-Duverney, Pierre, 35.
Pâris, Mlle, 9–11.
Pasquier, Etienne, 349.
Paterson, Miss, 265.
Paul I, Emperor of Russia (comte du Nord), 62.
Pauligni, Mme, 215.
Pétion, Jérôme, 133, 161–162, 165, 169, 177–178.
Petrarch, 359.
Philip, duke of Parma, Infante of Spain, 18.
Pholoé, Mlle, 282–283, 290, 324–325, 340, 342.
Pierre, Abbé de, 351–353.
Pitt, William, 140–141.
Pius VII, Pope, 297.
Plantade, M., 278.
Plato, 202.
Plutarch, 359.
Poix, Antoine Claude Dominique, prince de, 54, 118–119.

INDEX

Poix, princesse de, 217.
Polignac, comtesse Diane de, 41, 92.
— duc de, 92.
— duchesse de, 41, 84, 89–90, 92–93.
Pourtalès, Fritz, comte de, 274.
Provence, comte de. *See* Louis XVIII.
— comtesse de, 38, 49, 110.
Prudhomme, Louis, 137.

Racine, Jean, 13, 328.
Rapp, Jean, 312, 345–346.
Ravaillac, François, 13.
Raymond, Pauline, 197.
Rayneval, Jean Gérard de, 138.
Récamier, Juliette, 215.
Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély, 344.
— Mme de, 344.
Richelieu, Armand Emmanuel du Plessis, duc de, 349, 362.
Robespierre, Maximilien, 115–116, 179–180, 190, 192.
Rochechouart, comte de, 351.
Rochon de Chabannes, 13.
Rœderer, Paul Louis, comte de, 162, 166–167.
Rohan, Louis René, prince de, 71–72, 74–79.
— -Chabot, duc de, 306.
— — Mlle de, 306–307.
Rolier, Lavinie, 198.
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 14, 238.
— M., 163, 167.
— Mme, 194, 358.
— Agathe, 274, 280.

Sacken, Fabian von der Osten, prince, 335, 327.
Saint-Alphonse, Mme Wathier de. *See* Antoinette de Mackau.
Saint-Elme, Bourboulon de, 280.
— Mme de. *See* Agathe Rousseau.
Saint-Florentin, Louis Phélypeaux, comte de, 10–11.
Saint-Huruge, marquis de, 90, 91.
Saint-Lambert, François, marquis de, 263.
Saint-Simon, Louis de Rouvroy, duc de, 104.
Saint-Souplet, M. de, 166.
Salvert, M., 165.
Santerre, Claude, 107–108.
Sauce, M., 132.
Savary, René, 261, 324, 344.
Scépeaux, comte de, 224.
Ségur, Louis Philippe, comte de, 138, 344.
Serre, Mlle de La, 12–13.
Simon, Antoine, 199.
Sophie, Mme de France, 17–19 24–25, 27, 60.
Soulavie, Jean Louis Giraud, 157.
Stanislas, king of Poland, 115.
Stendhal, 259.
Stryienski, Casimir, 24.
Sutherland, Duchess of, 176.

Talleyrand - Périgord, Charles Maurice de, 283, 286, 324–325.
Talon, M., 224, 227–228.
— Mme, 229.
— Zoé (Mme du Cayla), 224, 227, 229.
Talouet, Mme, 325.
Tarente, princesse de, 169, 175.
Thibaudeau, Antoine, 344.
Thibaut, Mme, 173.
Thiébault, General, 278.
Thiénon, M., 205.
Thierry, M., 173.
Thomas, Antoine Léonard, 13.
Thompson, Mr., 263.
Tippoo Sahib, 340.
Tourzel, Mme de, 93, 178, 217, 355–356.
— Pauline de, 178.
Turquan, Joseph, 209.

Valadon, M., 177–178.
Valence, Mlles de, 274.
Vatel, 63.
Vaucher, Mlle, 264.
Vaudreuil, M. de, 41.
Vendôme, Louis Joseph, duc de, 3.
Vergennes, Charles Gravier, comte de, 86, 138.
Vergniaud, Pierre Victurnien, 168.
Vérigni, M. de, 234–235.
Vermond, Abbé de, 30–31, 35–37, 41–42, 75, 92–94.
Vicq d'Azyr, Félix, 112–113, 129.
Victoire, Mme de France, 10–11, 14–20, 123–126, 183.
Victor, General (Victor Perrin), 265.
— Victorine, 265, 273.
Villeurnoy, M. de, 107.
Voisin, Dr., 369–371.
— Mme, 187, 355, 357–359, 369, 371, 373–374.
Vrillière, duc de, 10–11.

Wellington, Duke of, 351.
William the Conqueror, 358.
William Frederick, prince of Orange, 218–219.
Wordsworth, William, 1.
Würzburg, grandduke of. *See* Ferdinand III, grand-duke of Tuscany.

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